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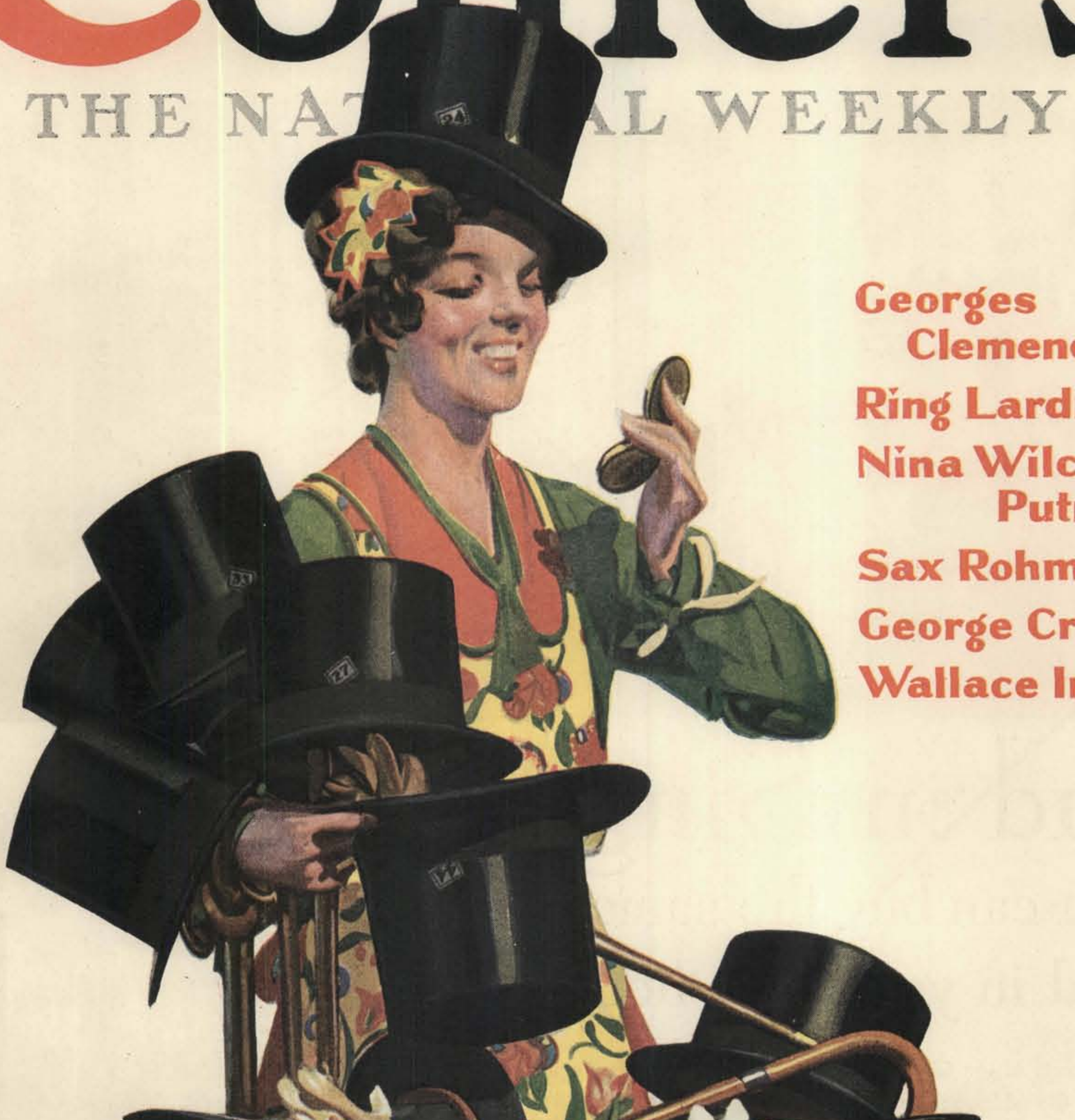
April 19, 1930

Collier's

THE NAT AL WEEKLY


24
33
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CHECK
ROOM
JACKSON

Georges Clemenceau
Ring Lardner
Nina Wilcox Putnam
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Wallace Irwin

April 19, 1930

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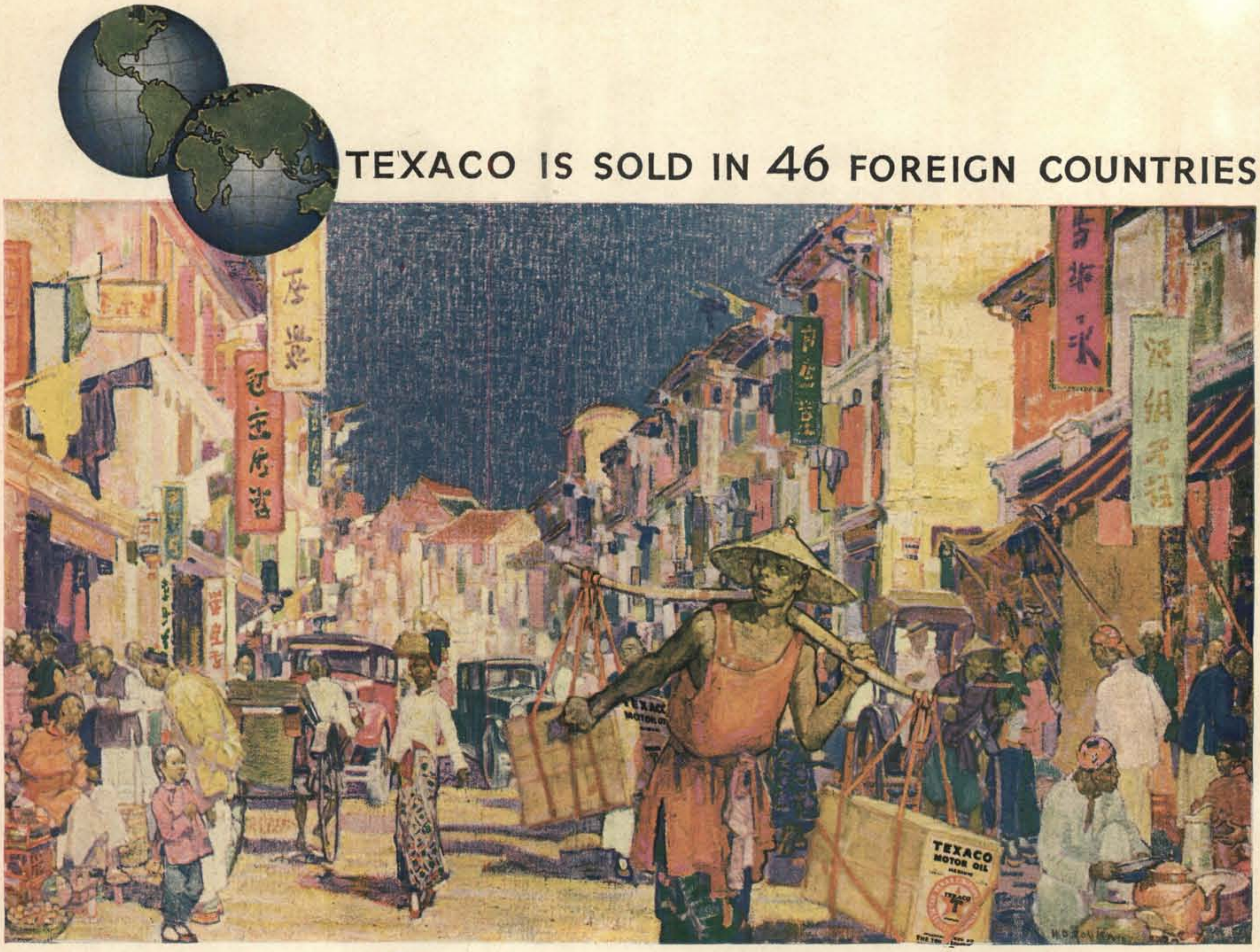

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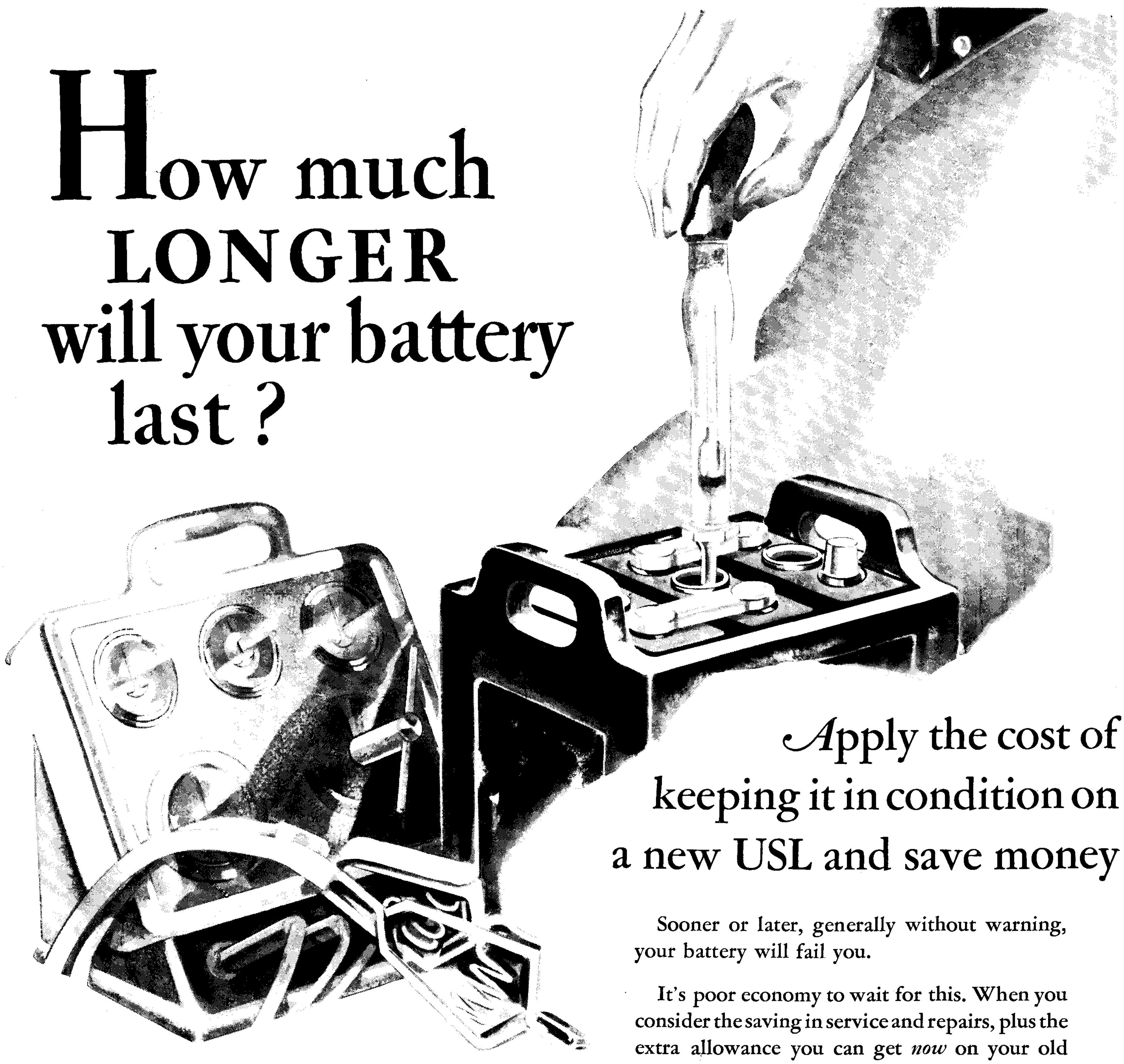

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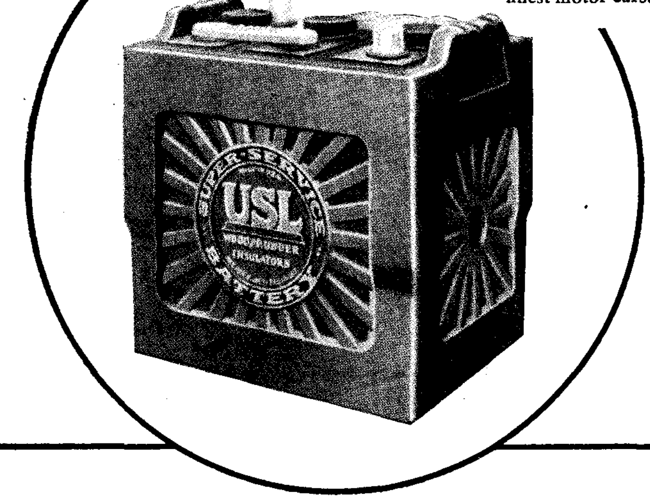

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN you see "The Great Whiskerino," don't, for heaven's sake, say, "Why, it's nothing but a black cat."

That would just show how little you know about black cats, which are animals possessing occult powers.

Therefore, when Whiskerino became the mascot for Squadron 9, R. F. C., he had the place for which nature intended him. The job was hard—a magician can't do his best work with guns popping all around him—and some of the men affected to believe that black cats couldn't bring good luck at all.

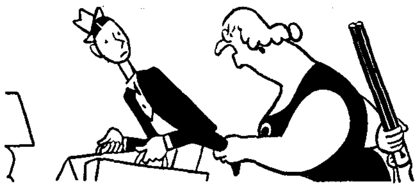
The scoffers knew very little about it, of course. We suspect Guy Gilpatric, who wrote the story, of having truck with sinister forces. We shall cross our fingers when he visits the office.

—

MOST of us know little about our railroads. We may buy a few shares of stock to give the baby for Christmas and we still like to ride on the cars, as Grandfather used to say, but all this wrangle about railroad consolidations is nothing less than a headache. Well, forget about the roads, then, and think of the men. Willard, Loree, the Van Sweringens, General Atterbury and the other railroad giants are in a fight. And a grand fight it is with profits, prestige and better service at stake. John T. Flynn writes about it in "Oats for the Iron Horse."

—

THE way of a maid with a man is described with what amounts to clairvoyance in Dana Burnet's short story, "Won't You Be William?" As a matter of fact the maid is rich Aunt Jane, who knows how to brandish a shotgun. Aunt Jane is no longer interested in marriage except vicariously. She intends to see that Sylvia marries soon—and well. One of our favorite topics is the slimness of a young man's chances of escape when a young woman starts in pursuit. Add Aunt Jane with a shotgun and we just retire to our corner and shut up.



AND Bobby Jones explains why he practices law when he might, with more financial profit, practice golf as a professional. It all depends on what you think work is. Why does a sailor go rowing in a park lake the minute he gets shore leave?

—

FOR those who are going to Europe or ever wanted to go, we print "Be Guyed or Guided," by William Francis, who has lived in Europe long enough to know not only all the ropes, but the food and drink and where to find the best. If you are going to stay at home, as we are, read it so you can sneer at the picture postcards.

—

"FU MANCHU'S DAUGHTER" continues her evil work; "Reckless Cinderella" treads her predestined path; Alan LeMay tells of "The Battle of Gunsmoke Lode;" Arnold Bennett writes a short short story; Grantland Rice, Octavus Roy Cohen, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, and others are with us. This gives you an idea.

THIS WEEK

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Any Week

MR. NICHOLAS TWEIN of Kansas City almost sobs his appreciation of Al Burgess' recollections of the golden days of the crossroads gambler and benevolent bunco-steerer because they bring back to Mr. Twein (now retired) the days when he sold books, sewing machines and lightning rods to the farmers of the Middle West and South.

"The only difference between what Mr. Burgess and I were doing back in the early eighties," writes he, "was that Mr. Burgess could have been arrested. I was saved by the sewing machines, which were good sewing machines even if the installment plan I worked out was slightly criminal. But Mr. Burgess' stories remind me of the night I played stud poker with a friend of his, Monkey Gates of Evansville, Indiana. Mr. Gates cheated nobly but could not beat my luck.

"Finally, at five o'clock in the morning, I had six hundred dollars of Mr. Gates' money and he arose from the table reviling me bitterly.

"'Stranger,' he said, 'I am sorry to say that if this goes on an hour more, which is all I *aim* to play, I will have to take your money off you by force, which I do not like to do. Now, mister, deal, and pray that your ornery luck departs from you because I am getting right peeved at you.'

"I did not pray," concludes Mr. Twein, "but my luck did depart and Mr. Gates and I quit about even. I got to be very fond of Mr. Gates afterwards."

For the information of Mr. Twein and others, Collier's will publish another installment of Mr. Burgess' story soon.

WE GATHER from his letter that Mr. F. O'Garty of Los Angeles is all out of enthusiasm for conservation which, he says, goes a bit too far. For example, he hears Washington demanding that we conserve oil and steel. Also, we are asked to conserve timber and coal. This, he feels, logically means a conservation in labor and, in turn, food.

"But," demands Mr. O'Garty, "for whom are we conserving all these natural resources of ours? For the worker who, if labor is conserved long enough, will be absolutely dead from starvation? Please give me the name of a good man in Washington to complain to."

—

MRS. MARY COLE KELTON of Tulsa is particularly eager to know what relation, if any, there is between two facts she has come upon recently. One is that the number of alcoholism cures in the United States has dwindled under prohibition from about 250 to 20 and that the number of undertakers has increased more than one hundred per cent in ten years. There's a Sunday-evening argument for you.

—

IF YOU are interested in such things you may like to know that Helen Z. Smith's beautiful serial (in Collier's, as you know, of course) "Stepdaughters of War," is being dramatized.

We shouldn't be at all surprised if you'd see it in the movies too. In fact we are very hard to surprise.

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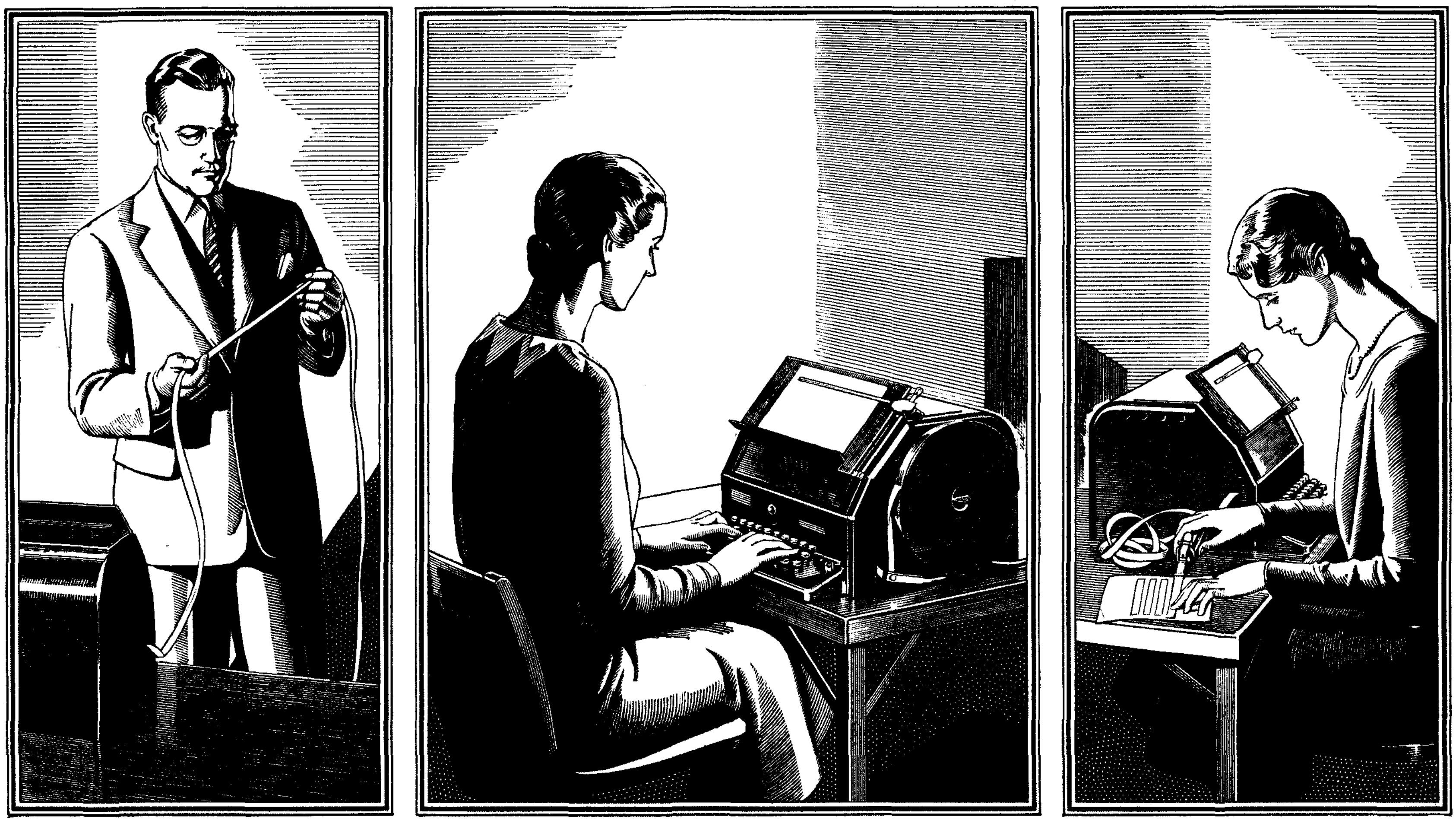

BRANCH OFFICE EXECUTIVE RECEIVES THE MESSAGE AS IT IS TYPED IN HEADQUARTERS

SENDING THE MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS TO THE FIELD

ALL MESSAGES RECEIVED MAY BE PASTED ON LETTERHEAD SIZE PAPER FOR FILING

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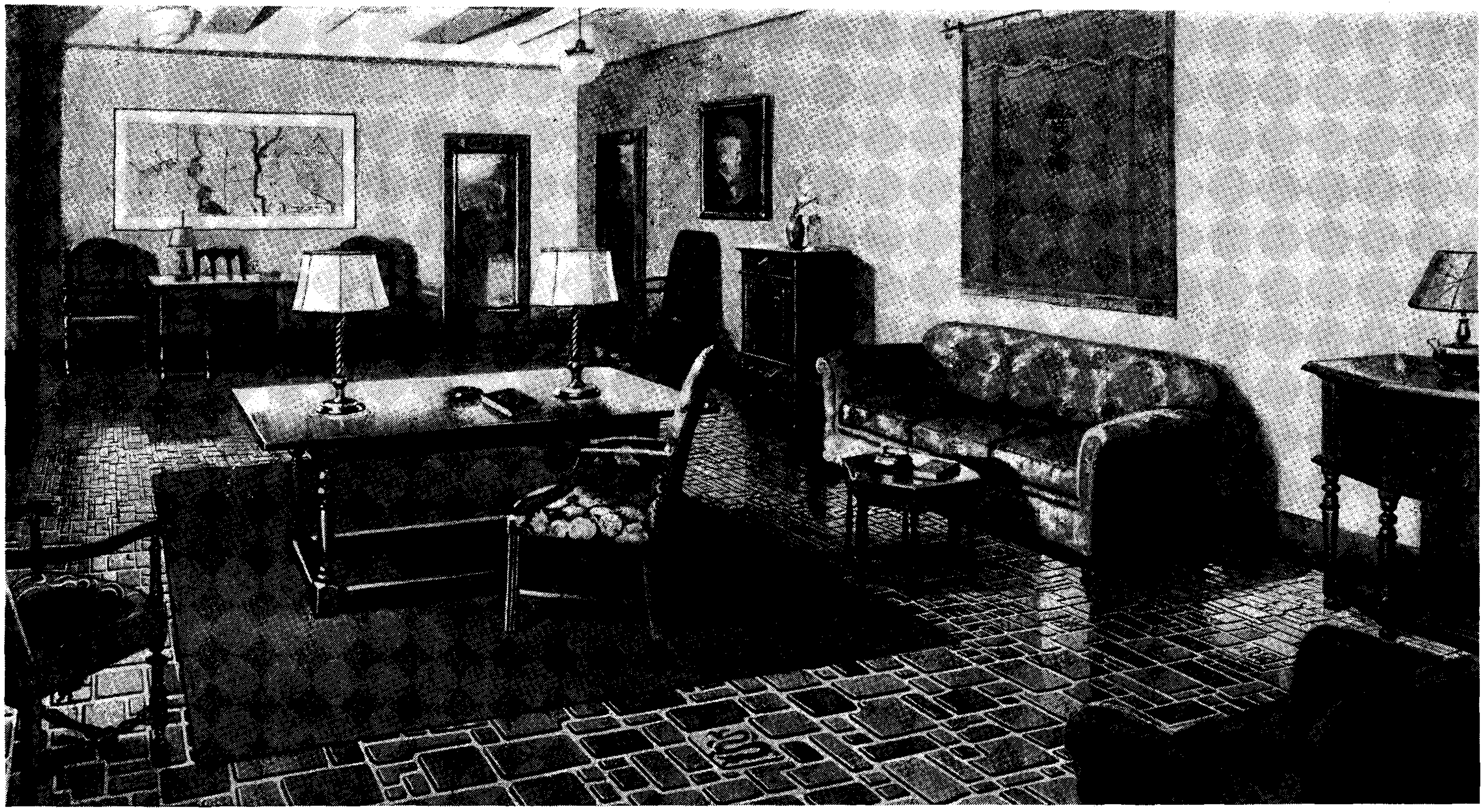
IN THE NEW YORK OFFICES OF THOMAS A. EDISON, *Inc.*



ON THE SIXTEENTH FLOOR of 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, is the new home of Edison Industries. Reception room, studios, private and general offices — all have warm, quiet, cushioning floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. Fashionable floors, too, as this picture testifies. This is one of Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Designs, No. 6062.

* * *

"WHY shouldn't they have a fine business home? Just look who they are!" Many a merchant has said this to himself as he compares his place of business with the eye-appealing interiors that have been shown from time to time in Armstrong advertisements.

But size has really little to do with dressing up your sales setting. Whether yours is an office, store, shop, or showroom, a little attention to one important detail will give it all the smartness of the biggest in your business. That detail is the floor. Consider it more than just something to walk on if you would capture the color and good cheer that attract the public to your door.

Examine again, if you will, the reception room of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., shown here. You admire it because it is so friendly and still so quietly dignified. You like particularly the color, the smartness of the floor. That same charming effect is yours if you want it, for local department, furniture, and linoleum stores are displaying that same Armstrong's Linoleum Floor. Local merchants will install it right over your old floor (cemented over linoleum lining felt) — trimly tailor it in place for years of foot-easy comfort.

You can even have more elaborate effects — special border treatments, inset figures, rich marble patterns. Or perhaps you prefer a more subdued plain or Jaspé linoleum. Armstrong's gives you freedom of choice.

Freedom of price range, too, let us add — and freedom from the high cleaning costs of old-fashioned floors. Armstrong Floors are made spot-proof, stain-proof by the Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it gleaming. Or, where frequent cleaning is necessary, simply renew the surface with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

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What the other fellow is doing to dress up for better business is pictured and described in "Public Floors of Permanent Beauty." Please let us send you this informative book on the proper selection of floors for modern business. We think it will help you answer your own public's question, "What kind of place have they?" Sent free to any business man. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 930 West End Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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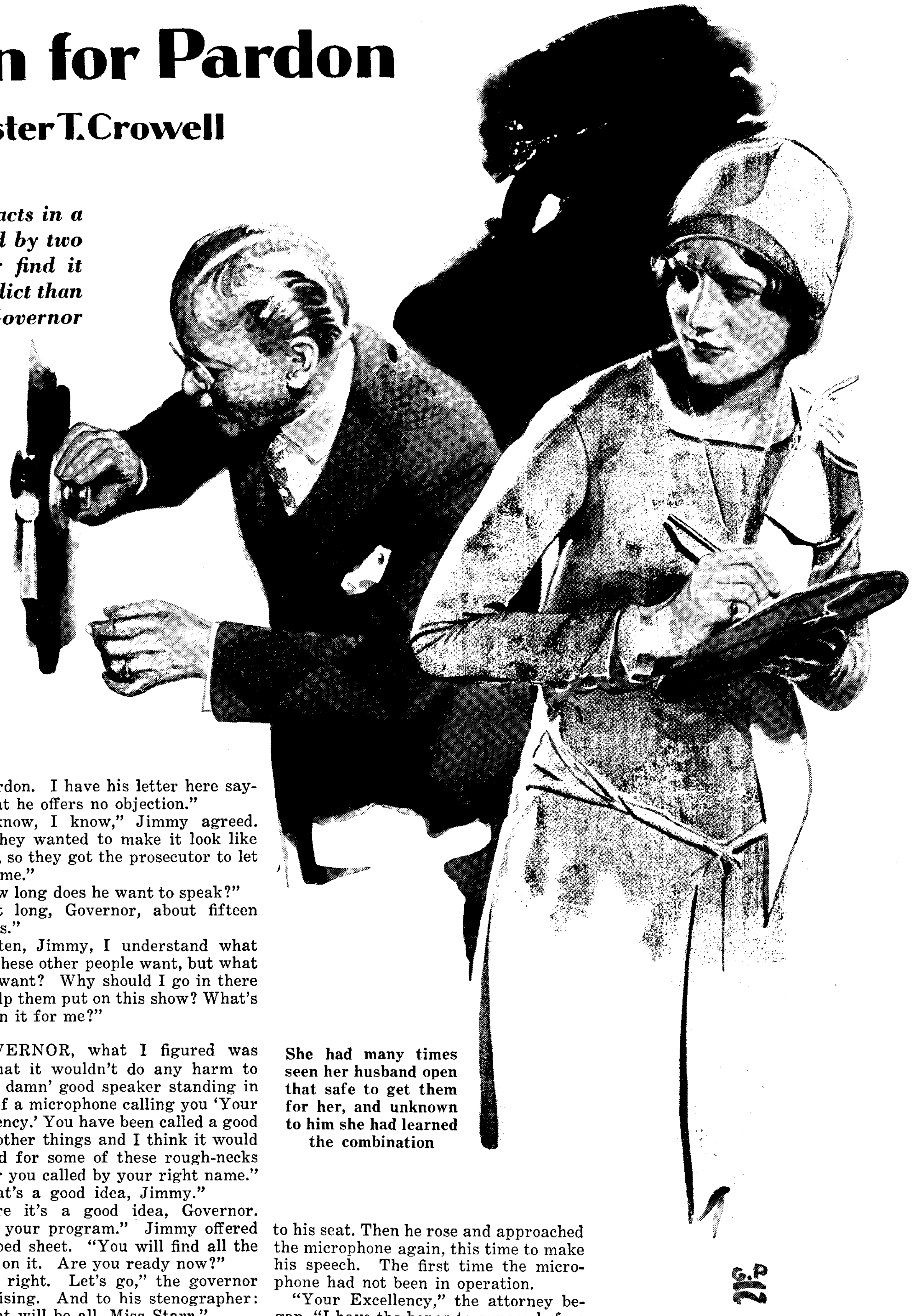
Collier's The National Weekly for April 19, 1930

A Petition for Pardon

By Chester T. Crowell

Here are all the important facts in a fascinating case, as presented by two brilliant lawyers. You may find it much easier to bring in a verdict than did His Excellency the Governor



She had many times seen her husband open that safe to get them for her, and unknown to him she had learned the combination

JIMMY MONAHAN opened the door to the governor's private office and half tiptoed to the big desk, his shoulders hunched over and his eyes attentive to a sheet of paper in his hand. The governor was dictating. "Representing, as I do, all of the people of this great state . . ." The governor liked "representing all of the people." Just to represent the people seemed to him too simple while to represent the executive power of the state impressed him as rather stiff and formal. He pictured representing "all of the people" as a gaudy sort of juggling trick and took pride in the boast that he performed it.

"Ready for you," Jimmy said, his merry brown eyes still earnestly on that paper.

"Reception-room?" queried the governor.

"The big one," said Jimmy.

"Big one?"

"Yes. There'll be a crowd of the press boys and the movie men and a lot of photographers. And the microphone works better in the big reception-room."

"Microphone?" queried the governor.

"Yes," Jimmy answered. "The tabloid sheet that has been fighting for this pardon has arranged to broadcast their lawyer's speech."

"Their lawyer's?" asked the governor.

"Sure," Jimmy explained. "They hired him to present Carey's petition."

"How long does he want to speak?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"I wonder why they hired a lawyer for Carey," the governor meditated. "The petition is based on newly discovered evidence showing that Carey is innocent. I have no doubt on the subject whatever. I am going to grant the pardon. Why did they want to hire someone to make a speech?"

Jimmy smiled tolerantly. "Well, Governor," he said, "it's a wow of a story. For a tabloid you couldn't beat it. They printed the autobiography of the woman in the case. Sniff Hudson wrote it. Got five hundred for it. They've been fighting for a pardon, and now they've won, they want to play the victory up for all it's worth."

"But there's no contest," the governor objected.

"Oh, yes, there is."

"How so?"

"Well, they've dug up a fellow to come here and make a speech against the pardon. They wanted a contest to get some drama into the story. This fellow's name is Kent. He was the lawyer for Carey's old firm, the firm that failed, you remember, and he really is opposed to the pardon. He grabbed the chance to speak. The tabloid got the prosecutor to let Kent come up here in his place."

"But the prosecutor is not opposed to the pardon. I have his letter here saying that he offers no objection."

"I know, I know," Jimmy agreed. "But they wanted to make it look like a fight, so they got the prosecutor to let him come."

"How long does he want to speak?"

"Not long, Governor, about fifteen minutes."

"Listen, Jimmy, I understand what all of these other people want, but what do we want? Why should I go in there and help them put on this show? What's there in it for me?"

"GOVERNOR, what I figured was that it wouldn't do any harm to have a damn' good speaker standing in front of a microphone calling you 'Your Excellency.' You have been called a good many other things and I think it would be good for some of these rough-necks to hear you called by your right name."

"That's a good idea, Jimmy."

"Sure it's a good idea, Governor. Here's your program." Jimmy offered the typed sheet. "You will find all the names on it. Are you ready now?"

"All right. Let's go," the governor said, rising. And to his stenographer: "That will be all, Miss Starr."

The big reception-room was a crowded stage, ready, with the exception of one item, for the curtain to rise; and when the governor seated himself in the big chair on the dais that item was no longer lacking. The actors were assembled and the show began. Ranged along the sides of the room were numerous newspaper men, some sitting, some standing. At the rear of the room were the cameramen. In the center of the room in a cleared space about ten feet in diameter stood the microphone.

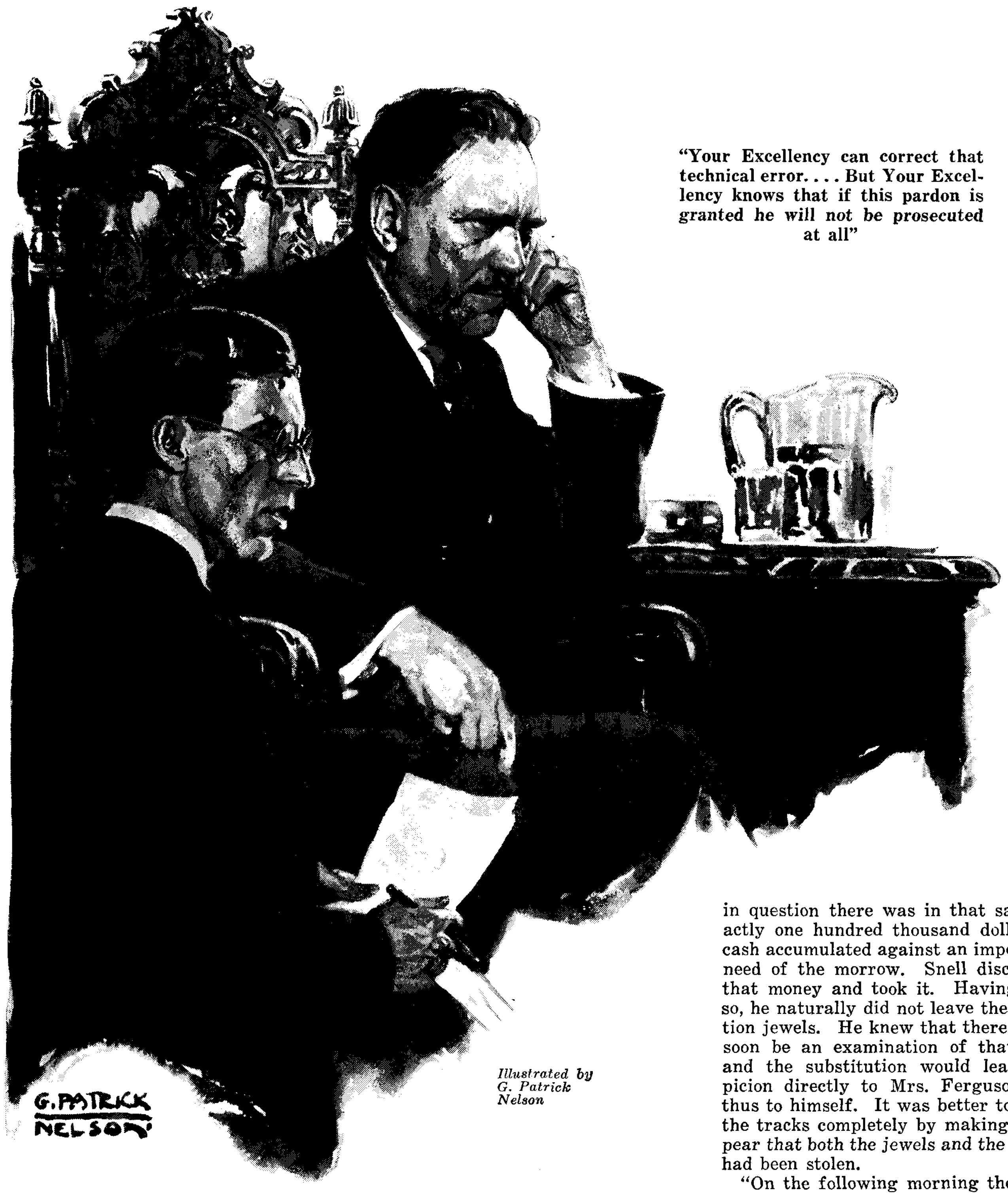
There was a pause while the governor posed. Another pause while Judge Wilkinson, counsel for the petitioner, approached the microphone as directed by the motion picture operators, said a few words with gestures, and returned to his seat. Then he rose and approached the microphone again, this time to make his speech. The first time the microphone had not been in operation.

"Your Excellency," the attorney began, "I have the honor to appear before you this morning on behalf of Burton F. Carey, a convict serving a five-year term in the state penitentiary for the crime of grand larceny, a crime of which he is innocent; and that innocence is the basis for his petition for pardon. It becomes my duty to review the facts in this most dramatic case, in the hope that I may guide Your Excellency to a just conclusion that will restore to this man his liberty, his citizenship, and his good name; and restore to our beloved state its honor, for a most grievous error has been made.

"This man," Wilkinson gestured toward the petitioner, who sat between two guards, "far from being a criminal is a chivalric knight whose sacrifice for the woman he loved is now acclaimed by the press and people of our state.

"Three years ago Burton F. Carey was one of the three partners in the firm of Ferguson, Carey & Street, a prosperous firm engaged in the honorable business of merchandising. Thomas F. Ferguson, the senior member of that firm, was then fifty-one years of age and had married four years previously a young and beautiful wife. But theirs was the old, old story of Spring and Winter. She was not happy. Carey had loved her before she was married and he continued to love her afterwards.

"However, we shall have nothing sordid to tell in this man's story nor in hers, in her relation to him. She was an honorable woman and Carey was an



"Your Excellency can correct that technical error.... But Your Excellency knows that if this pardon is granted he will not be prosecuted at all"

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

honorable man. Their love remained a beautiful friendship that sustained her through the dreary years of an unhappy marriage. According to her own brilliant autobiography, which she has recently published in a newspaper distinguished for its gallant public service, she once offered Carey her love, and together they went to her husband and asked his consent for her to obtain a divorce so that they might be married, but he refused. And while your petitioner, Burton F. Carey, felt that that was a barbaric and wicked thing for Ferguson to do, he nevertheless remained true to his principles as a chivalric gentleman. He gave to Mr. Ferguson all that could be demanded by a friend of many years' standing, the partner in his business enterprises, and he continued to give to Mrs. Ferguson his unbroken friendship.

"Shortly after this interview there came into the life of Mrs. Ferguson a man who did not figure in the trial of the case against Carey, but one who has since been named in criminal proceedings. I refer to John B. Snell. Two weeks after Snell met the beautiful Mrs. Ferguson he had won her love and proposed that she elope with him. She discussed this proposal with her friend Carey, and while he advised against it he acquiesced because his one thought was then, as it ever has been, for her happiness. He permitted them to meet at his home and he loyally protected their secret, completely forgetful of himself. It was from his drawing-room that they eventually set out for Egypt.

"ON THE day of the elopement Mrs. Ferguson met Snell at the home of her friend Carey and instructed him to get her jewels which were kept in a jewel case locked in the safe in the office of the firm of Ferguson, Carey & Street. She had two jewel cases and they were identical. In one, at home, the imitation jewels; in the other, in the safe, the real jewels. She had many times seen her husband open that safe to get them for her, and unknown to him she had learned the combination. She knew that the offices were open every evening between half past six and half past seven while the cleaners were at work. She knew that the person who at that hour walked in as though he knew his business, went straight to the safe and opened it, would not be suspected.

"She explained all this to Snell, and gave him the combination of the safe. She also gave him the case containing the imitation jewels. Pursuant to her instructions he opened that safe and took out the real jewels.

"Now it happened that on the evening in question there was in that safe exactly one hundred thousand dollars in cash accumulated against an imperative need of the morrow. Snell discovered that money and took it. Having done so, he naturally did not leave the imitation jewels. He knew that there would soon be an examination of that safe, and the substitution would lead suspicion directly to Mrs. Ferguson and thus to himself. It was better to cover the tracks completely by making it appear that both the jewels and the money had been stolen.

"On the following morning the theft was discovered. Ferguson and Street were absolutely certain that only three living persons knew the combination; namely, themselves and Carey. There was not the remotest doubt in their minds that one of themselves must have stolen the money. They made inquiry among the men and women who had been in the office cleaning it the preceding evening, and they were told that a man had come in and opened the safe. No one remembered the incident well enough to describe the man. Whatever remote doubt might have been in the mind of Ferguson with regard to the possibility that his wife had visited the safe was then removed. A man did it. And by that time she and her lover, Snell, of whom Ferguson had never heard, were on their way.

"To make assurance doubly sure Ferguson called Mrs. Ferguson's sister on the long-distance telephone to see if his wife was there as she had reported she would be. Her sister knew of the impending elopement, was party to the conspiracy, and answered for her. Their voices are exactly alike and so Mr. Ferguson's one faint ground for suspicion was removed.

"The three partners next examined one another's evidence as to where each had been during the time that the robbery was committed. Street and Ferguson had perfect alibis. Carey would have had one, too, if Snell and Mrs. Ferguson could have testified, but they were gone. And on a mission from which he would not call them back. The only others who could testify as to his whereabouts were his mother and his aunt and an aged female servant who had nursed him as an infant. That was not a perfect alibi. Such testimony would be suspected in a criminal case.

"BUT Carey was less afflicted by the impending accusation than by the fear that Mrs. Ferguson herself had taken the money. He knew that she had the combination of the safe. She had told him so and that she was going to the office that evening to get her jewelry. She had not told him that she was going to send Snell. She told him that she herself was going. Even confronted with the testimony that it was a man and not a woman who had actually opened the safe, Carey still believed that there must be some mistake. Either that or Mrs. Ferguson was party to the theft. If he made any effort to bring them into the investigation he would subject himself to the suspicion that jealousy rather than justice was his motive. One word from him and the elopement would have been ended by a warrant of arrest. No one could tell what the outcome might be for Mrs. Ferguson, and her welfare rose in the heart and mind of her noble lover above every other consideration.

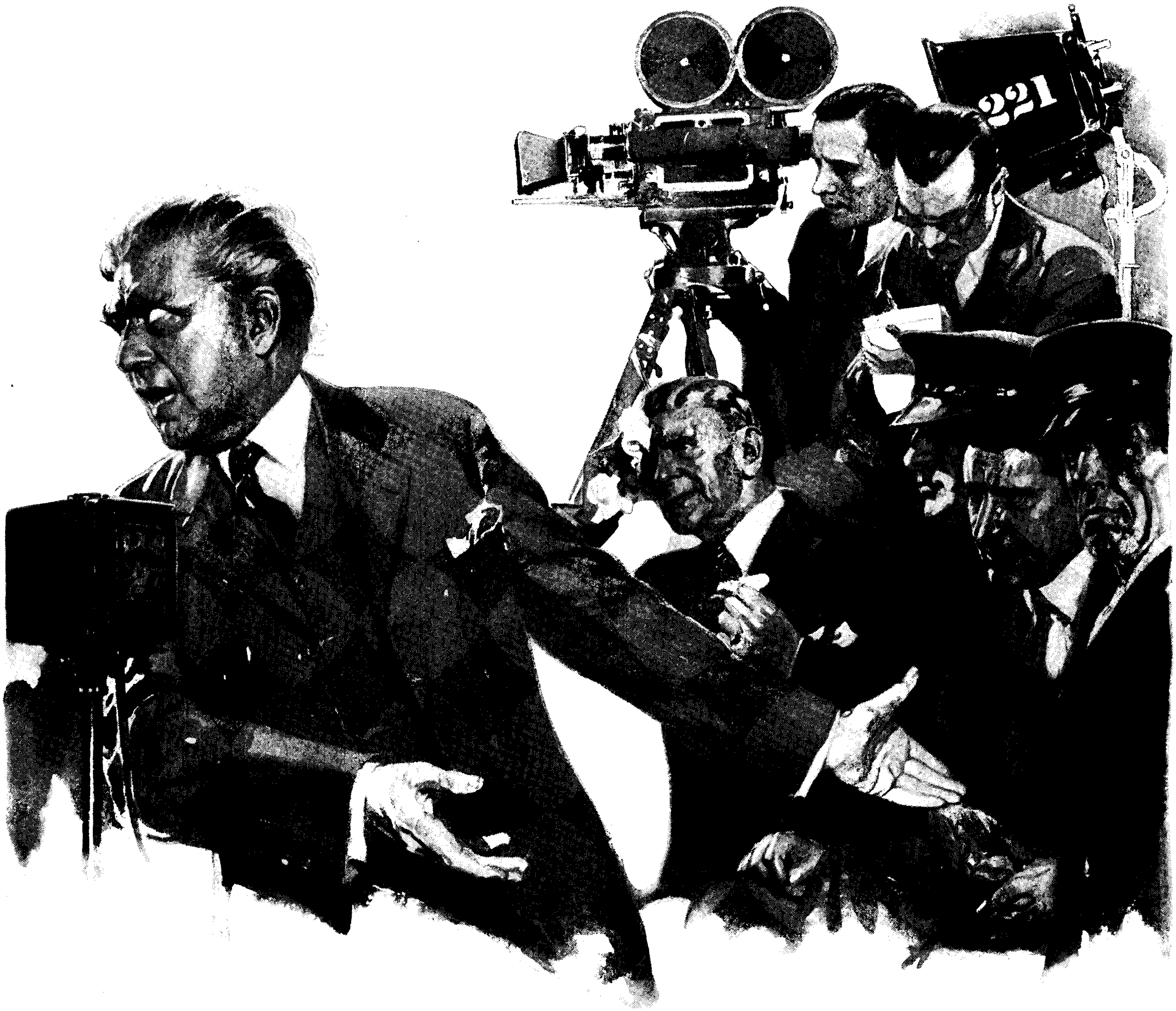
"He resolved to protect her secret at the cost of his own liberty. Guilty or innocent, his love would be unchanged. He was accused by his partners, indicted by the grand jury, and, rather than hear the testimony of his mother, aunt and nurse impugned, pleaded guilty.

"Snell and Mrs. Ferguson sailed first to Italy and from Italy to Egypt. They traveled on slow boats. They were on their honeymoon. Weeks elapsed before Mrs. Ferguson heard of the robbery, the failure of the firm, and Carey's imprisonment. It did not occur to Mrs. Ferguson for a moment to suspect her lover. Her one thought of him in connection with the robbery was that she had subjected him to great danger in sending him to that safe for her jewels at a time when burglary was impending. She grieved for her beloved friend Carey, but what could anyone do for him in the face of a plea of guilty?"

"Snell was a man of limited means and after the robbery he continued to so represent himself to Mrs. Ferguson. She gave him her jewels to dispose of for cash and he reported to her that he was selling them to meet their needs. No act of his aroused her suspicion.

"Fourteen months after the elopement Snell abandoned Mrs. Ferguson in Europe and returned to the United States with another woman. Another woman who had money and jewelry and who was in love with Snell. Mrs. Ferguson, outraged by his perfidy but still madly in love, followed him. In fact, she annoyed him, and one day it occurred to him that he might end this annoyance by frightening her with the threat of accusation that Carey had stolen the money from the safe for her, and actually had given it to her.

"THIS was not as fantastic a threat then as it seems now in the light of later developments, for the money had never been found and many persons were beginning to doubt that Carey had it. His dependents were known to be in want. Nevertheless that threat was bad strategy, because the moment it was uttered Mrs. Ferguson's feminine intuition led her straight to the truth. She communicated with Carey through his lawyer, and learned for the first time of his sacrifice. The result was the prompt arrest of Snell, and an exami-



nation of his personal effects disclosed that he still had Mrs. Ferguson's jewelry. He had never sold any of it. All of his sources of income were known and his total funds fell some thousands of dollars short of the amount he had spent while he and Mrs. Ferguson were together. There was no other way to account for his money except by that theft. He himself offers no explanation. In the face of what has now become overwhelming proof of guilt he remains discreetly silent, claiming his constitutional privilege. His case has been set for trial and the outcome is certain.

"We leave him to his conscience and the law of the land and return to that prince of gentlemen, Burton F. Carey, who has now languished for these many months behind prison bars, sustained by his unfaltering devotion to the woman of his dreams, sustained by the consciousness of duty performed unselfishly, confident that the God who counts the sparrows will not fail him, and that in due time the great statesman and generous, warm-hearted human being who occupies the governor's chair will exercise the pardoning power so wisely reposed in his hands, and remove forever the blot of injustice from the proud record of this great state."

Judge Wilkinson mopped his brow, gave special attention to his eyes with a large silk handkerchief, made an impressive bow to the governor and then sat down.

IT WAS now Gordon Kent's turn to speak. He rose and bowed. An impressive study in gray; gray eyes, gray eyebrows, bushy gray hair, a barrel chest, massive limbs.

"Will you make it as short as possible?" the governor requested.

Judge Kent smiled and mumbled an assent. It was amusingly obvious that his was a very minor rôle in this ceremony.

"Your Excellency," he began, "I appear by permission of the district attorney who prosecuted Burton F. Carey. I oppose this pardon. However, I do not appear as the representative of the prosecutor, for he does not oppose. Regard me as a friend of the court, as a citizen, as an old man learned in the law who was for many years counselor to the firm of Ferguson, Carey & Street.

"I remember Ferguson and Street as vigorous youngsters full of ambition. I drew the papers when they made their little borrowings of two and three and four and five thousand dollars here and there to start their enterprise and keep it going. I remember when Burton F. Carey, the petitioner before you, came into the firm on the death of his father. I have listened with interest to the glowing tribute paid him by Judge Wilkinson, and now I rise to present an opposing point of view.

"At the time Snell and Mrs. Ferguson were contemplating their elopement Carey knew the condition of the firm. He knew that there was a large sum of money in the safe. He knew that upon that money depended the very life of the firm, the honor of the three partners, and the safety of its employees. He learned without being shocked or alarmed that the wife of one of the partners, contrary to their agreement among themselves, was in possession of the combination to that safe.

"As an honorable man it was his duty to report that fact at once and to have that combination changed. More than that, it was his duty to raise the question as to whether Ferguson should thereafter be trusted with the combination. Having permitted it to escape him once he might do so again.

"Carey knew at least a week in advance of the elopement that it was virtually certain to happen. He argued against it but he did not even refuse to assist it. Judge Wilkinson says that he acquiesced. He did more than that. He became party to the conspiracy. He became an accessory. He gave them aid, and the principal aid he gave them was his silence, because Ferguson was not even aware of Snell's existence. But Carey was now playing his glamorous rôle of chivalric knight. He was a hero of romance; therefore he owed absolutely nothing to old Tom Ferguson, who had befriended him since boyhood, who had been his father's partner before young Burton was born. He owed absolutely nothing to the gray-haired veterans who had built that business and who had generously accepted him into full partnership before he had honestly won his spurs on the hard fields of battle, as Bob Street and old Tom Ferguson and Carey's father had won theirs. No, his concern was solely with the happiness of the lady.

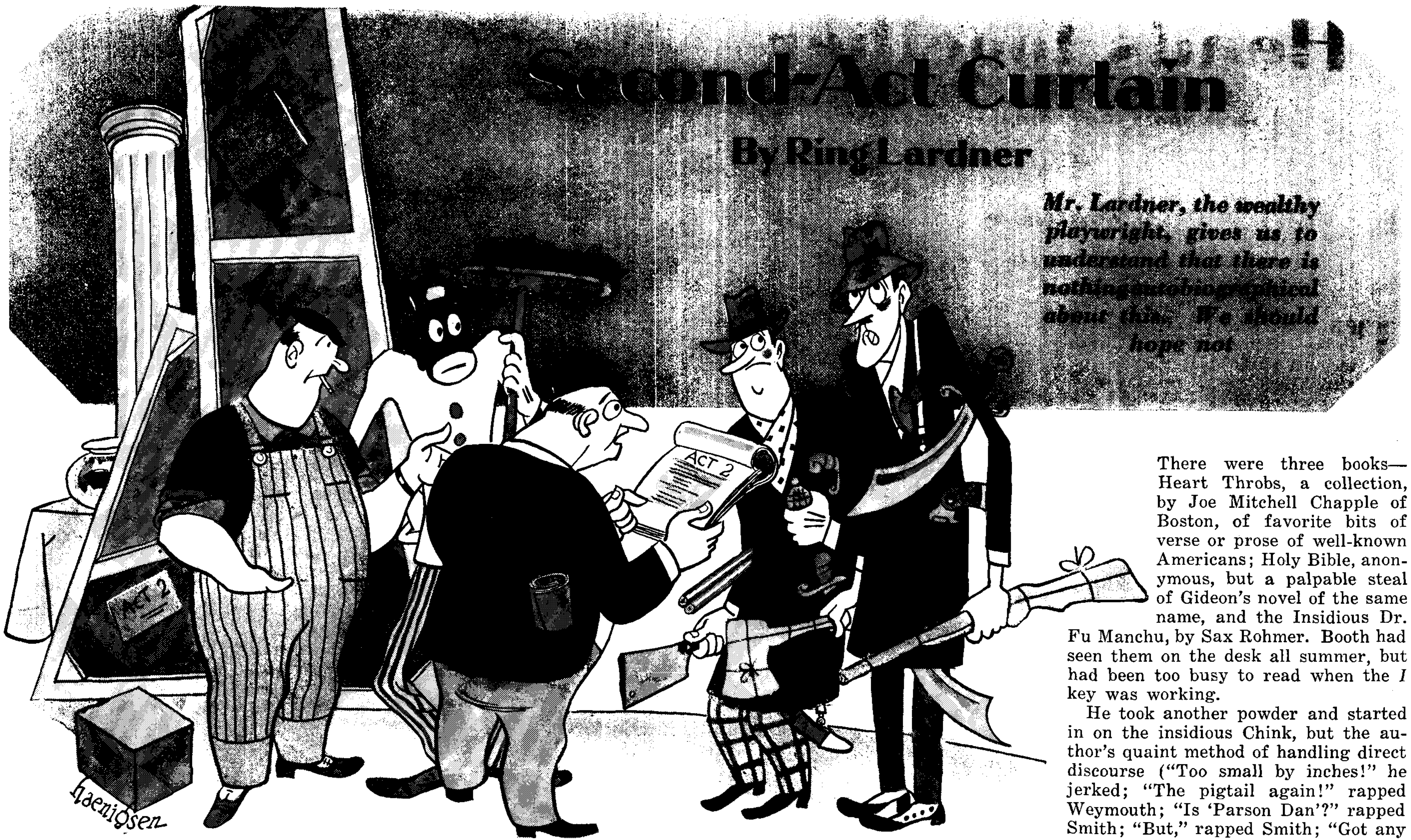
"IT DID not occur to him that a lady as fine as the one he loved might herself fall in love with a man of no considerable honor. Neither did it occur to him that she might give that man dangerous information. Such things have happened since the world was young, but Carey could not permit such a thought to enter his pure mind lest it appear to his lady fair that the thought was born of jealousy. He had elected to play a loftier rôle before her. A suspicion of jealousy would puncture his beautiful melodrama.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Second-Act Curtain

By Ring Lardner

Mr. Lardner, the wealthy playwright, gives us to understand that there is nothing autobiographical about this. We should hope not



It was only a question of time before some of these trinkets would be brought into play

THEY were trying out a play in Newark. The play was to open in New York the following week. Washington had liked it pretty well and business had been picking up in the big New Jersey metropolis until a full house at a rainy Wednesday matinée had just about convinced the authors and the manager that they had something.

The three were standing in the lobby before the evening performance.

"We'd be all set," said Mr. Rose, the manager, "if we just had a curtain for the second act."

The authors, Mr. Chambers and Mr. Booth, walked away from him as fast as they could go. Neither of them wanted the blood, even of a manager, on his hands; and they had been told so often—by the manager, the company manager, various house managers, the entire office staff, every member of the cast and the citizens of New Jersey and the District of Columbia—that they lacked a second-act curtain (just as if it were news to them), that both had spent most of their prospective profits on scimitars, stiletti, grenades and sawed-off shotguns, and it was only a question of time before some of these trinkets would be brought into play.

After a while the good folks from the Oranges and Montclair began looming up in such numbers that Chambers and Booth thought Mr. Rose's mind might be on some other subject and they ventured back into the lobby.

"Boys," said Mr. Rose, "we've got a hit. If we only—"

Chambers grabbed Booth by the arm.

"Come here a minute," he commanded, and Booth obeyed.

"Now, listen," said Chambers, "we're not going to find a second-act curtain by watching another performance of this clambake. Let's leave it flat for tonight and go to our respective homes and do a little real thinking."

Chambers' respective home was a mansion in the lower sixties. Booth's was a hotel room in which he had spent nearly all of the summer working, because he found it impossible to work out on Long Island where everybody else was having a good time. The collaborators parted at the Thirty-third Street terminal of the Hudson Tube and Booth went first to a speakeasy to buy himself some thinking powders and then to his room—the number doesn't make any difference because each is equipped with radio, and all you have to do to avoid it is not open the drawer of the table by the bed.

Booth's room was not an expensive room. It was a $4.00 room and opened on a court, and the people in the other rooms opening on the court were nice and friendly and hardly ever pulled down their window shades, no matter what they were doing. For three days the room right across the court from Booth's had been occupied by a comely and frank lady of about twenty-six, so Booth took a powder before settling down to real thinking. The room across the court was dark. Booth got into his thinking costume, consisting of pajamas, slippers and bathrobe, had another powder and decided he had better eat something.

Enter the Heroine

While waiting for the food, he began a letter to somebody at Syracuse University who didn't know him and wanted him to make a speech. He discovered that the *I* key on the typewriter had gone blooey from overwork, rendering him mute. The food came and he sat on the bed to eat it. There was a knock at the door and in scampered a chambermaid not a day over fifty.

"Are you sick?" she said.

"No," said Booth. "Why?"

"Well," said the chambermaid, "there was a woman sick in this room a couple of weeks ago and I thought maybe she was still here."

"You're the only woman in this room," said Booth, "and I hope you're not too sick to leave."

"It's a funny thing," said the chambermaid, "but I came in a room along this hall one time, it must have been last spring, and there was a man and a woman both in there, both sick. And they knew me because I worked in a hospital once and they were both there, too."

"Marriage might regain something of its former sanctity," observed Booth, "if husbands and wives were always both sick together."

"I'll just turn down your bed."

"No. Let it alone. I'll fix it when I get ready."

"Well, I wouldn't sit around like that or you'll catch cold."

"Good night."

Booth finished eating and looked around the room for reading matter. There were three books—Heart Throbs, a collection, by Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, of favorite bits of verse or prose of well-known Americans; Holy Bible, anonymous, but a palpable steal of Gideon's novel of the same name, and the Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, by Sax Rohmer. Booth had seen them on the desk all summer, but had been too busy to read when the *I* key was working.

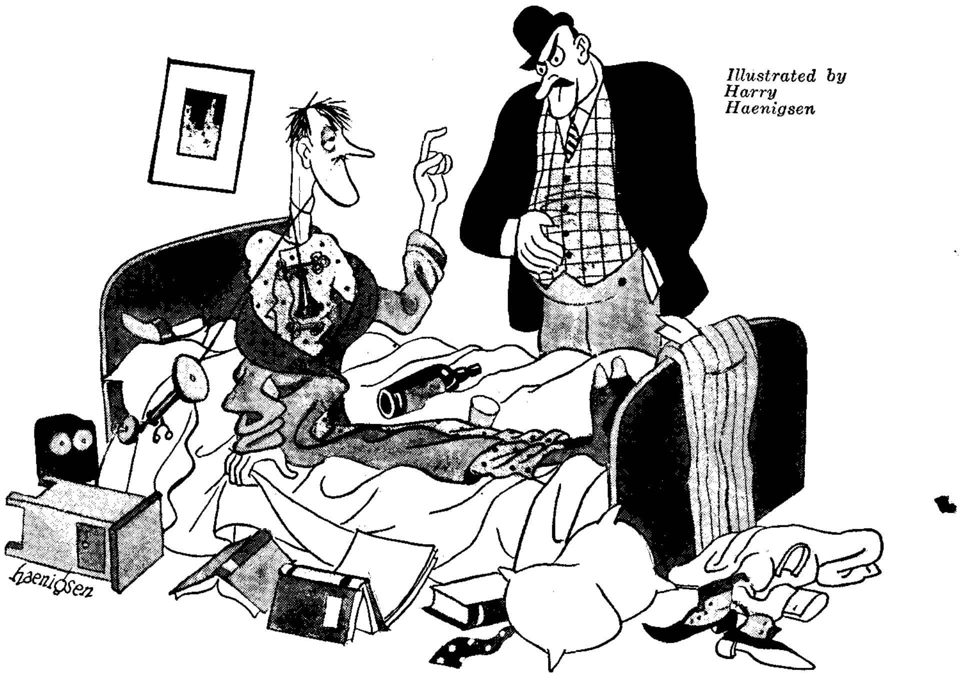
He took another powder and started in on the insidious Chink, but the author's quaint method of handling direct discourse ("Too small by inches!" he jerked; "The pigtail again!" rapped Weymouth; "Is 'Parson Dan'?" rapped Smith; "But," rapped Smith; "Got any theory?" he jerked) was a little too much for frayed nerves. "It is all right," he rapped to himself, "for a guest to bring a book like this with him, but there certainly ought to be a penalty for leaving it in the room."

Inspiration from the Muse

Holy Bible began too slow and after another powder Booth dived into Heart Throbs, only to be confronted by the complete text of Home, Sweet Home. Now out in the town where Booth's family was spending the summer the natives had pointed with pride to the house where Mr. Payne, who wrote this famous lyric, used to live. If the natives had ever read the whole thing, they probably would have burned the house instead of pointing to it.

Turning over a few pages, however, Booth came across a poem that soon had him fighting to keep back the tears. It

(*Continued on page 64*)



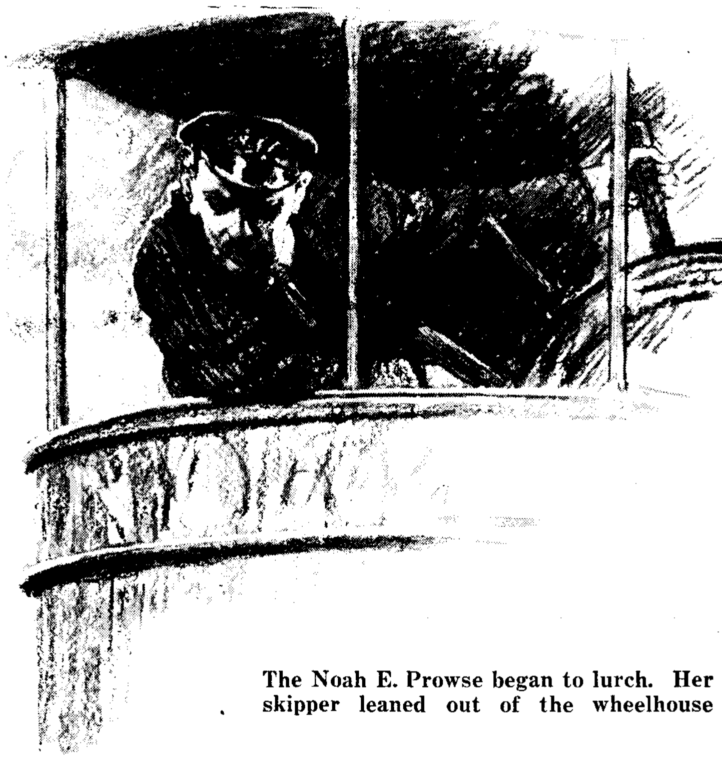
Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

"Officer," said he, "there was somebody in this room last night"

Heads Together

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By
Wallace
Irwin



The Noah E. Prowse began to lurch. Her skipper leaned out of the wheelhouse

THE Sound ferryboat, Noah E. Prowse, having dented and stowed the last automobile, churned toward Connecticut across the way. Up in the wheelhouse Cap'n Zep Tilly, at the wheel, let his seven-cent cigar burn down until it seared the fringes of his patriarchal mustache. "Yes-yes-yes," he reflected nervously, "them things women do."

Gazing down on the passenger deck he got a glimpse of Eva, basking in salty June sunshine. He was sorry he had been harsh with her; it was his policy to be kind to his wives, both of them. Chivalry was his connubial weakness, for Cap'n Zep had married twice, and still remained so. Tradition permits a sailor a wife in every port, and the Noah E. Prowse had run fifteen years between Port Hazel, Long Island, and Port Commerce, Connecticut, a matter of seventy minutes by water.

So Eva had chosen today to attend a bargain sale in Port Commerce. "Can't tell 'er anything," reflected Cap'n Zep. "If I could told 'er twelve years ago—yes-yes-yes. But what's a man to do sometimes? There was two of them and one of me."

That twelve years marked the Tillys' only domestic rumpus, a disagreement over the planting of dahlia bulbs. Eva had packed and gone to California. The newspapers said she had been drowned in an excursion steamer accident, and it was eight months later that she disproved the rumor by returning with a contrite and a loving heart to the bungalow at Port Hazel. Like Enoch Arden she was a bit too late; unlike Enoch she never knew the truth.

IN HER absence Cap'n Zep had been successfully pursued by a lady of Port Commerce, a certain Dot McCann, who had that dark and rolling eye so dreaded by seafaring men. Dot had managed it well; herself she had found a justice of the peace and pointed out the place on the marriage license where Cap'n Zep was again to sign away his freedom. Zep didn't marry women. They married him.

"Well," he reflected this June morning as he nervously turned the wheel, "it ain't no worse today than it's been. Only I've got to get Eva out of the habit of shopping at Port Commerce. Some of these days—oh, gosh. And there's Dot, always wanting to come across with me to Long Island so's she can visit her folks. Maybe she's easier to manage than Eva. But no woman's easy when she gets going. They're both sweet girls. Yes-yes. Nobody can bake a lemon meringue pie like Dot can. And Eva's no slouch when it comes to steamed clams. Some folks would call me a lucky man. Hm. Bigamy's bigamy. What would Dot or Eva say if I told 'em? They'd holler, 'Choose between us!' I'd be a nice fella, wouldn't I, walking out on either of 'em?"

These reflections brought the Noah E. Prowse into the factory-cluttered harbor of Port Commerce. Like an automaton Cap'n Zep signaled the engine. Absent-mindedly he warped the bow into the ferry slip. Then, annoyed, he saw Eva's apple-cheeked face at a window. She wanted him to go shopping with her.

"The rule says no gossiping in the wheelhouse," he gently reminded her. "Here's five dollars for a pair of shoes and stockings. Shopping? No time to fool with women on a day like this."

The last remark was perhaps ill chosen.

At four the Noah E. Prowse turned obesely toward Port Hazel, and Cap'n Zep Tilly's almost superstitious stare from the wheelhouse window gave him a comforting view of Eva, sitting among her bundles at the rail. "So far, so good," thought the navigator, as one who takes a reckoning. Then the Sound grew choppy, and he was absorbed in his work until it was calm again; again he looked down. Passengers filed by. Eva sat stolidly. . . .

Quite suddenly the ferryboat veered in its course; Cap'n Zep half lost control of the wheel. Who was that stylish little woman with the red sweater? Last week Zep had given Dot one like that. Was a bad conscience tricking him? Frantically he righted the ship, then gazed again. Little Red Sweater had paused by Eva's bench, had said something pleasant, had taken the vacant seat. She turned her face. Snapping black eyes, pert snub nose—heavens, it *was* Dot! Dot and Eva. They had met at last.

THE Noah E. Prowse began to lurch and cut strange figures. Her skipper, pop-eyed as a gargoyle, leaned out of the wheelhouse, over the bench where his wives still sat in low-voiced, earnest conversation. Their faces were sly, passionate, merciless as they talked on and on, heads an inch apart. Then Eva's voice, curiously high-pitched, floated up to the listener—"You don't mean to tell me—*that!*" Dot was nodding, coldly, secretively. Cap'n Zep pulled in his head.

Again he dared to spy, his brain whirling, his ears aching to hear more. Then he was dimly aware of an angry, warning whistle—he had come within a yard of ramming a tug, slowly towing seven stone-barges. "Hey—think yer drivin' a truck?"—the tug captain's compliments. "Wish you'd sunk us both!" groaned Cap'n Zep, reversing his wheel and missing a yacht by half a length. What were life and death to him now? After years of honorable service his career had come to a close. Two women, a coroner's jury, were sitting on his case. His bigamy was in the hands of the two best possible witnesses—his dual wives.

WHEN at last the Noah E. Prowse staggered into Port Hazel her commander forgot his duty to cargo and passengers. Desperately he leaped ashore, pantingly he ran up the hill to the pretty bungalow where for many years he had enjoyed part-time happiness with his Long Island wife. Dumbly he thought of certain letters he must destroy before his escape—where? He must get out before Eva found him.

Then he saw her standing in the door. She had cut off his escape. He backed away, afraid to look her in the eye.

"Oh, you're home already!" Her voice was curiously sweet. "Well, I didn't want you to meet that lady on the boat."

"What's the matter with her?" thickly.

"Her? She's fine. Just lovely. But awful high-toned. I thought she was like anybody else till she told me who her husband is." A chilly pause. "Do you know who he is?" Arctic silence. "Zep, he's commander of the Mauretania. Think of that!"

"She—she told you that?"

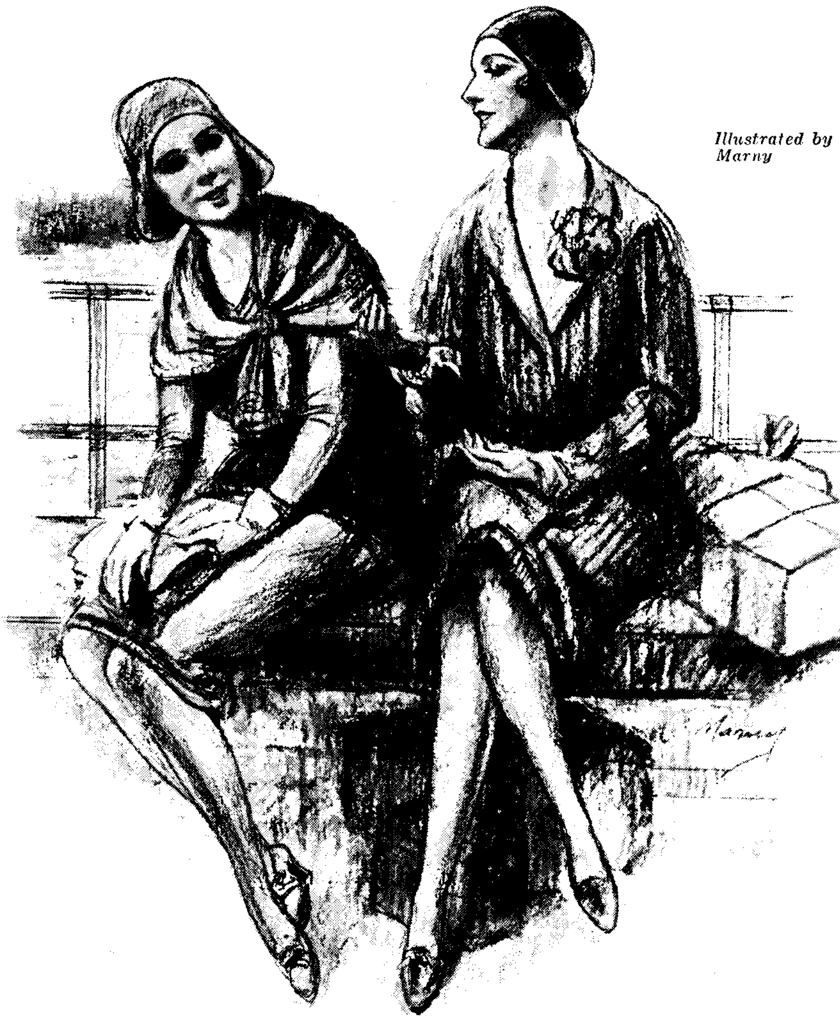
"Yeppy. And, Zep, I hate to bear false witness. I'm ashamed of myself. But I just couldn't let her feel I was small potatoes—after I knew who she was. I had to think of something, so I told her—"

"Told her?" A hollow sound.

"That *my* husband was chief admiral in the U. S. Navy."

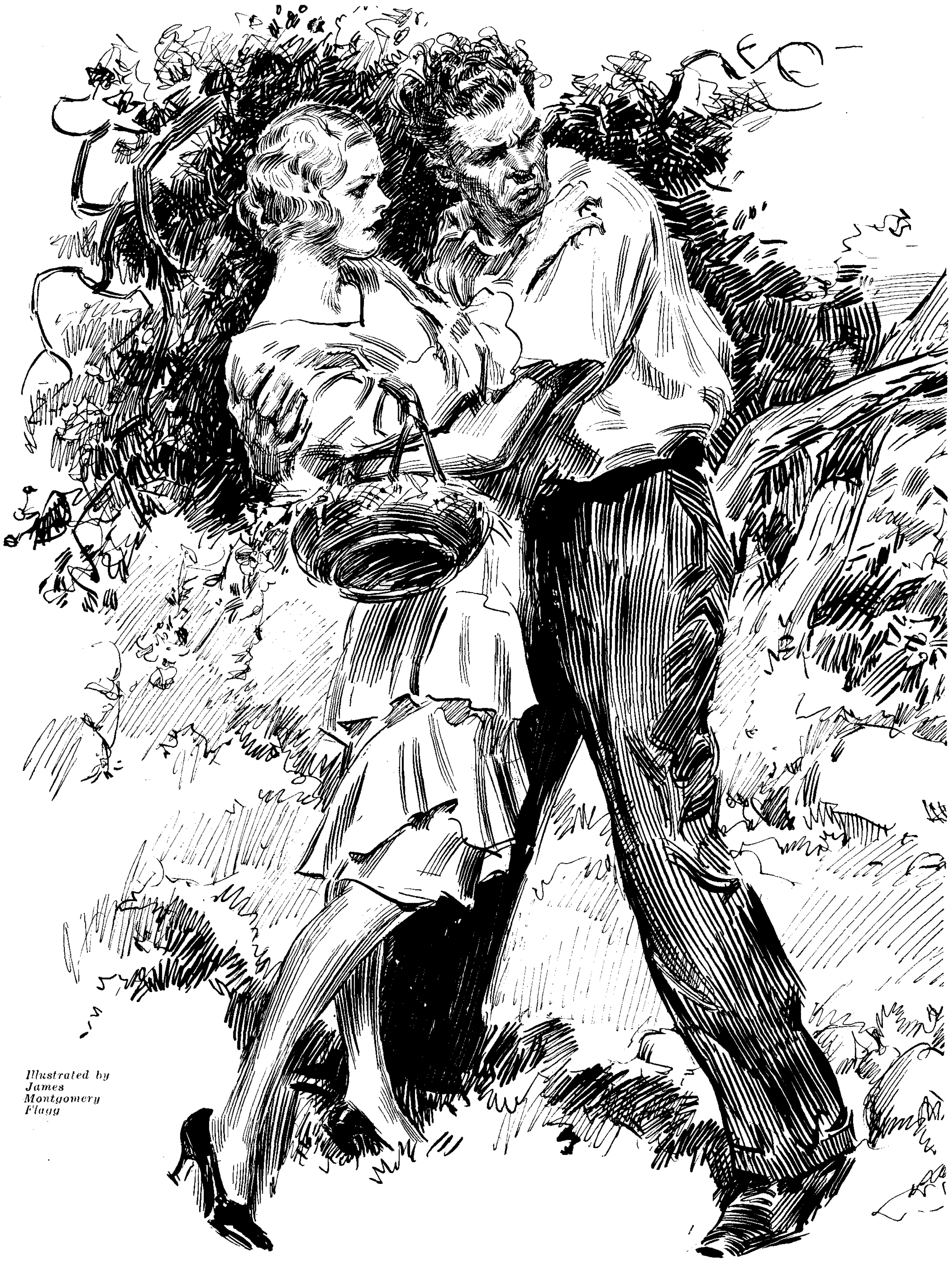
Cap'n Zep stroked his mustache. This seemed to restore his strength completely.

"Dearie, you'd better not talk to that woman again," he advised kindly. "Because she might find out who you really are. And then what would she say?"



Illustrated by Marny

Little Red Sweater had taken the vacant seat. She turned her face. Snapping black eyes, pert snub nose—heavens, it *was* Dot!



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Good Scout

How to make a great all-talking feature. It's very simple if you follow the road to true love—and don't mind the bumps

SO YOU think the man of principle is often devoid of interest, eh, Mr. Jackson? Well, that's not a bad crack for this early Sunday morning. And if you are referring to my roommate, Mr. Theodore Pinkney, I suppose you mean that nobody as good as he is could be very exciting, but after the way he's got everybody on their ears over to the studio I'm not so sure!

In a lot of ways I'm glad he happened to be out when you called to get this interview, Mr. Jackson, because I've been in the know all along, and yet I can give you the dope in an impersonal way, while Teddy—well, one look at him, and the most modest violet in the bouquet would retire in his favor. He's a little blond feller with a face like a baby and three eyebrows—one over his lip! He couldn't interview an empty shirt!

But darned if for all his goofy face Teddy hasn't always been a first-rate worker. He began with Revelation Reels in the old days of silent films as a film cutter. Yeh, I was cutting, myself, at the time, and Teddy was shoved into my room, which is how we happened to get clubby. He was a decent, clean-spoken, sober little feller, and I knew such a lot of people who lived from glass to mouth, that he was a relief. Yeh, his whoopee was a whisper, but when I picked him for a roommate I wasn't so dumb. He was the type that takes rent day seriously, and he always folded his clothes on a chair at night like his mother had taught him to. Never dragged in any dames, either, on account he was dead set on a skirt named Rosie Cary.

ROSIE was a pretty little manicurist who maimed fingers for the lads that patronized her father's barber shop because they'd rather be cut by Rosie than bowed to by some of our swellest-looking lady stars.

But Rosie couldn't see Theodore at all. She liked he-men, and Teddy was too mild for her taste. I was in the barber shop one day getting a neck-shave when Rosie was polishing him off good and plenty. He was gazing at her with them big, soft, pansy eyes of his and telling her she looked like Botticelli's Madonna, whatever that may be, and Rosie wasn't having any.

"I think that art-stuff is sort of mush!" she giggled. "Cut it out, and be a man! Go on, get some hair on your chest!"

Well, Teddy looked kind of startled at that. You know, got all white and then blushed, and went out without a word. But believe it or not, Mr. Jackson, darned if that very night I didn't open the bathroom door suddenly and catch him rubbing hair tonic on his chest! Honest!

Well, when Teddy had been sharing the rooms with me a while, I found out he was a Scout Master. To tell the honest truth, I believe he had joined the Scout movement because of the costume. You see, it was the nearest he could ever come to being a cow-puncher, and he probably dreamed of being a man of the great open spaces, a big he-male of the kind Rosie was so crazy about, see what I mean? He let that slip when he made it plain that Bill West, the great cowboy star, was his hero.

You remember Bill West, eh, Mr. Jackson? Say, there used to be a time when the country was plastered from coast to coast with six-sheeters of Bill and his horse, Chieftain, nose to nose. Well, Teddy Pinkney had a photo of Bill West on his bureau. On it was written "To T. Pinkney. Ever faithfully, Bill West." I asked Teddy where he got it, and Teddy picked it up with reverence.

"He gave it to me himself!" he says gravely. "At least, I bought the picture, but he signed it. 'Ever faithfully.' Pretty good motto, don't you think, Ed? There's a man for you! And he was mighty kind to me!"

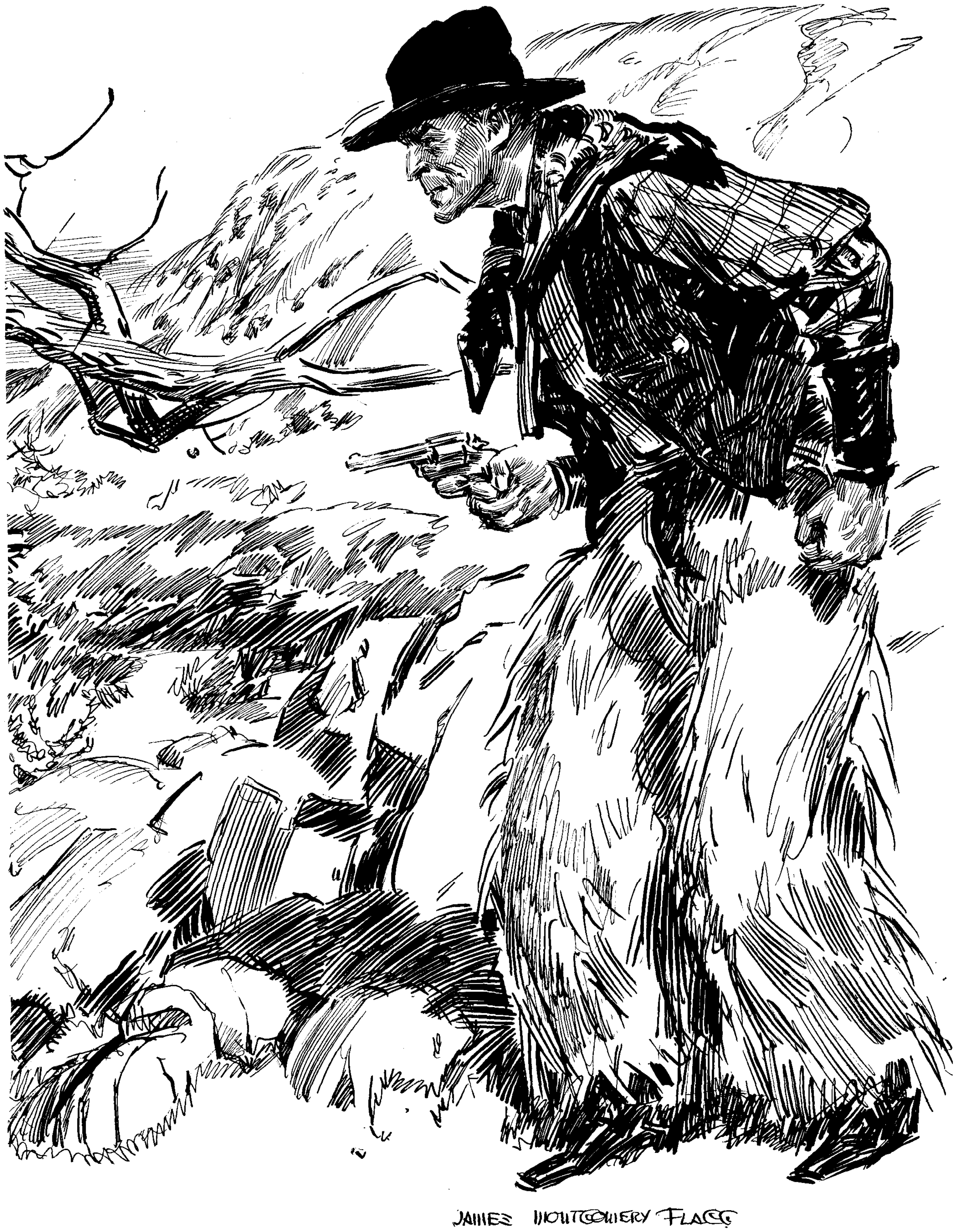
"That so?" I says. "Just how?"

"Well, he let me hold his horse one day," Teddy explained. "It was on the lot—over six months ago, when they'd finished his last picture. You were in the East at the time, I believe."

He said it, Mr. Jackson, as if I'd thereby lost the high privilege of horse-holding. And then I remembered Bill's last production had been closed out just before the sound pictures came in.

"He's a great man, Ed," Teddy goes on. "Remember how he used to kiss the horse, and then the subtitle would flash 'We'll never part, old pal, will we, old pal?' I've cut in many a title like that for him, Ed!"

"Humph!" I said. I could see where little Teddy thought of Bill as his own secret self, galloping over plains, defeating villains, rescuing virtuous maidens and all like that. And meantime all Teddy could do about it was to rub hair tonic on his chest in secret and hope for the best! See what I mean?



At sight of what was going on he stopped dead a second and whipped out his gun. "Unhand that lady, you swine," he said, "or I'll shoot you like the dog that you are!"

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Just for no good reason I made a few inquiries around the lot next day, about the old King of the Cow-punchers. And it seemed like nobody exactly knew where he was or cared very much.

"I think he's gone back on the range," Mr. Wangle, the studio manager, told me. "But anyways, I know he's broke."

"Broke!" I says. "After all the dough he made?"

"Well, I guess he spent it faster than he got it, like a lot of them," says Wangle. "At any rate, I know we sold his horse."

"The horse?" I says, hardly able to believe my ears. "Why, surely that horse, Chieftain, was his?"

"No," says Wangle. "Funnily enough it wasn't. Of course morally every bone in its body belonged to Bill, and he'd always intended buying it from the studio. But when the smash came poor old Bill hadn't enough left to keep himself, much less another animal. So in the end the office sold Chieftain off when we got rid of the other junk belonging to the Westerns unit."

I told this to Teddy that night, and honest, Mr. Jackson, as soon as I'd spoken I wished I hadn't.

"It's outrageous!" he said solemnly. "The greatest horse-actor that ever lived is sold! Sold like a—a broken-down flivver, for junk!"

Gee, Mr. Jackson, he nearly had me weeping over the nag! What struck me as funny, though, was the fact that Teddy seemed more concerned about the horse than he did over what had become of his hero.

But I was mistaken in that, as I found out the next night when I got to our boarding house, and found a Scout meeting just breaking up. I got there in the nick of time to hear three soprano cheers for Bill West.

"I've just put it to the fellows," Teddy explained to me, "as to whether or not Westerns are finished. The boys say emphatically not! And for my own personal taste, I agree with them."

And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Jackson, that I was with them, and so, I guess, were a lot of people. But much the studio would care for that! About as much as they cared how Rosy Cary treated Teddy Pinkney, which was exactly nothing at all! And speaking of which, it was the very next day that I found Teddy treating Rosie for fair. It was at lunch in the cafeteria and Rosie happened to mention where Nick Zigler had bought Lila La Farge a new ring.

"I'll buy *you* a ring, Rosie," Teddy says, "if you'll promise me to wear it. I've got a hundred and fifty saved, and while that won't buy stuff like Zigler can buy, it's yours if you'll take it."

"Yes," she said, "I'll take it just like I take the air! If I get it!" You could see she thought it was a stall, but Teddy was in dead earnest. He had the dough all right, and next noon I saw him start off to part with it for love's sweet sake. And about an hour later he didn't have it and he didn't have any ring either! Say, Mr. Jackson, you wouldn't believe what that sap did with his money!

WELL, it seems that on his way to the jeweler's he saw a milk-wagon going down the street drawn by a pinto horse that looked kind of familiar, and as he come abreast of the horse it turned around and looked at him with big sad eyes that seemed to recognize him. And darned if the animal wasn't Bill West's old nag that used to act in the pictures with him! The sight of the once-famous animal-star pulling around a flock of milk was too much for Teddy. He couldn't stand to see the degradation, and so first thing he knew he'd bought the horse for a hundred and fifty bucks, which was around twice what that second-hand nag was worth. And when I come up with him the wagon was gone and there was Teddy standing on the curb of the boulevard, kissing the horse on the nose and talking to it.

"We'll never part, old pal!" he says just like a subtitle. "Will we, old pal?"

Well, Mr. Jackson, the world may owe you a living but nobody can collect it except yourself, and so, horse or no horse, Teddy had to go back to the studio to work. And as he had no place to leave the horse, the horse had to go along with him. How he got Chieftain by the gateman, don't ask me, but it's a fact that Chieftain stood outside the lab all afternoon waiting for Teddy to come out, and looking real happy and at home on the lot. You know once in pictures, always in pictures, Mr. Jackson, and I guess that goes for horses as well as humans. As for Rosie, well, the horse was on her, as the saying goes. And that didn't go over so good either.

"I simply couldn't help it!" Teddy told her practically with tears in his eyes. "It was almost as bad as if Bill West himself had been pulling the cart. Please try to understand, dear."

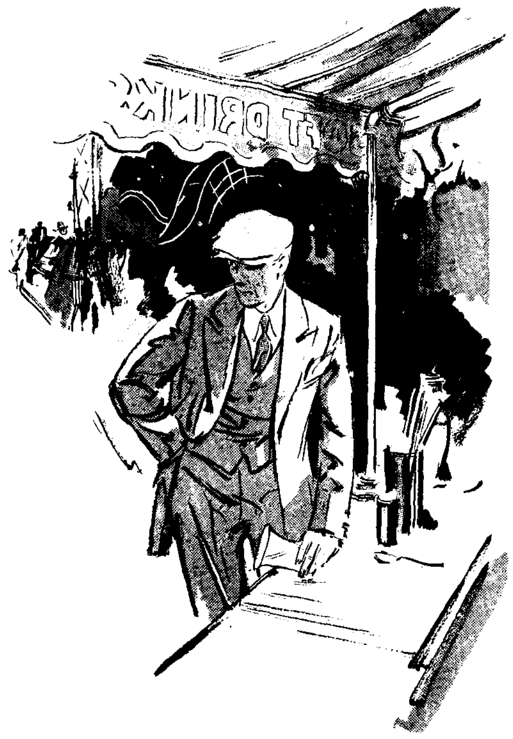
"Oh, I understand, all right!" says Rosie, furious. "I understand—and I'm through."

(*Continued on page 82*)

Batavia Bound

Cap'n Harper takes a hand in a strange game of love, and it gives him as much of a whirl as any typhoon ever gave him

By Paul Deresco Augsburg



Surreptitiously emptying a glass

THEY took the captain's ship away and banished him ashore. They were very nice about it, of course. There was a dinner aboard while she lay in dock; there were speeches and much embarrassing praise; there was a handsome watch with a testimonial about his faithful service.

The following afternoon the Moraga sailed without him. Cap'n Harper took a street car out to the Cliff House and stood looking after his vessel. She was steaming into the sunset, straight away for China and the pungent ports of Asia. In the wheelhouse stood the pilot, and Cap'n Harper could almost see the new master beside him as he took her past the headlands. The Moraga was pitching slightly; and here stood the cap'n, feet planted firmly upon cement, as motionless as a statue!

His heart was a heavy lump inside him. He felt deserted, forsaken. It would have been different if Polly had lived; then exile ashore, retired on a pension, would not have been the dreary waste of useless days and lonesome nights which were all he saw before him.

Cap'n Harper was thinking of her now: Polly, his little witch of a grandchild, and Martha Jane, his daughter. Ten years had passed since he brought his ship through the Golden Gate with a bright new parrot for Polly. Always he took her something: a little monkey from Singapore, a wonderfully fancy doll from some slant-eyed merchant in Shanghai, or maybe a gay little jacket from a native bazaar in Burma.

This time it had been a parrot, green and red and flaming orange, with sly black eyes and a thick blue tongue and a beak which belonged in Jerusalem. On the long voyage across the Pacific he had taught it to say, "Ahoy there, Polly!" and also "Mind your mama!"

But when he came ashore Martha Jane and Polly were in their graves. Flu had killed them, and the parrot's words were like a knife to the cap'n.

"Ahoy there, Polly! . . . Mind your mama!" Sometimes, when he was on the bridge, with a gale whipping up and the stays a-whining, he heard those squawks like taunting ghosts—though the bird had been quickly disposed of.

After their deaths, his ship was both daughter and grandchild to Harper. She was all he had, and he loved her as he loved the ocean she sailed on. Ashore, these ten years, he'd felt sick at heart, but the sea had always cured him.

He watched till his ship was a smudge of smoke far out near the western horizon. Tears blurred his eyes, simple mariner's eyes, very blue and clear and guileless. He turned away, a forlorn old man; and now his feet, so firm on the bridge, were somehow strangely faltering.

Dusk was falling over the peninsula. Lights gleamed in fantastic tracery from the amusement park beside the ocean highway. The wildly sloping skeleton of the roller coaster was an incandescent outline; a swimming necklace of lights marked the "Airplane Ride" in motion; a hundred electric signs threw their challenge to coming darkness.

"A kind of fairyland," muttered Cap'n Harper, thinking how Polly'd have liked it.

He descended the slope and crossed the highway. It was Saturday, and a carefree crowd was already thronging the pavements.

Caught in the stream of amusement seekers, the cap'n felt less lonesome. He wandered along and soon was intrigued by a whirling wheel of fortune. He paused to play. It was rather fun; and presently he won a kewpie doll, with roguish eyes and a fluff of skirt, which raised a laugh as he bore it off, feeling just a little foolish.

At the merry-go-round he presented his prize to a small girl with a freckled, woebegone face, who seemed on the point of weeping.

"Here you are, little lady. Now, what's the matter?"

A smile appeared as she took the kewpie, and abruptly her troubles left her. The merry-go-round had come to a stop, but the mechanical band which blared out tunes kept doggedly at its business.

"Have a ride?" asked the cap'n.

Without hesitation she gave him her hand and they mounted the circular platform. The child's mother, returning, rushed up in alarm, but she changed her mind when she saw the face of the cap'n. He lifted the girl to a charging tiger and himself got up on a camel. The machinery started, they gathered momentum; and there sat the cap'n, a venerable mariner aboard a ship of the desert, rising and falling to the movements of the wooden beast as he rode 'round and 'round and 'round.

HE CAME there often. The lights, the gayety, the milling throng, the outlandish amusements, all took his childlike fancy. But there was another reason, too. Across the highway lay the beach, and the sound of the surf was in his ears, and the scent of the sea in his nostrils.

He became a familiar figure there, a sturdy old man, rather short and thick, with clear blue eyes which somehow seemed both innocent and knowing. Sometimes, quitting a shooting gallery, or leaving, perhaps, a game of chance with a five-pound ham for a trophy, he would go out for a while and stand facing the west, watching the breakers come tumbling in, sniffing the cool sea breezes.

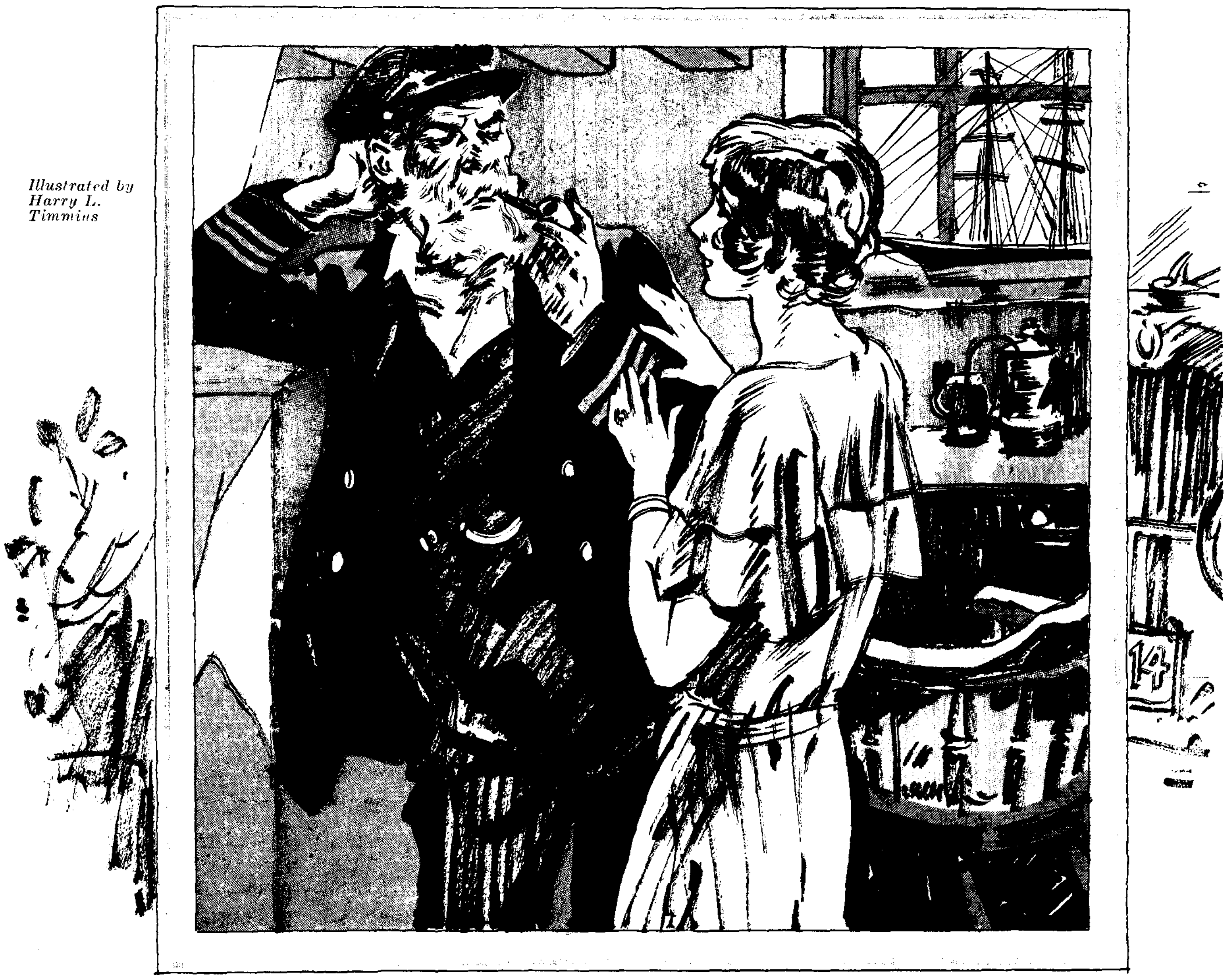
Always he did this when vexed with something, with the squalor of land, for instance, or a mean, disgusting action. For the sea was clean, as the land was not. The power to heal was in it.

One night—a Sunday—Cap'n Harper paused to view a peculiar byplay. A young man was standing by a refreshment counter surreptitiously pouring lemonade upon the pavement. Having emptied half the liquid from the glass, he replaced it with the contents of a bottle. Then he took a spoon and stirred it.

"Why, that's some of this crazy gin!" thought the cap'n.

He was mildly amused. What lengths

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins



"But if I ever decide I want a husband, I'll pick him out myself, if you don't mind" these young fellows would go nowadays to get a bit of a jingle! The cap'n had had plenty of experience with drunken sailors who got sadly tangled when they went ashore, but never had he heard of a man so fussy as to take his nip with lemonade!

A girl emerged from a group of people clustered about a steeplechase game. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed, and in her hand was a flat little box tied with a cheap blue ribbon.

"I won!" she cried. "My horse just beat the yellow one. Look't here—a box of chocolates!"

"Swell," said the youth. "I got you some lemonade," and he handed her the glass.

THE cap'n felt a sickening shock. Instantly it occurred to him that this girl was about the age of Polly, if little Polly had only lived. He looked at her with sharp dismay. Those bright eyes, pink cheeks—why, they *were* like Polly's, now that he came to think about her. The hair was brown, and little curling strands of it strayed out beneath a neat red hat. She smiled as she took the proffered drink.

"It tastes bitter."

"Little more sugar," the young man suggested, dipping a spoon in the bowl on the counter.

It was just as if Polly were taking that drink, unknowing that it was spiked with gin. And yet this was none of the cap'n's business. At sea, now, on ship, his word would be law; he could forthwith deal with a case like this. But here on land things were not so simple. And now she had finished drinking.

Cap'n Harper felt unhappy. He followed them about the park, and when they took a ride he rode, and always he had the troubled feeling that he should be doing something.

The young man bought her a bowl of chile, which logically made her thirsty. Another glass of lemonade—and again the same furtive pouring out and pouring in and mixing.

"The young scoundrel! Why, damn him—!" The cap'n glared as she drank the stuff. Now the girl was lightly laughing.

"Feel better, eh? There ain't nothing beats lemonade when you got a thirst." The young man had his arm around her, guiding her through the crowd to a floor where there was dancing. Indeed, she had need of a steadying arm, for the girl was visibly tipsy.

Cap'n Harper followed, frowning. He did not care for that young man's face. The eyes were too close, the lips too loose; though it wasn't bad looking, as faces go, and a girl might consider him handsome. He moved with a sort of insolent assurance, in the carefree way of sailors ashore.

BUT the cap'n had seen how sneaking he looked when he spiked the drinks, and he knew from that that here was a man more complex than a sailor, filled with the guile which the cities give, a hypocrite to beware of.

He did not like the way that the fellow danced. He felt that she wouldn't, either, had she been normal, but now she was merrily laughing.

"Poor little Polly—" There! the cap'n was calling her Polly, just as if she were his grandchild.

A girl jestingly asked if he wanted to dance, and her companions howled amusement at the startled look of the cap'n. Youth was thoughtless like that, he reflected, grinning a bit as she danced away in the arms of a pale young landsman.

But the grin quickly passed. There was "Polly" to think of, so light of head and not knowing why, not knowing, in fact, that she was so.

They had not danced very long before her companion guided her off the floor. Then they came out upon the sidewalk which flanks the ocean highway. The song of the surf grew louder, away from the clamor of drum and horn. The breath of the sea was refreshing.

Cap'n Harper saw her pause as though filling her lungs, gazing out at the tumbling breakers. But the young man had no time to waste on a stupid ocean. He opened the door of a roadster and half lifted her into it.

This was too much for the cap'n to bear.

"You leave Polly here!" he thundered, just as though he were standing upon the bridge.

"Who you talking to?" growled the young man.

"I'm talking to you. That little lady's not going with you in any automobile."

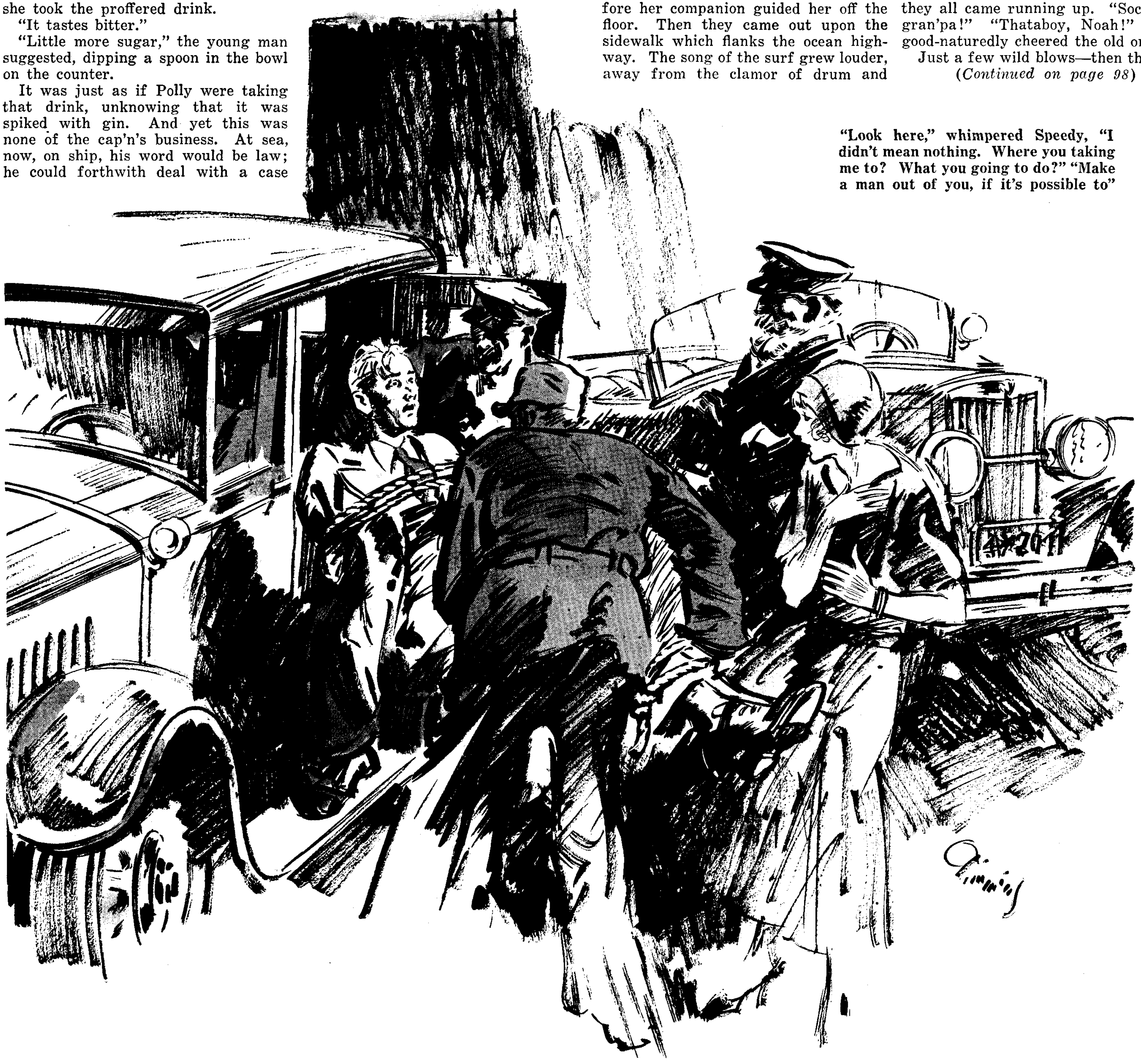
"Yeah? Who says so?"

He scarcely bothered to look at the cap'n, so contemptuous he was, in his youth and his strength, of meddling old men in their dotage. But the cap'n had faced tougher fellows than this. When the other attempted to get into the car, he grabbed his arm and pulled him back. With an oath the young one swung a fist, and the cap'n laid to as in days of old.

A crowd gathered. It was just as if a magnet had drawn them, so quickly they all came running up. "Sock him, gran'pa!" "Thataboy, Noah!" They good-naturedly cheered the old one.

Just a few wild blows—then the fight

(*Continued on page 98*)



"Look here," whimpered Speedy, "I didn't mean nothing. Where you taking me to? What you going to do?" "Make a man out of you, if it's possible to"

Fu Manchu's Daughter

The Story Thus Far:

A SERIES of mysterious incidents, revolving about the Tomb of the Black Ape in Egypt's somber Valley of the Kings, leads Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant Scotland Yard operative, to believe that the lives of millions and the safety of the entire world are threatened.

Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous archæologist, has been thrown into a deep cataleptic sleep, from which it is impossible to arouse him. Hostile forces are at work around the little camp; murderous Orientals —dacoits—lurk in the shadows: strange and most thrilling incidents occur. . . . To Dr. Petrie, one of Sir Lionel's old friends—who, with Nayland Smith; Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service; and Shan Greville, who tells the story; is working upon the case—it appears that the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu is behind the weird occurrences. But Fu Manchu—the most dangerous man the world has ever known—is believed to be dead!

Who, then, is the malignant director of the hostile forces at work? What is the meaning of it all? . . . Nayland Smith has an inkling of the answer. He suspects the existence of a vast plot, aimed at destroying the existing order all over the world. He determines to solve the mystery—and crush the plotters.

From the first, the shadowy figure of a mysterious woman—known as Madame Ingomar—has been observed. And Nayland Smith knows that Madame Ingomar is, in reality, Fah Lo Suee—Fu Manchu's daughter! She, he is convinced, is the master mind behind the great peril. And he is certain that at the house of the Sheik Ismail, near the oasis of el-Khârga, in the desert, a meeting of the plotters is to be held—at once. He resolves to risk everything and go there.

With Weymouth, Petrie, Greville and Said, a chauffeur, he speeds to el-Khârga, where he learns that the mysterious Council of Seven is preparing to go into session, for the first time in thirteen years. And well does he know what that means! It means that the Si Fan, of which Fu Manchu was once leader, is being recreated—the terrible Si Fan, which, composed of the earth's most murderous religious fanatics, aims at gaining control of the world! "Hell," he exclaims, "is going to be let loose—unless we act quickly!"

Weymouth and Petrie, en route to collect a force of men to surround the home of the Sheik, are attacked by two Tibetan monks, whom they subdue. Donning the monks' camel's hair garments, Nayland Smith and Greville slip up to the plotters' meeting-place, and knock seven times on the ancient door. And then—

VII

ALMOST immediately the door opened. Conscious of the fact that our hoods were practically our only disguise, that neither of us possessed a single Mongol characteristic, I lowered my head apprehensively, glancing up into a pair of piercing eyes which alternately regarded my companion and myself.

The keeper of the door was a tall, emaciated Chinaman!

"Si Fan," said Nayland Smith, and performed the salutation.

"Si Fan," the doorkeeper replied and indicated that he should enter.

"Si Fan," I repeated; and in turn found myself admitted.

The Chinaman closed and bolted the door. I discovered myself to be standing in a little arbor within the gateway. Shadow of the wall lay like a pall of velvet about us, but beyond I saw a garden and moonlighted pavilions, and beyond that again a courtyard set with orange trees. The house embraced this courtyard, and from mushrebiyeh windows dim lights shone out. But there was no movement anywhere. No servants were visible, other than the tall, emaciated Chinaman who had admitted us. I clutched my monkish robe, recovering some assurance from the presence of the automatic which I carried in my belt.

Extending a skeleton hand, the keeper of the gate indicated that we were to cross the garden and enter the house....

I had taken my share of ordinary chances, having lived anything but a sheltered life. Yet it occurred to me as I stood there beside Nayland Smith, looking in the direction of the tree-shaded courtyard, that this was the wildest venture upon which I had ever been launched.

Our wits alone could save us!

In the first place, it seemed to me that survival hung upon one slender point: Were the Mongolian monks known personally to anyone in the house? If so, we were lost! The several groups assembled in the café at el-Khârga obviously had been strangers to one another . . . but there might be—must be—some central figure to whom they were all known.

We had searched the Tibetans for credentials but had found none. And now, suddenly, shockingly, I remembered something!

"Sir Denis!" We had begun to pace slowly across the garden. "We're trapped!"

"Why?" he jerked.

"The elder of those monks wore a queer silver ring on his index finger, set with a big emerald . . . I noticed it as I helped to tie him up. . . ."

Nayland Smith shot his hand out from a loose sleeve of the camel's hair garment. I saw the emerald glittering on his index finger!

"His evidence of identity?" he suggested. "It *was!*"

We crossed the courtyard in the direction of an open doorway. I saw a lobby lighted by one perforated brass lamp swung on chains. There were doors right and left—both of them closed.

ON a divan a very old Chinaman was seated. He wore a little cap surmounted by a coral ball. His wizened face was rendered owlish in appearance by the presence of tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. A fur-trimmed robe enveloped his frail body, his ethereal hands relaxed upon crossed knees. I saw that on an index finger he wore just such a ring as that which Nayland Smith had taken from the Tibetan monk! A silver snuff-bowl rested upon the divan beside him; and as we entered:

"Si Fan," he said in a high, thin voice.

Nayland Smith and I went through the prescribed formula. Whereupon, the Chinaman spoke rapidly to my companion in what I presumed to be Chinese, and extended his right hand.

Nayland Smith stooped, raised the emaciated hand and with the ring upon its index finger touched his brow, his lips, his breast.

Again, the high, sibilant voice spoke; and Sir Denis extended his own hand. The ritual was repeated—this time, by our singular host. To my intense relief, I realized that I had been taken for granted. Evidently I was a mere traveling companion of my more distinguished compatriot.

Raising a little hammer, the aged Chinaman struck a gong which stood beside him. He struck it *twice*. The door right of the divan opened.

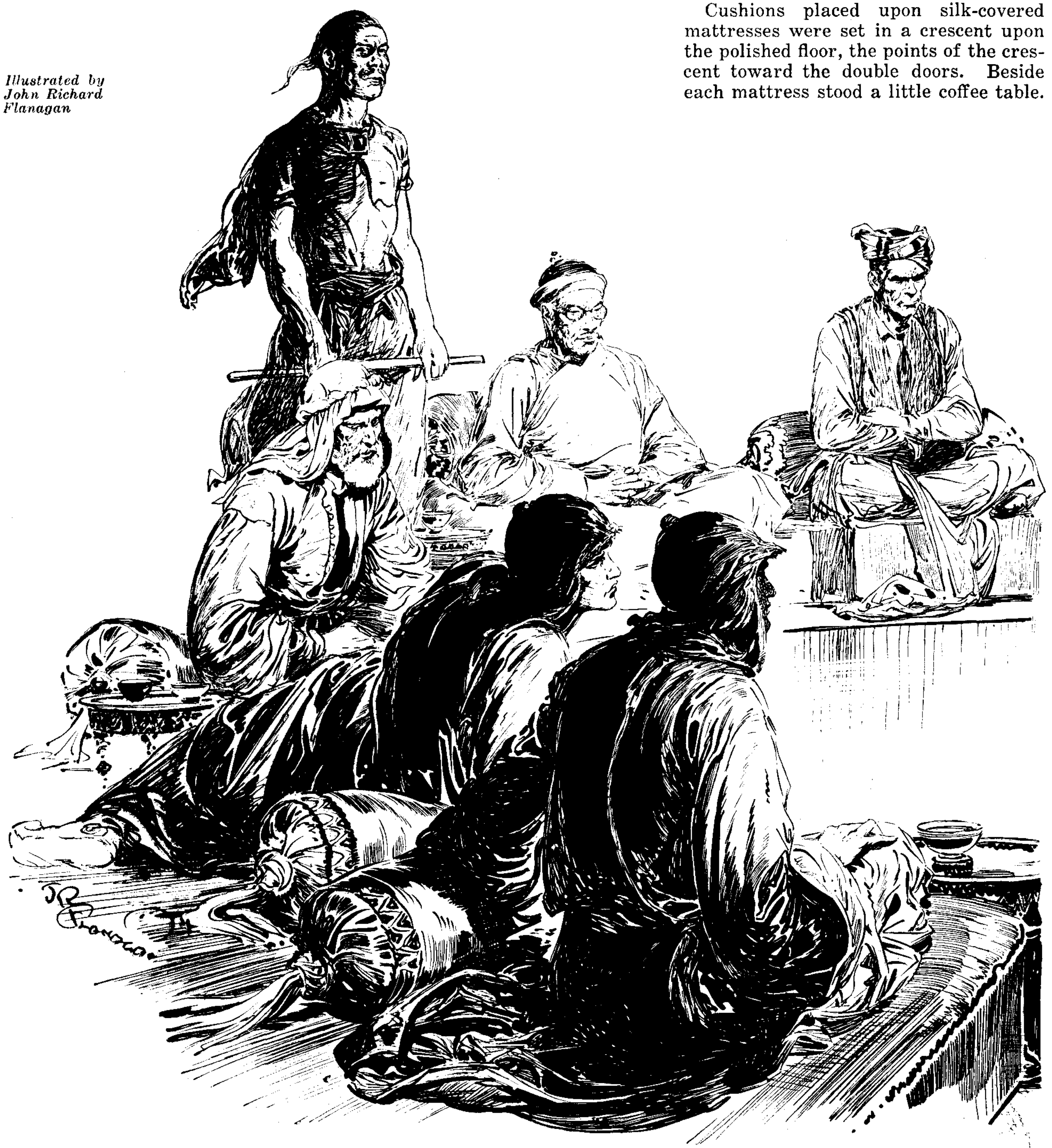
He inclined his head, we both acknowledged the salute and, Smith leading, walked in at the open doorway. As we crossed the threshold he fell back a step, and:

"The Mandarin Ki Ming!" came a whisper close to my ear. "Pray heaven he hasn't recognized me! . . ."

I found myself in a large saloon, scantily furnished as was the lobby. At the farther end, approached by two uncarpeted steps, were very handsome double doors, beautifully carved and embellished with semi-precious stones in the patient Arab manner. The place was lighted by a sort of chandelier hung from the center of the ceiling: it consisted of seven lamps. There were divans around the walls and two deep recesses backed by fine, carven windows.

Cushions placed upon silk-covered mattresses were set in a crescent upon the polished floor, the points of the crescent toward the double doors. Beside each mattress stood a little coffee table.

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



By SAX ROHMER

Four of the mattresses were occupied and in the following order:

That on the left point of the crescent by the tall, distinguished-looking man whom Nayland Smith had surmised to be a Turk; the second by two of the Burmans I had seen in the café. Then, center of the crescent, were three vacant places. The next mattress was occupied by the Afghans, and that on the right horn of the crescent by the appalling thugs.

Four of the seven groups were present. We, fifth to arrive, had been announced by only *two* strokes of the gong. . . .

WHICH of those three vacant places were we intended to occupy?

This difficulty was solved by the hitherto invisible custodian of the door—who now proved to be a gigantic Negro. Bowing reverently, he led us to the mattress adjoining that of the Afghans. As we crossed, the four groups assembled stood up unanimously, the leaders each raising a right hand upon which I saw the flash of emeralds.

"Si Fan!" they cried together.

"Si Fan," Nayland Smith replied.

We took our seats.

One of the most dreadful-looking old men I had ever seen in my life entered to the sound of three gongs. As cries of "Si Fan" died away he took his place on the vacant mattress alongside ours. He was a Syrian, I thought, and of incalculable age. His fiercely hooked nose had a bladelike edge and from under tufted white brows hawk eyes surveyed the assembly with an imperious but murderous regard.

Beyond doubt this was the Sheik Ismail, lineal successor of the devilish Sheik al-Jebal, and lord of the Hashishîn!

Upon ourselves, particularly, that ferocious gaze seemed to linger. The atmosphere was positively electrical. It contained, I believe, enough evil force to have destroyed a battalion. I simply dared not contemplate what our fate would be in the event of discovery. Our lives were in the hands of Weymouth and Petrie!

One unoccupied place remained.

A gong sounded—*once.*

The Mandarin Ki Ming came in and seated himself. . . .

I realized that, having admitted the mandarin, the Negro doorkeeper had closed the door. A hush of expectancy came. Then, from somewhere beyond the end of the saloon, a silver bell sounded . . . seven times, and the beautiful doors swung open.

A woman appeared at the top of the steps, facing us but backed by shadow. . . .

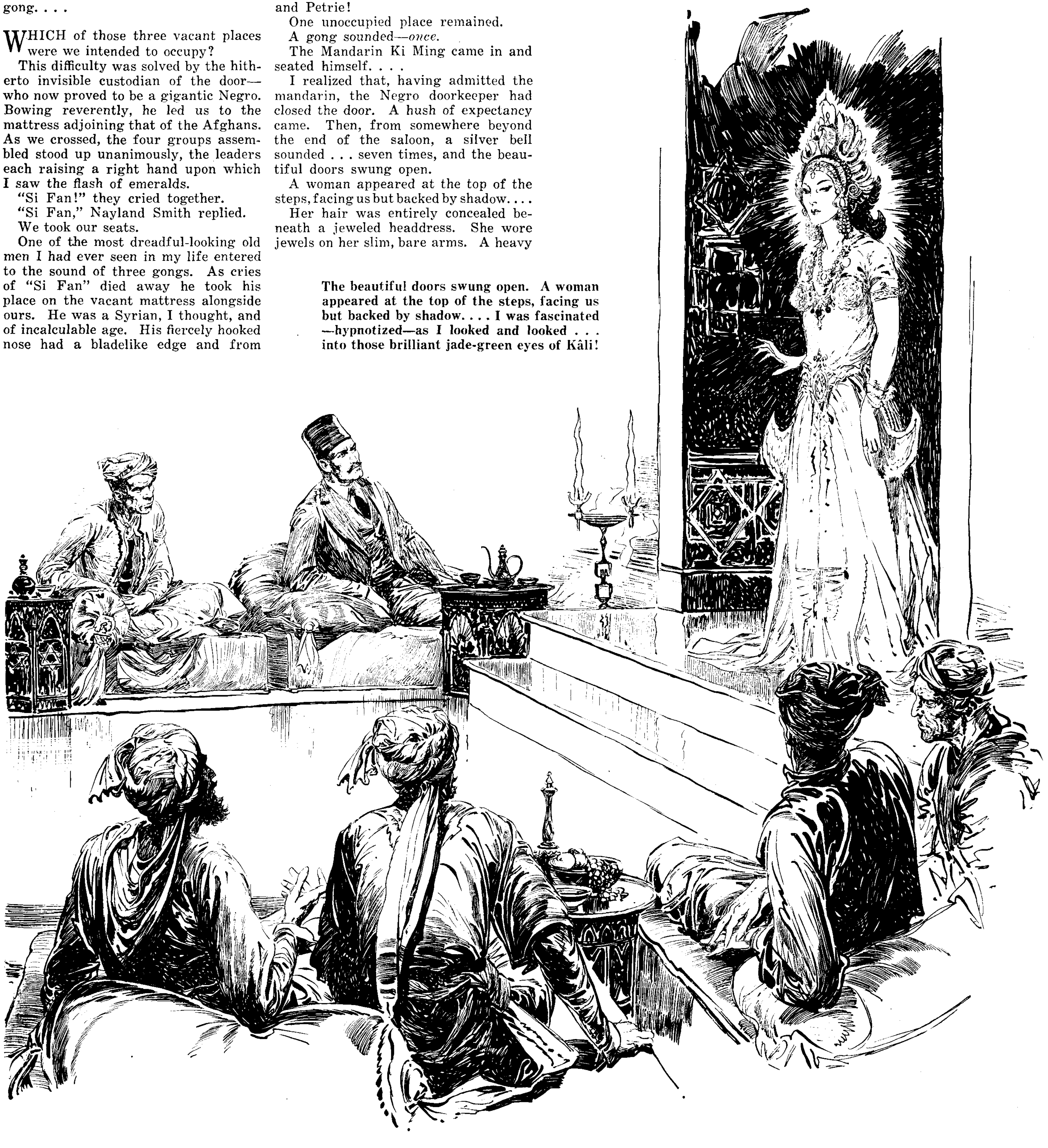
Her hair was entirely concealed beneath a jeweled headdress. She wore jewels on her slim, bare arms. A heavy girdle which glittered with precious stones supported a grotesquely elaborate robe, sewn thickly with emeralds. From proudly raised chin to slight, curving hips she resembled an ivory statue of some Indian goddess. Indeed, as I watched, I knew she was Kâli, wife of Siva and patroness of thugs and dacoits, from whom they derived their divine right to slay!

All heads were lowered and a word sounding like a shuddering sigh, but to me unintelligible, passed around the assembly. . . .

I was fascinated—hypnotized—carried out of myself—as from under the sheltering cowl, I looked, and looked . . . into those brilliant jade-green eyes of Kâli. . . . *Madame Ingomar!*

We had posed ourselves in imitation of the other groups: Nayland Smith reclining beside the black cushion so that his elbow could rest upon it, and I

(*Continued on page 54*)

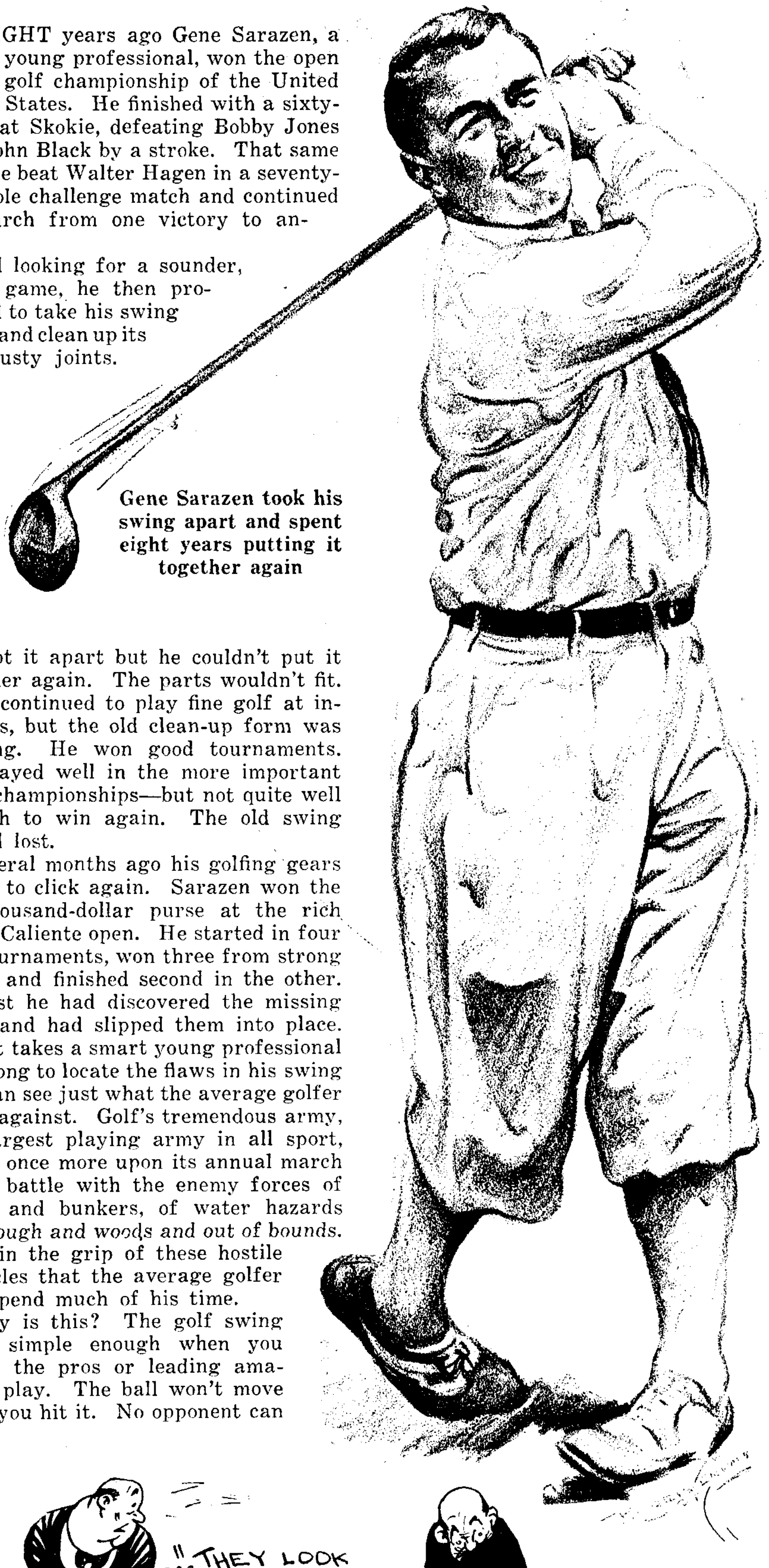


The beautiful doors swung open. A woman appeared at the top of the steps, facing us but backed by shadow. . . . I was fascinated —hypnotized—as I looked and looked . . . into those brilliant jade-green eyes of Kâli!

In the Swing

When the pro swings at a golf ball it seems simple, but when you try it you only feel that way. Why? Here's the answer in simple terms

By Grantland Rice



Gene Sarazen took his swing apart and spent eight years putting it together again

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

EIGHT years ago Gene Sarazen, a young professional, won the open golf championship of the United States. He finished with a sixty-eight at Skokie, defeating Bobby Jones and John Black by a stroke. That same year he beat Walter Hagen in a seventy-two-hole challenge match and continued to march from one victory to another.

Still looking for a sounder, surer game, he then proceeded to take his swing apart and clean up its few rusty joints. He got it apart but he couldn't put it together again. The parts wouldn't fit.

He continued to play fine golf at intervals, but the old clean-up form was missing. He won good tournaments. He played well in the more important open championships—but not quite well enough to win again. The old swing stayed lost.

Several months ago his golfing gears began to click again. Sarazen won the ten-thousand-dollar purse at the rich Agua Caliente open. He started in four big tournaments, won three from strong fields, and finished second in the other. At last he had discovered the missing links and had slipped them into place.

If it takes a smart young professional that long to locate the flaws in his swing you can see just what the average golfer is up against. Golf's tremendous army, the largest playing army in all sport, starts once more upon its annual march to do battle with the enemy forces of traps and bunkers, of water hazards and rough and woods and out of bounds. It is in the grip of these hostile tentacles that the average golfer will spend much of his time.

Why is this? The golf swing looks simple enough when you watch the pros or leading amateurs play. The ball won't move until you hit it. No opponent can crowd you off balance or interfere with your swing in any way. There is nothing to do but take up the club and smack the ball. Then why does it so often bend to the right, curve to the left, hop along the ground, and perform various other weird movements?

Thousands of golfers will soon be asking themselves this same question as they watch bad grow into worse, and worse, at times, assume the appearance of a convulsion.

The trouble all starts in the brain. There is too much time to think about too many things. They look up the fairway and see nothing but trouble, so they begin to tighten up mentally before they have reached for the first club. They take the club with a grip of doom. Their feet are planted on the ground as if to withstand a blast. There is no sign of ease, rhythm or natural and comfortable balance. They start the back swing with a violent wrench around the waist, with no thought of letting their body weight flow smoothly in the same direction the club head travels—just about as one throws a baseball.

As a rule they wreck any chance for a good shot in the first move. The hands, wrists and arms should swing the club head smoothly without any interruption. But they can't, because they are tied up and overpowered by the stronger body and legs, which are usually about as flexible as a steel girder.

"Don't press" is one of the older slogans of the game. Pressing means that the stronger body and legs overpower the action of the hands and arms. In turn it means that the stronger right hand and arm surpass the action of the left hand and arm.

On the Chin

This is one reason why bad golf leads to worse golf. Tension breeds more tension and as the body tries more and more to direct the swing, the hitting power of the hands and arms grows less and less when it comes to applying clubhead speed.

The correction must start on the mental side. The golfer must think more in terms of right swinging than in terms of results. There is the case of Watts Gunn in the amateur championship at Oakmont. In one of his early matches he was four or five down. At this point he decided to forget results and just swing naturally at the ball. He did, and won the next fifteen holes.

How many golfers know that they have never lifted their heads and eyes to look at a good shot? The very act of lifting the head means spoiling the shot in advance. It is better to look at the ground where the ball was than to peer at a mocking slice or a hook curving into a trap.

Every golfer should remember that no one can make a good shot if the chin is allowed to drift in the direction of the ball's flight. And he can't keep his head down if his head, neck and body are locked together.

Stand more erect. The average golfer bends over too far in addressing the ball, thereby tying up his body at the start. The next point is to see that the grip doesn't tighten up the wrists and arms. The grip with the right hand, especially, should be loose.

Inside Dope

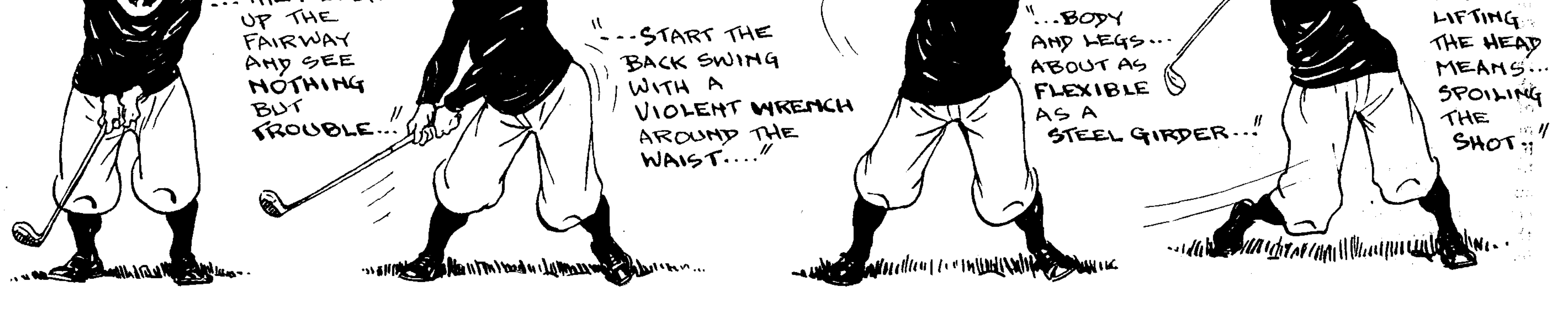
Let the body weight move so that it will not work against the hands. This does not mean turning or twisting at the waist with most of the weight still left on the left leg, as about eighty per cent of all golfers do. Body weight should move naturally and comfortably in the same direction the hands and club head are going. The main point is to get most of the weight on the right foot and right leg at the top of the swing.

The two essentials in the down swing are to feel that the hands are swinging the clubhead independent of the body, swinging against the left side with the head down or the chin pointing back of the ball. The mistake most golfers make is letting the top of the body sway forward or around, thereby losing power and control in the swing.

Two other suggestions should help: One is to get the feel of using the left hand and left arm, in taking the club back and in starting it down. The other is to get a mental picture of hitting from "the inside out," of hitting the ball away from you. This will prevent drawing in or contracting the elbows at the moment of impact. And don't be in too big a hurry to hit with the right hand. It will always get there, in fact it generally jumps in too soon. Try to make the left hand and left arm dominate the swing.

"I can't think about all these things when I'm trying to hit the ball," you may say. You can't. But you can work out the idea in practice and thus eliminate some of the tension.

When the swing starts let it keep going without any sort of interruption, mental, physical, psychological or spiritual. Let it start as smoothly as you can, and keep it going as smoothly as you can—and don't be too eager to hit, or too eager to see upon what square inch the ball will drop.


"...THEY LOOK UP THE FAIRWAY AND SEE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE..."
"...START THE BACK SWING WITH A VIOLENT WRENCH AROUND THE WAIST...."
"...BODY AND LEGS... ABOUT AS FLEXIBLE AS A STEEL GIRDER..."
"...THE VERY ACT OF LIFTING THE HEAD MEANS... SPOILING THE SHOT..."

President Wilson and President Poincaré greeting the Paris crowds, on December 14, 1918

U. S. Signal Corps

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Grandeur and Misery of Victory

"I have often heard it said that there were more Frenchmen than Americans in the little army that made Lord Cornwallis capitulate at Yorktown. Those were the great days of American liberation. From New York to San Francisco who thinks of it today?" Clemenceau, noted for his candor, was never more candid than in this article in which he wrote of Wilson's work, American isolation, and the effects of the "separate peace"

By Georges Clemenceau

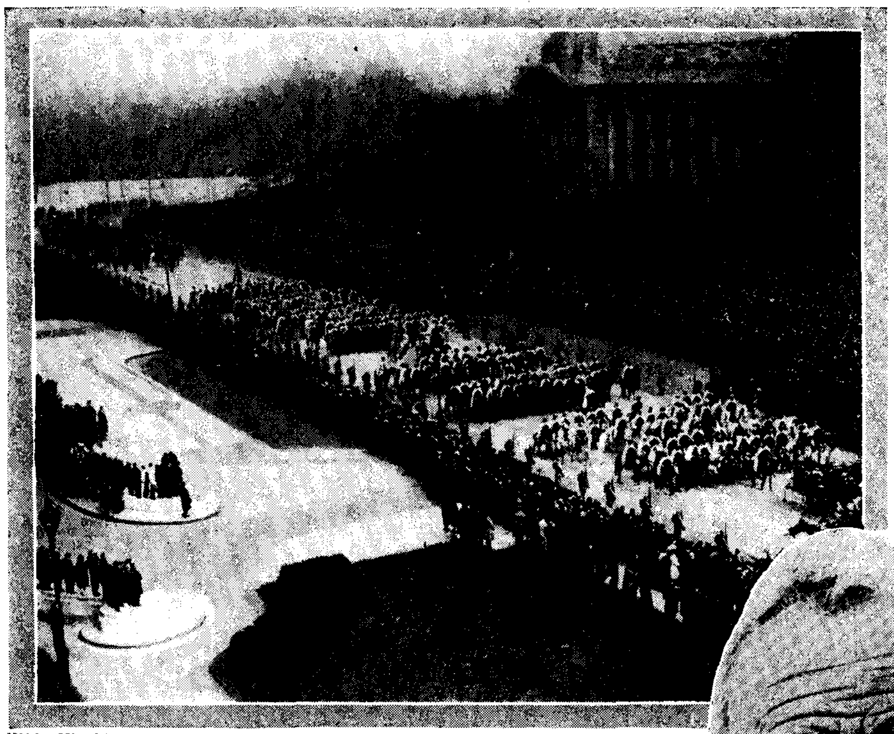
WHATEVER the number and the form of the Wilson proposals, it was a purely American idea to fix the organic conditions of future peace beforehand, while the battle was in full swing. In those conditions each of the Allied and Associated Powers found guarantees against all excesses of ambitious militarism, while German opinion had the benefit of learning from them how far it might find itself committed by weakening its own resistance.

I do not propose to discuss here the infinitely complex solutions for future contingencies that finally prevailed. It is none the less true beyond all question that President Wilson contributed more than anyone else toward fixing the laws of the New Europe, as much by the ultimate authority of his military help as by the outward power of language that broke away from past traditions. When such responsibilities are once magnificently accepted can they be thrown off in the airy freedom of a *separate peace*, leaving everybody to extricate himself by paying tribute to one particular beneficiary from the sacrifices of all?

President Wilson, the inspired prophet of a noble ideological venture, to which he was unfortunately destined to become a slave, had insufficient knowledge of the Europe lying torn to pieces at his feet. It became incumbent on him to settle the destiny of nations by mixtures of empiricism and idealism that could never appear singular to an American who, by the Monroe Doctrine, kept America apart from the clash of European affairs and at the same time intervened in Europe in the name of the historical solidarity of civilized peoples. He acted to the very best of his abilities in circumstances the origins of which had escaped him and whose ulterior developments lay beyond his ken.

The chief merit of this attempt at making a lasting peace is the fact that, for the first time in history, a search was made for firm ground on which to build a system of justice between nations who up till this time had lived by violence alone. Napoleon constructed Europe in rough-and-ready fashion. His treaties, hastily drawn up, did not last long, but he took good care that for a time there was no discussion about them. Subjected as it was to every hasty and unconsidered criticism, the Treaty of Versailles certainly did not succeed in realizing the many different hopes that everybody had conceived from it, which is by no means surprising. It did at least dare to put a hand to an attempt at general reconstruction in a Europe completely out of joint. Perhaps only too soon we shall have to judge what has been made of it.

In conditions such as these President Wilson, having no territorial interests to fight for, and burning with zeal for his panacea, was in a position to render, and did render, signal services in calling meetings from day to day to discuss general reconciliations, meetings that too often were only of short duration. With the unfailing assistance of his friend, the clever Colonel House, he smoothed away many difficulties, which, it must be added, were always recurring, and was justified for a time in believing



Wide World

Foch's funeral procession. "Paris has seen them go by, the soul-moving obsequies of the soldier chief"

in the success of the enterprise that was to crown his efforts. Efforts systematically ordered with a view to concrete results—that was what he bravely manifested in the fourteen points he submitted to Congress.

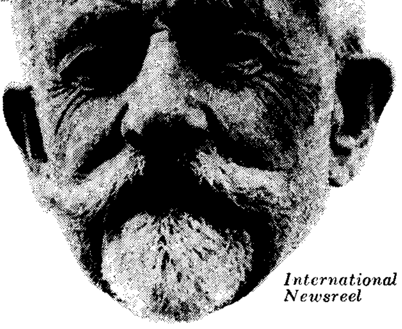
Everyone knows this work of courageous uprightness, which does the greatest honor to the man who conceived and was not afraid to formulate it. We were thus brought very far away from the days when the same President Wilson proclaimed his unconcern with "the obscure causes of so many woes." The clouds were at last rent by the lightning of the German guns, and the President of the United States, suddenly enlightened, sought, before the assembled nations, lasting conditions for a European peace founded on justice; not in vain would the blood of Europe have been shed if from so many woes there might come a permanent, or even a relatively permanent, peace of good sense and equity.

The greater the President's original error had been, the nobler and richer in its teachings appeared this magnificent appeal to the ideology of outraged justice. The great American Republic was at length once more playing its part in the world by opening the way to an international solidarity hitherto held of no account. In the midst of the war we were declaring intangible conditions for peace, repudiating the spirit of conquest even to sublimely prophesying the reign of justice before defining it.

Decisive Authority

Perhaps the enterprise was too high to be pursued boldly to extremes. We owed this effort of nobility in the direst distress to Mr. Wilson's speaking as he did with the decisive authority of the great democracy whose servant he was. As far as I am concerned, I retain a feeling of most intense gratitude for this to him and to his people. In the memory of men to come this debt at least will never be a load upon our hearts.

But is it unfair to recognize that this noble piece of ethical mystery had had a grievous counterpoise in the years of meditation necessary for the leader of the American people to pass from a declaration of indifference with regard to the causes of the War to the demand for international justice expressed in the supreme efforts of our common armies? Once more I ask you, my friends, who bore the burden of this heavy counterpoise?—who but our soldiers, who had been engaged for years in the sternest battles of history while countries whose banners they kept gloriously flying were undergoing trials beyond all telling?



International Newsreel

Henry Cabot Lodge. "One side was willing to stake the future and the other was determined that it should not be brought in at all"

Six months after the proclamation of the Fourteen Points Mr. Wilson, following up the idea without worrying about ways and means, submitted to American public opinion, in a speech at the Independence Day celebrations at Mount Vernon (July, 1918), the notions for a general peace on which his mind was centered. This time it was a question of four new points forming a sort of mystical creed defining the objects to be attained through the League of Nations.

There are probably few examples of a similar misreading and disregarding of political experience in the maelstrom of abstract thought. Already we can judge it by its first results. But it remains of secondary importance in comparison with the catastrophic rejection by the American Senate of the Treaty of Versailles by a majority of six votes, which inevitably entailed the disaster of a separate peace.

In a letter dated March 4, 1919, Mr. Hitchcock, a senator from Nebraska, had pointed out to Mr. Wilson that, in a division where a turnover of four votes was all that was required, it would be easy for him by making slight concessions to transfer the majority to the other side. But obstinacy on both sides refused to listen to anything, and I confess that when I consider this double determination to make no concession I have sometimes wondered whether the intangible Monroe Doctrine was not bound to have the inevitable result of throwing all those people back, in different guises, to the general policy of non-intervention, which at the outset had been the policy of the President.

Undoubtedly the Americans have the right to follow any policy they please. But still, since we have suffered the consequences of that policy, we are equally within our rights in trying to define what it is. I am not going to discuss the Monroe Doctrine at all; I see in it an empirical precaution against the enterprises of aggressive European conquerors. It is, in fact, nothing less than a narrow conception of American continental solidarity which, in any case, leaves the field open to organized tyrannies. But, just because it must thus bring about a separate peace for the New World, and since America cannot renounce her connection with Europe, the question arises as to whether the particular solidarity of the Monroe Doctrine is to lead to the dissociation of America from Europe—for purely hypothetical results—or to a tightening of the bonds of the natural solidarity of all civilizations.

The answer does not appear to me to be in any doubt. The principle once admitted, we can exchange views on the form of its application. And it is precisely this point of the debate which neither Mr. Lodge nor Mr. Wilson was able to discuss in any useful fashion. Is that the reason why neither side took any pains to press the argument? Possibly. The fact remains that the great battle turned out to be a mere skirmish. There was just enough of victory and just enough of defeat for the engagement to be left undecided—at our expense.

Your intervention in the War, which was merciful to you, since it cost you but 56,000 human lives instead of our 1,364,000 *killed*,[1] had appeared to you, nevertheless, as an excessive display of solidarity. And either by organizing a League of Nations, which was to furnish the solution to all the problems of international security by magic, or by simply withdrawing from the European schemes, you found yourselves freed from all difficulties by means of a "separate peace."

But all this is not so simple as it might appear. The nations of the world, although separated by natural or artificial frontiers, have but one planet at their disposal, a planet all the elements of which are in a state of solidarity, and, far from man being the exception to the rule, he finds, even in his innermost activities, that he is the supreme witness to universal solidarity.

"All or Nothing"

Behind your barriers of sea, of ice, and of sun you may be able perhaps for a time to isolate yourself from your planetary fellow-citizens, although I find you in the Philippines, where you do not belong geographically; but, whatever happens to you, there will be civilized people in all the continents, and if you do not consider them except for the exchange of goods, is it certain that they will never consider you from any other point of view?

It was not enthusiasm that flung you into our firing-lines; it was the alarm-

President Wilson with King Albert, inspecting the Belgian troops ing persistence of German aggressions. However, the winning of the victory very reasonably prompted your President to try to ensure a universal peace forever, a thing with which he had at first most emphatically proclaimed himself supremely unconcerned. All or nothing, he seemed to say. Friends, that is no motto for human creatures. And in the face of today's supreme dangers there you are all agreed once again for putting off, and putting off with no chance of retrieving, even if by that you complete the ruin of the very people you intended to help. We have, however, seen that Mr. Mellon himself, although hotly bent on recovering his "war debts," clearly understood that it was by no means the same thing to the United States to trade with a prosperous France, or with a France that had been ruined by the Americans in peacetime after being ruined by the Germans in war.

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[1] To which must be added 740,000 men permanently disabled and 3,000,000 wounded.

Congress remained in agreement with Mr. Wilson so long as they were pleased to shut their eyes to causes and consequences of the European War. But when the time came when victory was to force the American statesman himself to take his place in the conflicts of civilization, how could there be agreement when the one was claiming that he could by magic bind together all nations worthy of the name with his League, while at the same time the other was intent on dissociating American civilization from the civilizations of Asia and Europe? Perhaps that is a great deal to do all at once.

Mr. Wilson, at first imperturbably dilatory, had become the impetuous apostle of a new formula, which—metaphysically flawless—made demands to which the nations, in their present state of mind, will have some difficulty in adjusting themselves. Against the background of an academic debate, in which one side was willing to stake the future and the other was determined that it should not be brought in at all, minds disconcerted and dismayed saw two positions set in diametrical and uncompromising opposition. President and Congress were both rigidly unyielding in a struggle to which no issue was possible. Moreover, not a word was said on the famous question of the inter-allied debts, about which no steps were taken until both sides had burned their boats.

A Europe Founded Upon Right

Clausewitz's saying, that war and peace, springing from the same state of mind, are identical fundamental activities both aiming at the same end by different means, begins to be current among the nations when they come to have an inkling of the fact that there are states of stabilization more or less enduring. It is a big step toward the proper understanding of what a peace organization may be. But from understanding to action is almost as far as from ignorance to understanding.

It is already an innovation to set out our problems in the open light of day. Although so much decried by politicians who did not win the War, and by the war chief who can see only one part of the military aspect of the peace, the Treaty of Versailles can make this boast that it did conceive, and even in part bring about, certain relations founded on equity between nations that had been ground against one another by successive outbreaks of historical violence.

What has escaped Foch—at which I am not astonished—and M. Poincaré—which does not fail to surprise me—is that after Germany's act of brute force in 1914, accompanied as it was by every villainy in the repertoire of barbarism, there were only two possible kinds of peace for us to contemplate: the maintaining of military domination, which our coalition would retain in its own hands after wresting it from the Germans, or else a grouping of States banded together to represent abstract justice in Europe, and capable of forming an impassable barrier to the unruly outbursts of the spirit of conquest. In other words, to keep everything in *statu quo ante* and to expose ourselves to a repetition of the same experience, or in some form or other to maintain the victorious Alliance, one of the great advantages of which was that in no circumstances could it become a force for domination.

Anyone who retains as much education as the average boy can pick up in a continuation elementary school can understand that General Foch's chief preoccupations were not concerned with the generalizations of universal justice embodied in war or peace. Had he opened the annals of our past at whatsoever page he might choose, he would have found that our life throughout history, bandied about between battles and truces in the unending oscillation of all things, is at any moment but preparing for or stabilizing a new transient form of society for the momentary advantage of the strongest.

The question before the Versailles Conference was whether the greatest outpouring of blood together with the greatest outpouring of human emotions was not a sufficient reason for searching for some way to a lasting peace among communities suffering agonies by fire and sword from the too protracted survival of the savage state. Out of the convulsions of the War, to find a stabilization of the conditions of the peace.

I see clearly that Marshal Foch was taking it on himself to accomplish what Napoleon had never been able to do. But before surrendering I would like to know why Napoleon himself, so fruitful of victories, was unable to realize his military dreams, either on the Rhine or elsewhere. For in that I find an epitome of all the military enterprises of all times, to this very day.

The Treaty of Versailles

I am no longer astonished that the military chiefs, traditionalists above everything, should have clung obstinately to a continual repetition of the same defensive dispositions, always reinforced in vain, doomed eternally to prove abortive.[2] The idea of force is deeply rooted in man, as in the whole universe. Law is controlled and ordered force, with this distinction, that there is nothing conquerors are more in haste to do than to set down to the account of a sham and invented equity those violent deeds they arrogate to themselves the privilege of committing.

It was a critical hour for France and England—both countries were staking their all. All our resources of blood and treasure had been flung into the furnace. What was to come of it? A vanquished crew that will never see anything but "scraps of paper" in treaties they dislike. Among the victors there was the British Empire, the ruler of continents and seas, which will no more submit to be pushed back in peace than in war; America, which for a relatively minute expenditure of blood was about to become rich beyond all measure, at our expense. To our lot fell the winning of justice for ourselves and for all the vassal peoples.

A Europe founded on right instead of a dismembered Europe was a fine dramatic turn of events. Our victory did not allow us to hesitate. The nations had appeared on the battlefield in response to our appeal. The shedding of blood and the winning of rights went together. Germany, like Austria and Russia, had battened on the dismembered peoples. Dying nations were about to revive. Throughout Europe the words right, liberty and justice would mean something. Already deputies were coming to us from the tortured towns and provinces, raising their bowed heads and demanding reparations. We promised this, and we have kept our promise.

With the Peace of Versailles a great opportunity presented itself, and we found ourselves in a position to main-

(*Continued on page 68*)

International Newsreel

"I owe him (Foch) a grudge for not having allowed me to end my days in the modest self-respect and silence in which I had set my chief inward bliss." Clemenceau at his home in Vendée

Wide World

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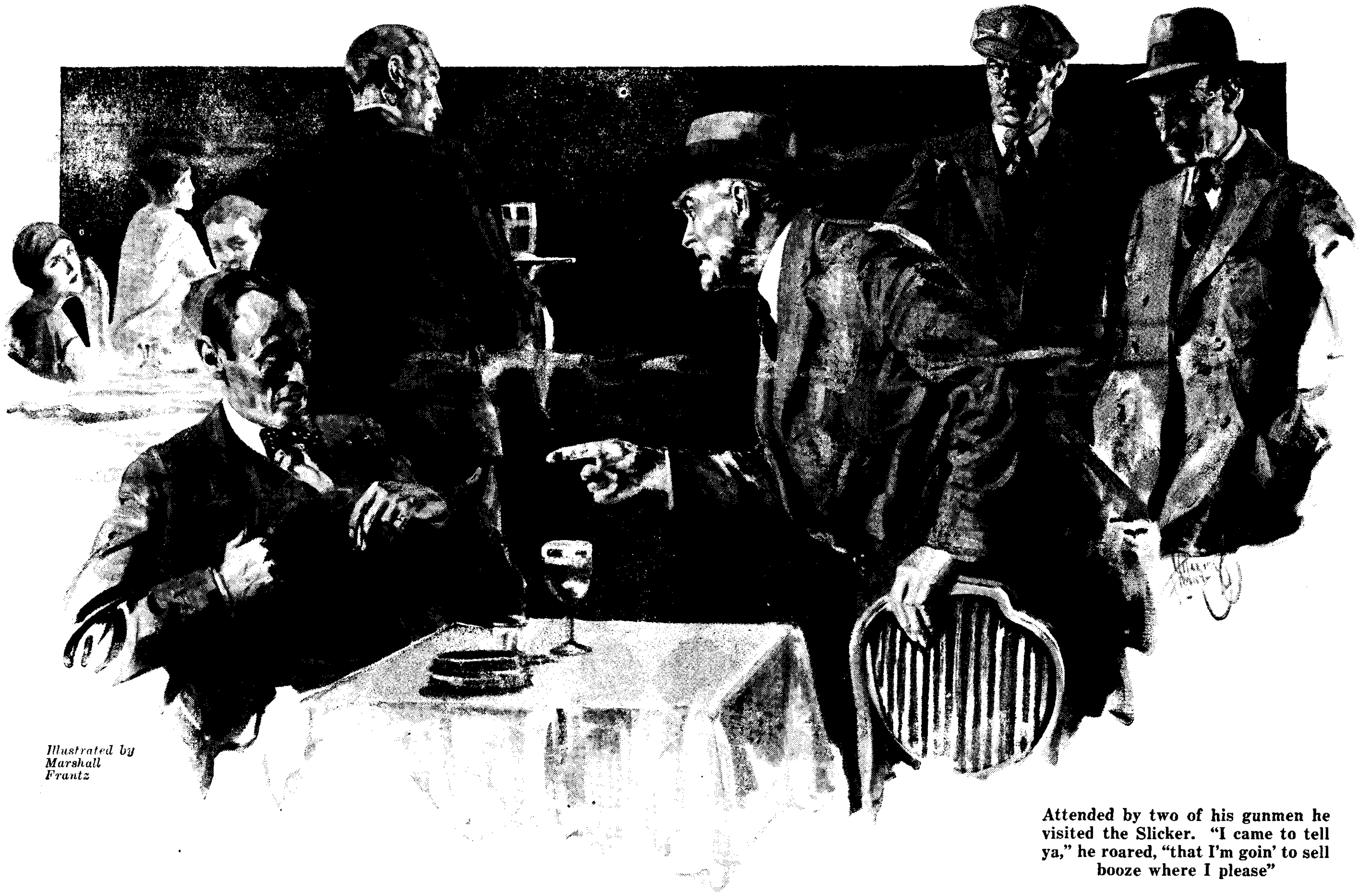
[2] Three days before the catastrophe of the Chemin des Dames a staff officer, who was not by any means a nobody, said to me, "At any rate there is one place we are comfortable about, and that is the Chemin des Dames!"



Illustrated by
Marshall
Frantz

Attended by two of his gunmen he visited the Slicker. "I came to tell ya," he roared, "that I'm goin' to sell booze where I please"

Two Too Many

A tremendous drama of the underworld. If you think it isn't true to life, ask the police. They'll tell you there are plenty of Barnabys

By George Creel

THE career of Big Barnaby might well have been cited as an answer to those who deny that America is the land of opportunity. Neither his wealth nor his power came to him by inheritance, and as if to make the rise still more impressive, his start in life was not merely from scratch, but deep in the mud behind it. The saloon that he kept on the water front had no rich painting over the bar, no stained-glass windows, but was a doggery as mean and vile as the human wreckage that floated in and out of its doors.

A giant of a man with a pair of piledriver fists, Big Barnaby's only other capital was a certain gift of sullen silence that passed for force among the fluid souls of ruined men. All owned his mastery, and the alderman of the ward, soon noting this undisputed sovereignty, suggested a method of capitalization. As a result, election days thereafter saw Big Barnaby herding his derelicts to the polls like so many sheep and paying them for their blood-bought franchises in free beers. Eventually taking over the lodging house above his saloon, he "colonized" the city's floating population, reaching a point where he kept back his returns on election nights until the Iron Boss sent word how many votes were needed.

For a time he was content with small favors, such as exemption from the local ordinances that commanded Sunday closing and forbade the sale of liquor to women and children, but Ritzy Jack, once his porter but now a Man Friday, opened his eyes to larger profits. Rumor had it that Ritzy came from "swell people," and was an "educated guy," for in drunken fits he lost the reticence that marked his sober moments, and spat out his loathing for those about him with an unrestraint that brought many savage beatings. A tall, lean figure, the ravaged face still retained traces of distinction, and years of degradation had not entirely dulled the keenness of his mind.

"YOU'RE setting the table for them," he told Big Barnaby, "and getting nothing but the crumbs. At the last election they'd have been snowed under but for your votes. Step up and make 'em cut you in on the real money. They can't take a chance on turning you down."

Things turned out as Jack had predicted, for the Iron Boss raged and snarled in vain against a sullen impassivity that had all the effect of menacing resolution. In the end Big Barnaby found himself a full sharer in the golden drip from the honey barrel, and as his bank account grew, so did his power. All the city's underworld, and even men of large affairs, eager for special and profitable privileges, were quick to recognize the hulking saloon keeper as the real source of authority and fawned upon him as he sat at his beer-slopped table. Urged on by Ritzy Jack, his demands grew in size and arrogance, but in that great moment when he girded himself for an open break with the Iron Boss, prohibition came. Only his wife found comfort in the crash.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, the tears streaming down her soft, full cheeks. "Now we can go live in a decent place an' bring up the children halfway right."

With a fierce determination strangely foreign to her usually submissive habit, she made Big Barnaby buy a home in the suburbs, and grew almost gay again as she hunted bargains in golden-oak furniture, and dressed up in her old-fashioned black silk for interviews with school principals. Only Big Barnaby refused to take joy in the change, hating suburban life almost as much as he hated the Eighteenth Amendment, and his days were divided between brooding over lost sovereignty and cursing the reformers.

"Take it easy," advised Ritzy Jack as the two sat in the empty saloon. "This dry business isn't going to get very far. There are too many people who want booze, and a whole lot more who think they're being robbed of their rights. Stuff's coming in already, and I've got an idea you'll soon be selling more liquor than you ever did over the bar."

"If it was only the police," rumbled Big Barnaby. "What I can't see is how the Federal dicks are goin' to be handled. Don't you remember how they used to run the moonshiners ragged?"

"THOSE poor mountain saps had no money," sneered Jack. "Keep your shirt on, I tell you, and let these small-fry bootleggers develop the situation. Sit tight for a while and see how things break."

Furiously as Barnaby chafed under inaction, Ritzy Jack refused to be hurried, and watched calmly while Personal Liberty Leagues sprang into being, and law-abiding citizens, losing hope in raisins, yeast and homemade stills, turned to the lawless for the liquor that suddenly assumed importance through having been forbidden. Only after a lapse of months did he give the word, and then, under his capable direction, only slightly interrupted by sprees, the saloon was reopened as a soft-drink parlor, and the two adjoining buildings were taken over under lease.

"Warehouses," he explained. "Selling over the bar is just a drop in the bucket. It's going to be big, Barnaby. Just how big nobody knows. Go ahead and clean up the little fellows."

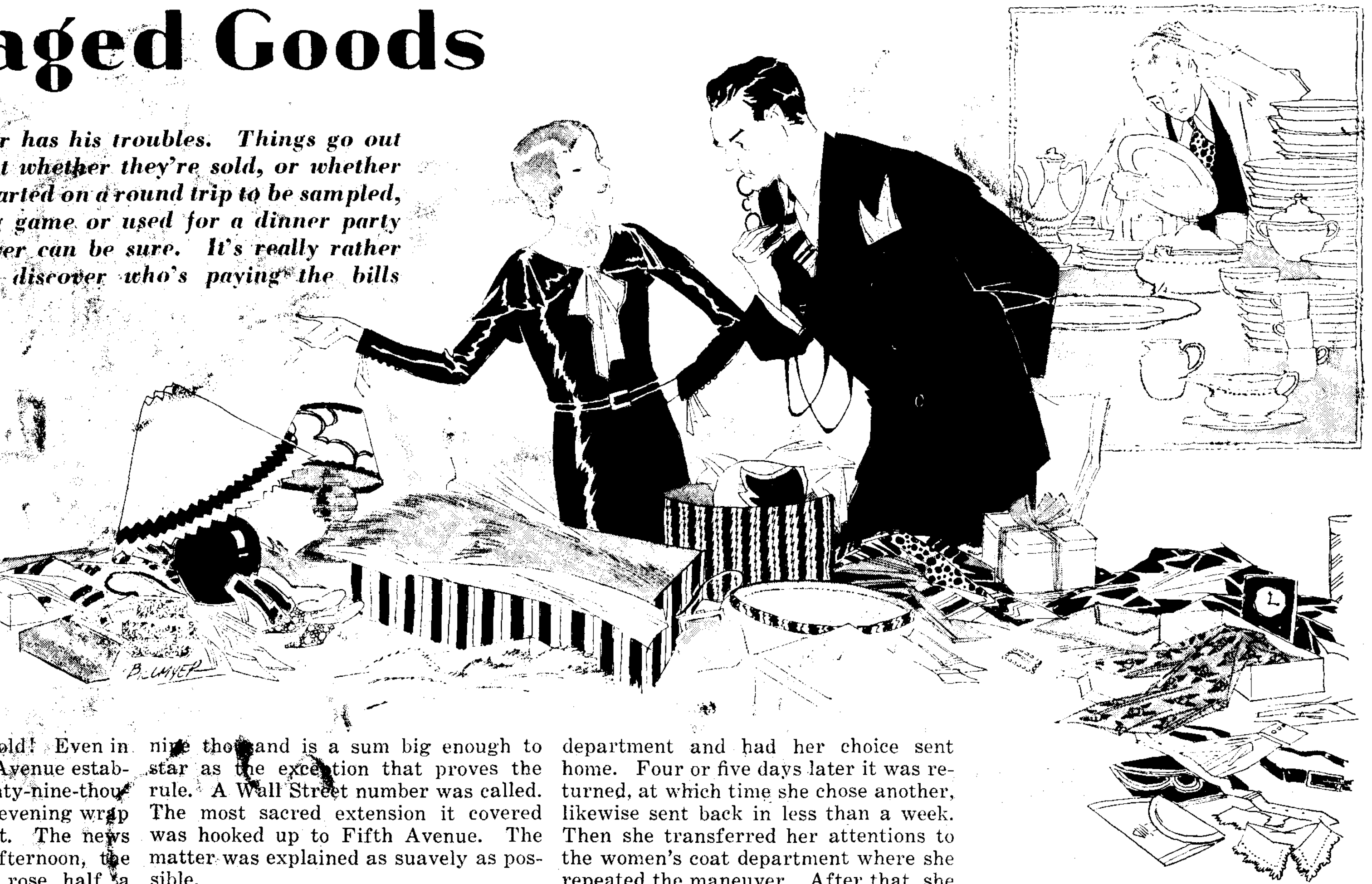
It was a game that fitted Barnaby's capacities as skin fits the hand. Physical

(*Continued on page 44*)

Damaged Goods

The poor retailer has his troubles. Things go out of his store—but whether they're sold, or whether they've merely started on a round trip to be sampled, worn for the big game or used for a dinner party en route, he never can be sure. It's really rather funny—till you discover who's paying the bills

By Betty Thornley



Scenes in almost any store almost any day as we, the public, use and abuse our return privileges

"THE Czarina" was sold! Even in an exclusive Fifth Avenue establishment, a seventy-nine-thousand-dollar ermine evening wrap is something to talk about. The news got around during the afternoon, the lucky saleswoman's nose rose half a point toward the crystal chandelier and the advertising department celebrated en masse.

To be sure, this wasn't one of those vulgar off-the-sidewalk, into-the-pocket cash sales. The purchase had consisted of a verbal assurance on the part of a solid-gold charge account that she wanted the coat, followed by a bit of reverential packing. But, so far as the books were concerned, seventy-nine thousand dollars had changed hands.

The next night the vice president left Fifth Avenue to attend the opening of the opera. He and his wife had scarcely settled themselves when he saw "The Czarina" sweep into view almost close enough to touch.

"See that?" he whispered, "doesn't she look like a cool million? I'll say we know how to work fur! . . . No, that's not her husband; he's a big guy with gray hair."

A few days later, an agitated department head burst into the vice president's office. The Czarina was on its way back—preceded by a telephone message to the effect that the lady had changed her mind. The coat hadn't been worn, of course—just tried on at home.

If the transaction had concerned a mere neckpiece, or even a little sport coat, there would have been no question of the outcome. The customer, right or wrong, is always right. But seventy-nine thousand is a sum big enough to star as the exception that proves the rule. A Wall Street number was called. The most sacred extension it covered was hooked up to Fifth Avenue. The matter was explained as suavely as possible.

"We'll keep the coat," said the chilled steel voice of a man who didn't know Lohengrin from Pagliacci. "I'll send you a check at once."

A Traitorous Turkey

This story is apt to make most of us feel a bit self-righteous—merely because we love to see the rich and great get their lawful come-uppance. But, in search of facts about the great returned goods problem, we dropped down Fifth Avenue a bit and tried another shop where the customers are younger, not so well upholstered with clipped coupons, but no less adventurous in the matter of credit.

"Certainly," said an official of the company, "coats go out by the dozen before every one of the big football games—and they come back after the week-end. Girls will be girls—but I wish they'd take a pillow along to sit on when they pick out fur coats. Stack a good nutria up against the seating accommodations of the Yale Bowl, and it isn't even funny. What it does to lapin is nobody's business. Yet they'll look you straight in the eye and say it was our packing. No, we couldn't take a stand against it—not unless everybody did. We'd just lose trade."

At another store we ran into an ingenious piece of high financing that didn't begin and end with a single reckless plunge, but entailed a whole campaign. The young operator was an art student whose out-of-town mother had a New York charge account. Early in the season she went to the misses' coat department and had her choice sent home. Four or five days later it was returned, at which time she chose another, likewise sent back in less than a week. Then she transferred her attentions to the women's coat department where she repeated the maneuver. After that, she tried the sports section. By this time she came under the eye of the credit man—and the last coat was politely refused when it came in. She had to pay for it—eighty-nine fifty—but she had kept herself in coats for six weeks at the firm's expense!

Ready-to-wear departments aren't the only ones to suffer. A shop just off the Avenue reported that an expensive dinner set had been ordered shortly before Christmas. After the holiday it came back, packed so well that it seemed never to have been unpacked at all, as the customer stated to be the case.

"Unfortunately, however," said the credit man, looking a trifle grim, "they had forgotten to wash the turkey off one of the plates!"

Sheer Gall

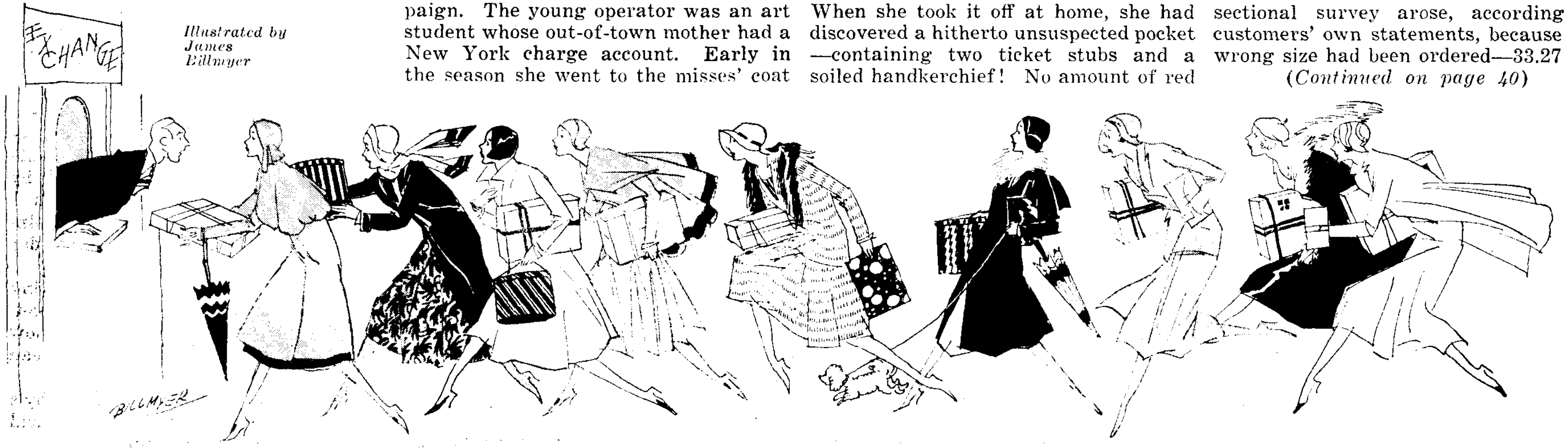
Sometimes the machinery slips up, a fast one gets by and the store loses not only prestige but a charge account worth much more than that carried by the offender. One day an irate gentleman of the old school stamped into the credit department of a shop famous for its conservative clientele. Under his arm he carried a paper package and on his brow the original thundercloud rode rampant. He had brought his wife down the day before to choose herself a birthday present, and she had picked a gorgeous evening wrap. After dinner she had worn it to a theater party given in her honor. When she took it off at home, she had discovered a hitherto unsuspected pocket—containing two ticket stubs and a soiled handkerchief! No amount of red carpet laid down before those immaculate spats could persuade the old gentleman ever again to enter the shop. He had been insulted, he was through.

Another set of returns comes not so much under the head of attempted fraud as of sheer gall. A woman in Baltimore went into a well-known department store and ordered ten cents' worth of picture wire. Six months later she came back to say that her purchase, used to hang a heavily framed picture, had parted in the middle. The picture had fallen on a sofa, smashing a corner of the frame and ripping an upholstered cushion. She proffered a bill for some seventy-odd dollars for reframing the picture and recovering the cushion. As she was a charge account of the best with a spider web of relationships that covered the city and reached to the Eastern Shore, the store paid the bill.

Such examples of pickpocketing and highway robbery are, of course, relatively rare. The vast percentage of returns come from sheer mental and physical laziness on the part of women who think themselves too busy to try on things adequately in the shop and buy by guesswork instead—forty per cent of the returns on leather belts in a certain sectional survey arose, according to customers' own statements, because the wrong size had been ordered—33.27 per

(*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by James Billmyer



By
Edward Shenton

They could beat him, they could hurt him—but they couldn't knock him out. Then Coogan found the girl he loved, and tried—

One More Fight

THE little man in the hard hat said: "Nothing doing, Coogan. You're through. You ought to know you're through."

Leaning forward, his thick hands flattened on the table, Tim Coogan kept his glance fixed on the promoter's face while he struggled to find a convincing argument.

"I got one good fight left, Mr. Roush," he said heavily.

"Yea?" said Roush. "Left where?"

Cowboy Oakman, the coming middle-weight, who sat beside the promoter, guffawed at this witticism. Coogan, turning toward him, looked into his pale eyes without rancor. Bernstein, the Cowboy's dapper manager, sipped a highball doubtfully and examined the new diamond ring on his left hand. Oakman was wading through them and money was rolling in.

"Wanta fight the Cowboy, here?" said Roush.

"I'll fight anybody," Coogan answered.

Again the Cowboy laughed loudly and even his manager smiled. Coogan's expression never altered. His battered face, flat-nosed, with prominent swellings over the brows and cheek bones, was impassive. His ears were two prominent lumps of cartilage. But the depths of his eyes held a look of pathetic, baffled yearning. He lifted his hands, clenched them, and stared intently at his heavy fists.

"I can take it, anyways," he said moodily.

NO ONE answered the remark. Roush began drumming his fingers on the table. Pinky Lutz, a young welter with a long jaw and sandy hair, came up and spoke:

"Hello, Mr. Roush. Hello, Mr. Bernstein. Hello, Cowboy."

"Hello, Lutz," said Oakman.

"Hello, Coogan," said Lutz. "How's the girl-fren'?"

"Aw right," said Coogan, walking away. He went to a table at the far end of the chophouse, sat down, and slumped forward dejectedly.

"I thought ol' I-Can-Take-It had kicked off," Lutz said pleasantly, "until I seen him the other night draggin' a dame along Market Street an' both of 'em lookin' at each other like a coupla sick cats. What's he doin' here?"

"Looking for a fight," said Roush. "He said he was broke and needed some jack."

"For the dame," said Lutz, winking.

"Hell," said the Cowboy. "Can you see any jane fallin' for that pan?"

"She wasn't so worse," said Lutz. "Just a kid. Did you give him one, Mr. Roush?"

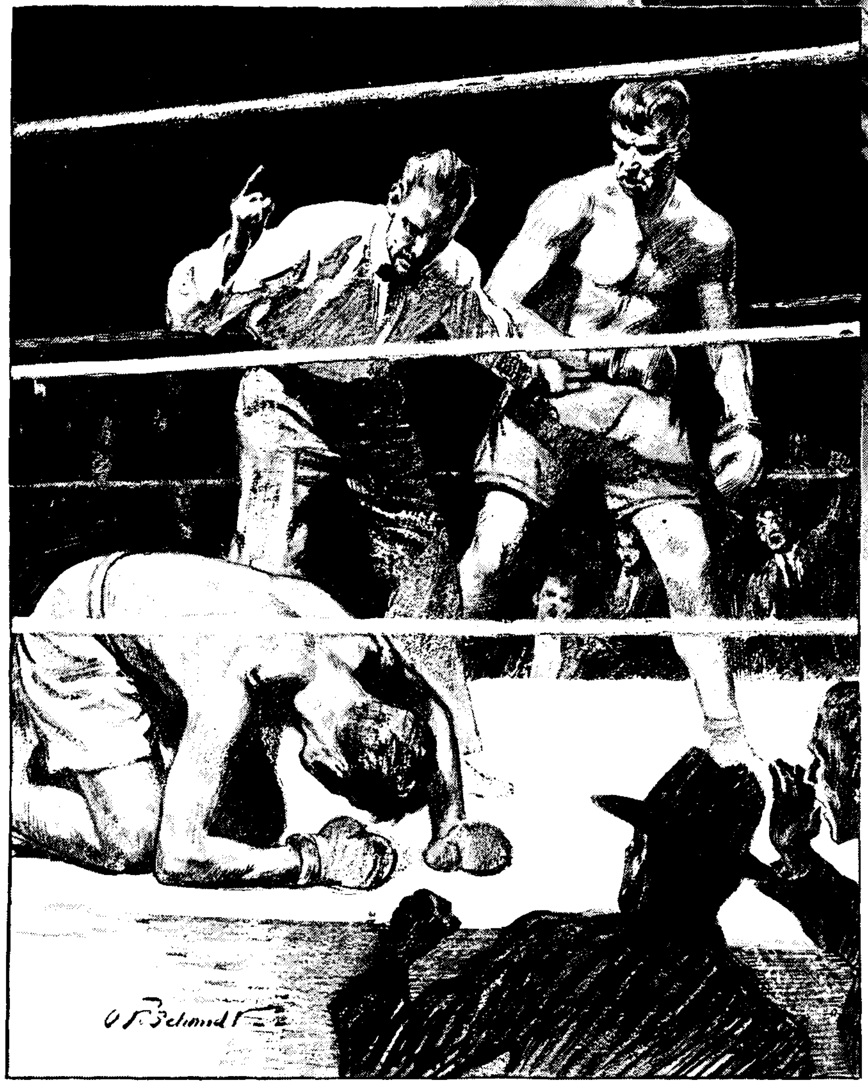
"Who? Coogan? He's through. The boys are tired of him. All the beatings he's took has softened him up. He never had much. He could hit a little and he could take it, but he couldn't think."

"It's a tough break," said Lutz, who was tender-hearted outside the ring. "Boy, these iron-heads get knocked loose sooner or later. When I think of the pastin's that bird has took. All guts and no brain, just like you say, Mr. Roush. But he sure could take it. Nobody ever knocked his feet offen the floor."

"Listen," said the Cowboy. "This takin' it is hooey, see? Make the other guy take it—and like it. That's me."

"That's us," Bernstein said gently. "We make the other feller take it—and like it. Now, as I was sayink, Mr. Roush. How about matchink the Cowboy up with Walker? . . ."

Over at his table Coogan ordered a cup of coffee and some doughnuts. A sullen emotion that was neither rage nor despair, but a combination of both, churned about in his head. Well, this was what come to a guy who'd always been a square-shooter; who'd never stalled or run out or took a dive; who was always in there whalin' away from bell to bell. . . . "Yea, there wasn't none of 'em could put me away," thought Coogan. "No, not even Latzo or Walker coulda. I took everything they had, and I still can. I can take everything that bird Oakman's got. Well, that's what you get, a can tied to you. . . ."



The Cowboy was sprawled on his hands and knees, his head hanging

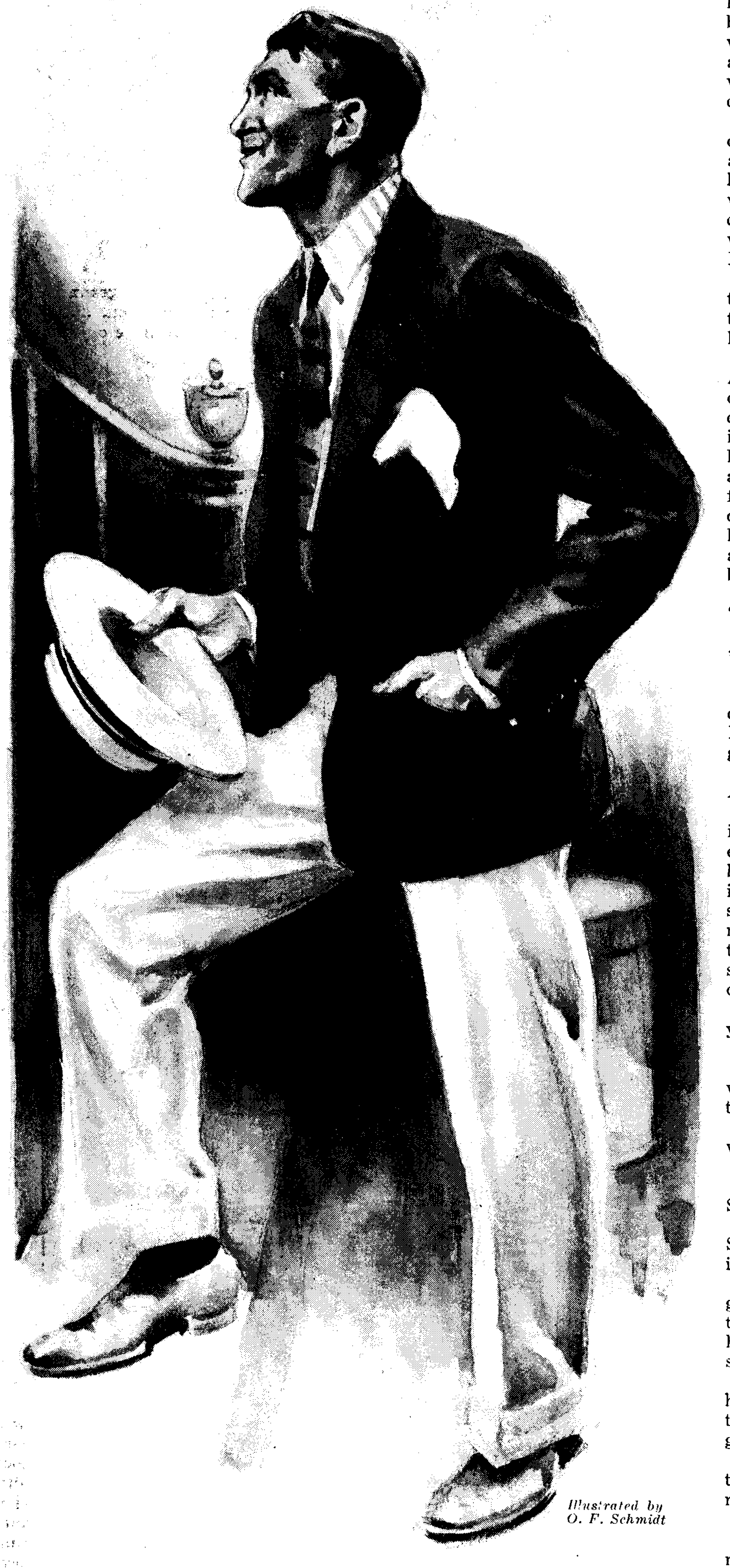
He sipped the hot, weak coffee and his resentment was displaced by a sudden recollection of Amy. Thinking of her pretty, childish face, tiny hands and curly, dark hair, he was overwhelmed by the realization that she loved him enough to marry him. "Gosh," he said half aloud, "that kid. . . ." He was awed by her goodness, her innocence, her youth and faith in him. She'd marry him right off, even if he was getting only a measly eighteen dollars a week as a packer, but he wouldn't have it.

The vague wish that he had saved some of the money he had made in the ring returned, as it did twenty times a day. "Why," he thought, "I got eight hunnerd bucks for fightin' Sailor Burns." It had slipped from his hands almost before he received it. He'd been a good spender in those days, everybody said so, and there were plenty to help him spend. When he began to go bad, though, things were different. The fans got tired of watching him "take it." The big hands at the end of a fight, when he crawled, bloody, beaten, but still grinning, through the ropes, turned to cat-calls, hoots, laughter and, finally, indifference. None of the clubs would give him matches. He thought *he'd gone a little stale, and he ought to* lay off for a while.

He decided to take a rest, and went up to a country hotel in the Poconos and walked in the woods, slept ten hours a night, ate like a horse, and did a little punching on a heavy bag he rigged up in the barn, just to keep reasonably fit. He stayed all winter and through the spring into summer, but he never felt at home in the country. He was city born and bred and he missed the closely packed houses, the noisy cordiality of the South Philadelphia street where he lived with his father and mother; his crowd that hung out at Stout's Pool Room on the corner.

He was lonely in the country, and often, walking in the woods at night, a sensation almost of fear overpowered him. The woods were so dark, full of strange sounds, and the patches of star-hung sky so remote and indifferent. In the city, the glare of arcs and windows kept him from noticing the stars. He stayed because of a vague suspicion that, perhaps, he was really through.

When the thought arose, unbidden and disturbing, he would reassure himself: "Who, me? Through? Why, I ain't twenty-four. I got six or eight good years yet. And I can pile up a sock of coin before then." But he had been fighting since he was seventeen, and he had a little over a hundred dollars left in the bank, when July brought pale, high, blue skies and a few summer visitors, among them Amy Gibbons.


Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

That night he walked up her street and saw her sitting on the steps of the front porch. "Why, Tim," she said, "I didn't know you were coming back"

She came from his own neighborhood but he had never seen her before; she wasn't the type of girl that attracted him; he had always liked the flashy kind; hot babies who knew their way around. Her father was a sober, industrious little man who worked in the Washington Avenue freight yards, and Amy sold cheap perfumes in the basement of a big department store. She had come to the Poconos on her vacation because she loved the country, the thick woods and the rolling small mountains, and she went about peering at flowers whose names she never knew, in a kind of mild ecstasy, charming and pathetic.

Not that she was really pathetic; under her delicate shy quiet lay a firm will, a certain sure judgment, and an absolutely fixed knowledge of what she wanted. She wore simple dresses that came just to her knees, low-heeled shoes with a single strap, and no stockings. Her hair was unbound.

It always struck Coogan as queer that he could remember so little of those two weeks. No other period of his life had been so momentous.

His tender, lumbering kindness touched Amy to the heart. The incongruity of his battered face and stammering courtesy might have been grotesque if it had not been so sincere. She called him Timmy and he gazed in confusion at his huge knuckles. He followed her from morning to night and she liked it, discovered herself liking him. He told her that he was afraid he was through and she advised him to get into some business.

"EVEN if you aren't now," she said, "you will be in a few years. And then it will be just as hard to start."

He considered the words carefully.

"If I hadda little jack," he said, "I could buy a share in Stout's Pool Room. He needs some ready money. For a grand I could get a share."

"Well, that's the thing to do," said Amy.

He turned this matter over and over in his slow mind, but he saw no way of earning a thousand dollars. Amy went back to Philadelphia. Tim stayed one intolerable day. Between waking and sunset a hundred years passed. The next morning he packed and left for the city. That night he walked up her street and saw her sitting on the steps of the front porch.

"Why, Tim," she said, "I didn't know you were coming back."

"Well, here I am," he said.

She was really glad to see him. They went to a movie. The next night he told her he had a job.

"Not much," he said. "Eighteen a week."

"That's fine," said Amy.

"I got eight hunnerd for fighting Sailor Burns."

They took a walk and came back past Stout's Pool Room. Only one table was in use.

"Them tables is no good," said Coogan. "He needs some new tables. All the boys go over to Weinstein's. I asked him today. He said he'd give me a share for a thousand bucks."

When they reached her home, he took hold of her hand and tried to speak but the words wouldn't come. Finally he gulped and managed to stammer:

"I been thinking. If I could swing that. I mean, I guess you don't think much of a bird like me."

"Oh, yes, I do, Tim."

"Well, I never was much. . . . Since I met you, though. . . . I'd be awful good to you, Amy. I'd beat hell out of anybody who didn't treat you right."

Amy smiled faintly down at his somber face.

"I know you would."

"Do you think, maybe, you'd think about marryin' a guy like me?"

"I have thought about it," she answered.

"The hell you have?"

He was astounded.

"You're a nice boy, Tim. You would be good to me. Yes, I'd marry you."

He was speechless. He stood turning her hand over and over and tapping its thin palm with the end of his finger.

"Well," he said, "I'll get that money and then we can be married."

Turning abruptly he started away, only to find her clinging to his hand.

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Tim?" she said.

"Kiss you? You mean you *want* me to kiss you?"

"That's what I mean," said Amy. . . .

COOGAN fumbled with his cup, spilling the coffee onto the table. "Gosh," he said, "that kid. . . ." He turned his head to stare at the table where Roush, Bernstein and the Cowboy lingered over their lunch. The summer boxing shows were nearly over and he hadn't gotten a match. It would be easier when the indoor fights began, but he was impatient. He thought he could pick up a couple of bouts at the smaller clubs, only he wouldn't get much money, maybe a hundred or a hundred and fifty. Every night he was training at Neblock's gym. He was feeling good again, his eye was in. The year in the country had set him up. Glancing at the clock he saw that he was due back at the job in ten minutes.

The Evening Bulletin announced the bouts for the open-air show two weeks later at the Phillies' Ball Park. Tim showed them to Amy.

"That guy Roush is a louse," he said. "He goes and gets a cheap lot of bums from New York for nothing, and then buys a lot of ballyhoo in the papers."

"Now, Tim," said Amy.

"All right," said Coogan, "but it makes me sore. An' this bird Cowboy Oakman. Twenty K. O.'s in a row. Twenty set-ups is why. Who is this bird he's fightin'? Reds Harper, middle-weight champeen of New England. What's that? Me, I'm middle-weight champeen of Island Road, maybe."

"Hush, Timmy," said Amy placidly.

"Well, it makes me sore," Coogan said.

ON THE night of the fights he bought an admission and wandered about the stand. Out on the field two pale figures entered the glowing spot of the ring and after a few minutes wheeled and pounced toward each other. Coogan eyed them disdainfully. "Bums," he said. There was a flurry of arms in a corner and one of the pallid, tiny forms slid full length onto the canvas. The crowd rose in scattered patches. There was a little yelling and a few hoots of ridicule.

"Lousy," said Coogan. He went down to the dressing-rooms beneath the stand and wandered about. Some of the boys recognized him. A dull thudding overhead announced a moment of excitement in the second bout. Pinky Lutz came in, followed by three or four handlers. He was fighting in the semi-windup.

"Hello, Coogan," he said cheerfully. "How's the girl-fren'?"

"Aw right," said Tim. "Who the hell's this Reds Harper?"

"Tough baby," said Lutz, winking.

"Another lousy set-up for the Cowboy," thought Coogan.

He went out and watched two more fights. A stout man he didn't know came up and took him by the arm.

"Roush wants to see you."

"Who? Roush? Wants to see me?"

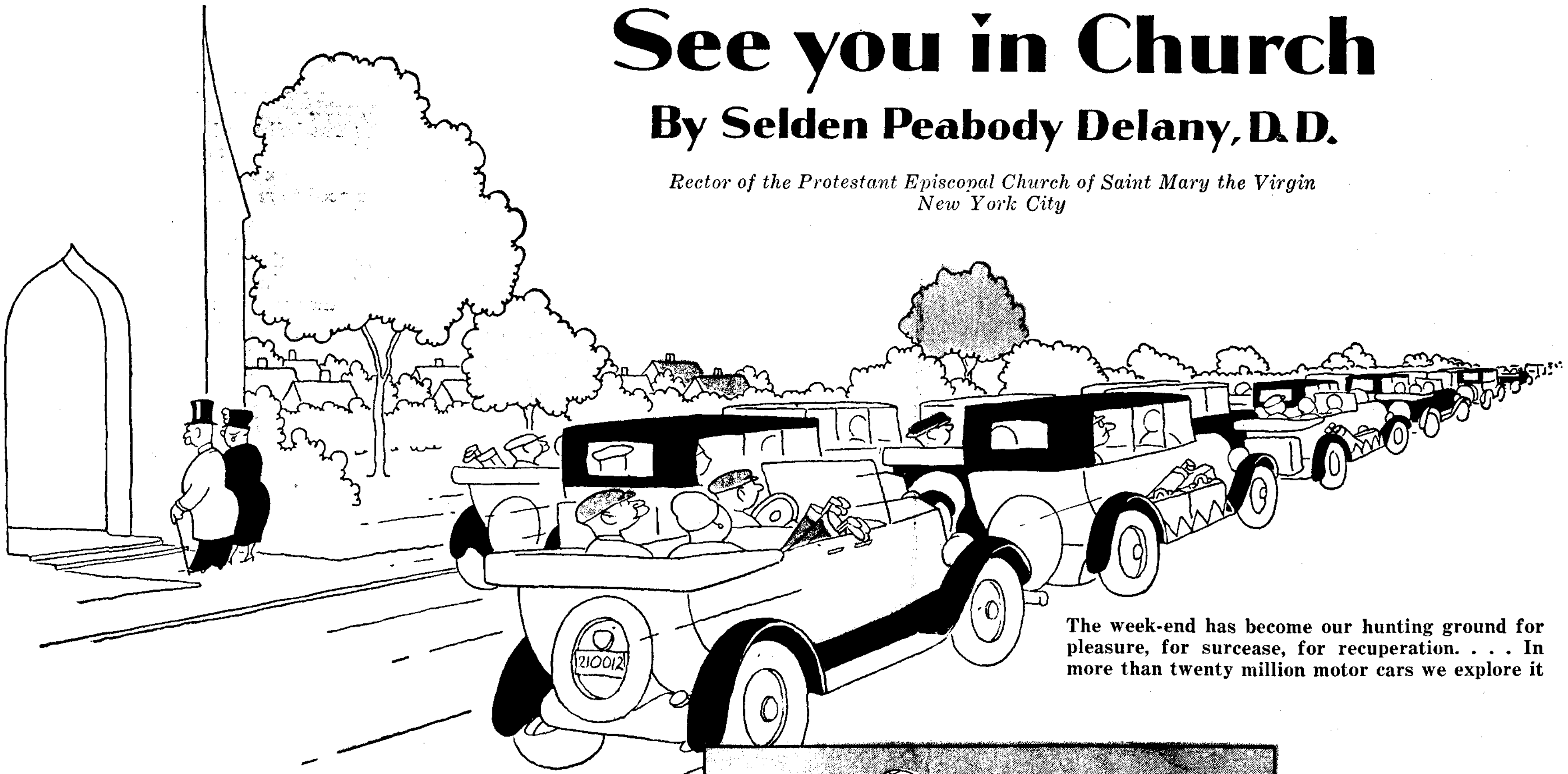
"Sure."

(Continued on page 79)

See you in Church

By Selden Peabody Delany, D.D.

Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Saint Mary the Virgin
New York City



The week-end has become our hunting ground for pleasure, for surcease, for recuperation. . . . In more than twenty million motor cars we explore it

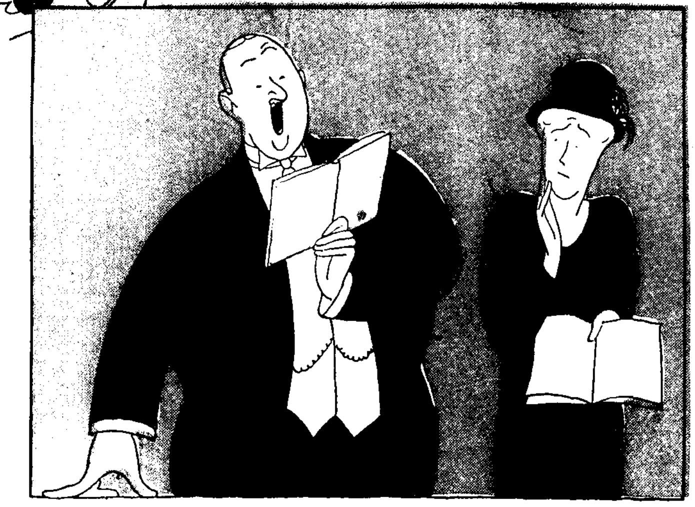
Dr. Delany is alarmed because he doesn't see you there. Most Protestant churches are reporting diminishing attendance. Dr. Delany tells why. He explains the plight of the Protestant and tells you what he thinks ought to be done about it

THE vast majority of Protestant churches in America are reporting steadily dwindling congregations. Thousands of Protestant ministers are losing heart because of it. There are, to be sure, a few churches in the large cities where eloquent or stimulating or sensational preachers still attract throngs; but, the country over, we are witnessing an increasing neglect of church attendance. And whether Protestants care to face the fact or not, it is true, and their leaders know it and are experiencing a depression of spirit.

I do not refer to church membership. We may report the number of members and use these statistics to prove a healthy church. When we do this we are deceiving ourselves and our neighbors. We are hiding the ugly truth. We are putting off the inevitable and merely making the facing thereof the harder. Because we shall have to face it—we Protestant clergy.

There are millions of Protestants still enrolled as members of some local church who rarely, if ever, attend its public services. Why these inactive members remain on the membership rolls is not our present problem. Why, unless we are afraid to do so, we do not clear our rolls of the inactive is beside the present point. However, I know of no Protestant church whose rolls would not suffer from anæmia were this elimination to be undertaken.

In the year 1927 no less than sixty thousand of the two hundred thousand Protestant churches in the United States failed to report new members. Other thousands claimed gains hardly perceptible. Thus dispirited, Protestant ministers are constantly resigning their pulpits, many of them laying down their missions and seeking other means of earning a living.



Not all voices are melodious

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

At a parish supper he found only two oysters in a dish of scalloped oysters!

It is not to be denied that a number of these resignations are caused by the desire of the clergyman to increase his income; but discouragement is a more frequent fundamental factor. A church with a dwindling attendance is a church with decreasing income. It is losing ground, instead of making that progress without which it, like any other organization, cannot hope to prosper and continue. You may not find fault with the minister for his desertion; he is usually among the last to quit.

We may not expect people to join churches whose congregations are vanishing. We have no right to expect a clergyman to build as rapidly as numerous members of the institution tear down. He is one against many. If it is your opinion that it makes no difference whether you appear in church, then logically it must be your honest opinion that condemnation of the minister for a fading church is unfair.

Mergers for Strength

A progressive falling off in Protestant church attendance must inevitably end in the closing of that church. We have ample proof of this. Here we see a church edifice closed and presently torn down to be replaced in the next few weeks with a drug store, an apartment house, a garage, or what you will. And yonder you observe two or more churches following the trend of today's business by merging. Merging, if you please, because some or all of them are insufficient unto themselves. Merging for strength. Merging that their existence may continue.

Now, obviously Sunday is the only day which the Church may utilize for the public worship of God. Such is our economic scheme that this is the one day when we may hold those large services which are the external expression before God and the world of the Church's spiritual life. Without Sunday worship the Church would soon become extinct.

All of which brings us to our primary fear: That unless something can be done intelligently to stimulate, increase and continue to build up Sunday church attendance the Protestant churches in America are threatened with extinction!

A Dreary Prospect

The very best the present trend promises is the reduction of Protestantism to a puny survival!

Scores of reasons why our Sunday attendance is dwindling have been advanced. The vast majority of them are superficial, just as the great bulk of the efforts at remedy have been superficial. Doubtless, some of these have their bearing on our Protestant plight, but either we have been afraid to dig deep into causes or have chosen to ignore the future.

We are told that mediocre or positively bad sermons drive people away from church. Perhaps there is truth there. One may not argue that all ministers, or even the majority of them, are eloquent. Perhaps even fewer are keenly intelligent or progressively intellectual. Unhappily, the pulpit does not attract a proportionate share of our best minds. But it is equally true that a minister, whatever the degree of his eloquence and mentality, is not stimulated by empty pews. Who is to be blamed for not doing his best when there is no evidence that anybody cares? The lack of sympathetic response in the

(*Continued on page 96*)

Majestic's *Colorful Tone* wins the most sincere testimonial of all –

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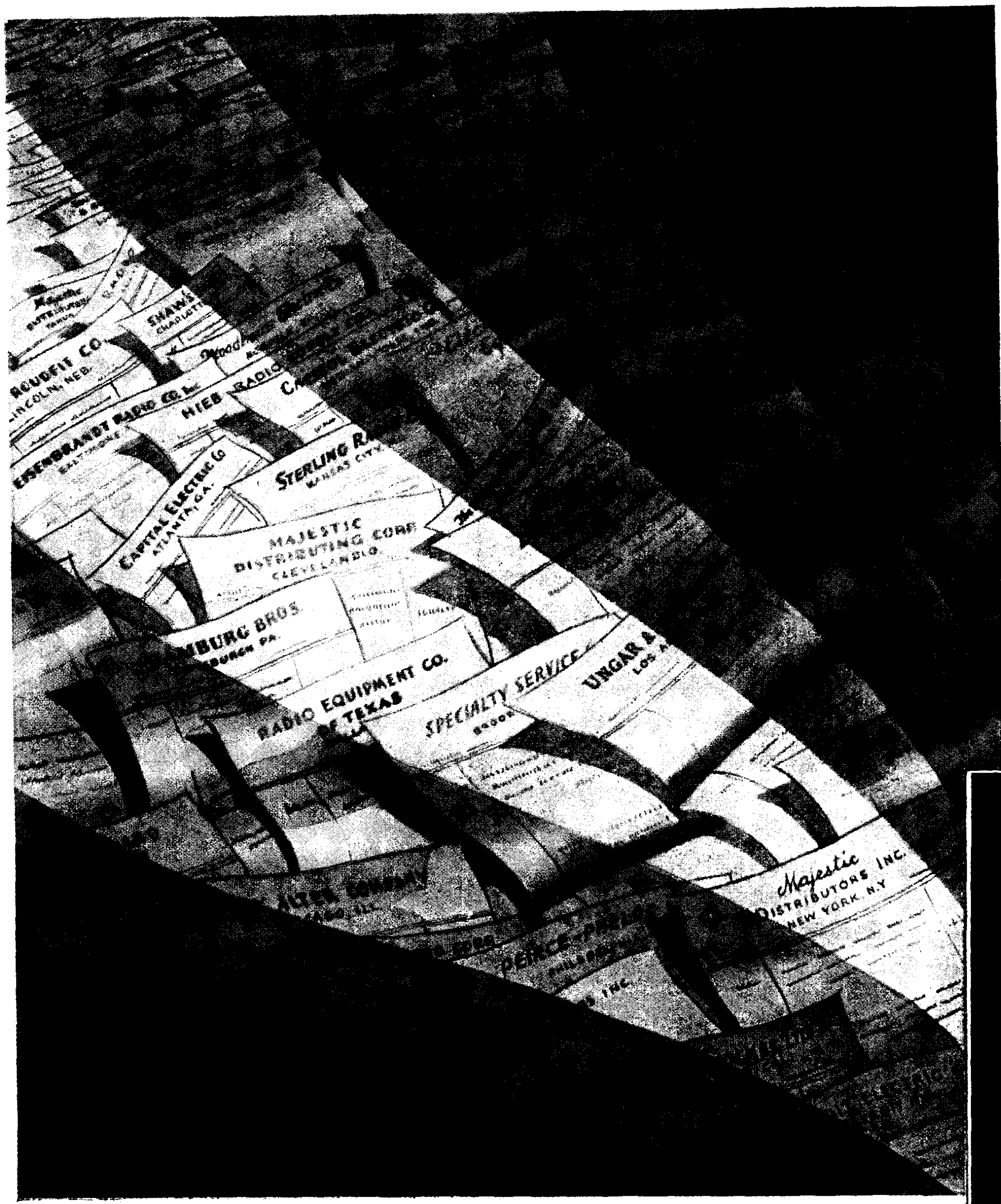
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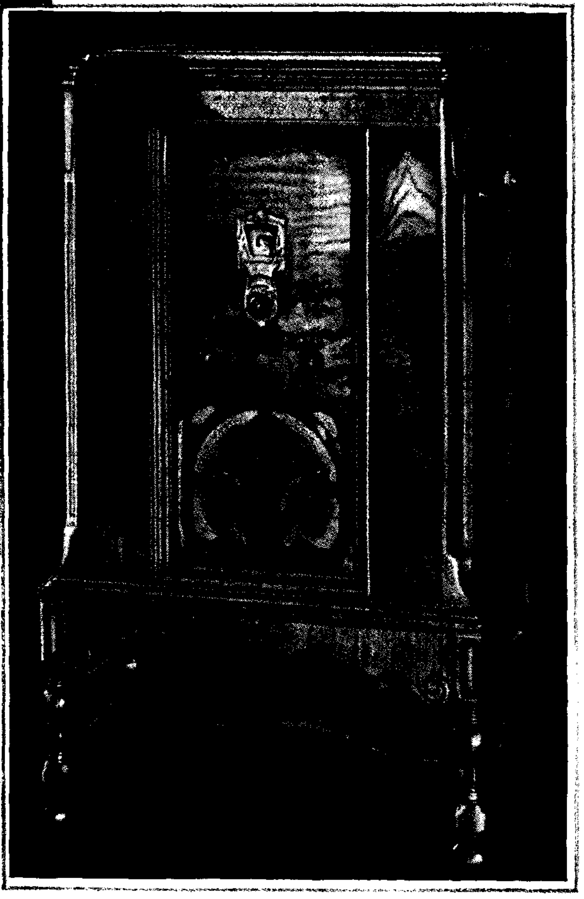

*Based on a recent national survey.

Majestic Radio

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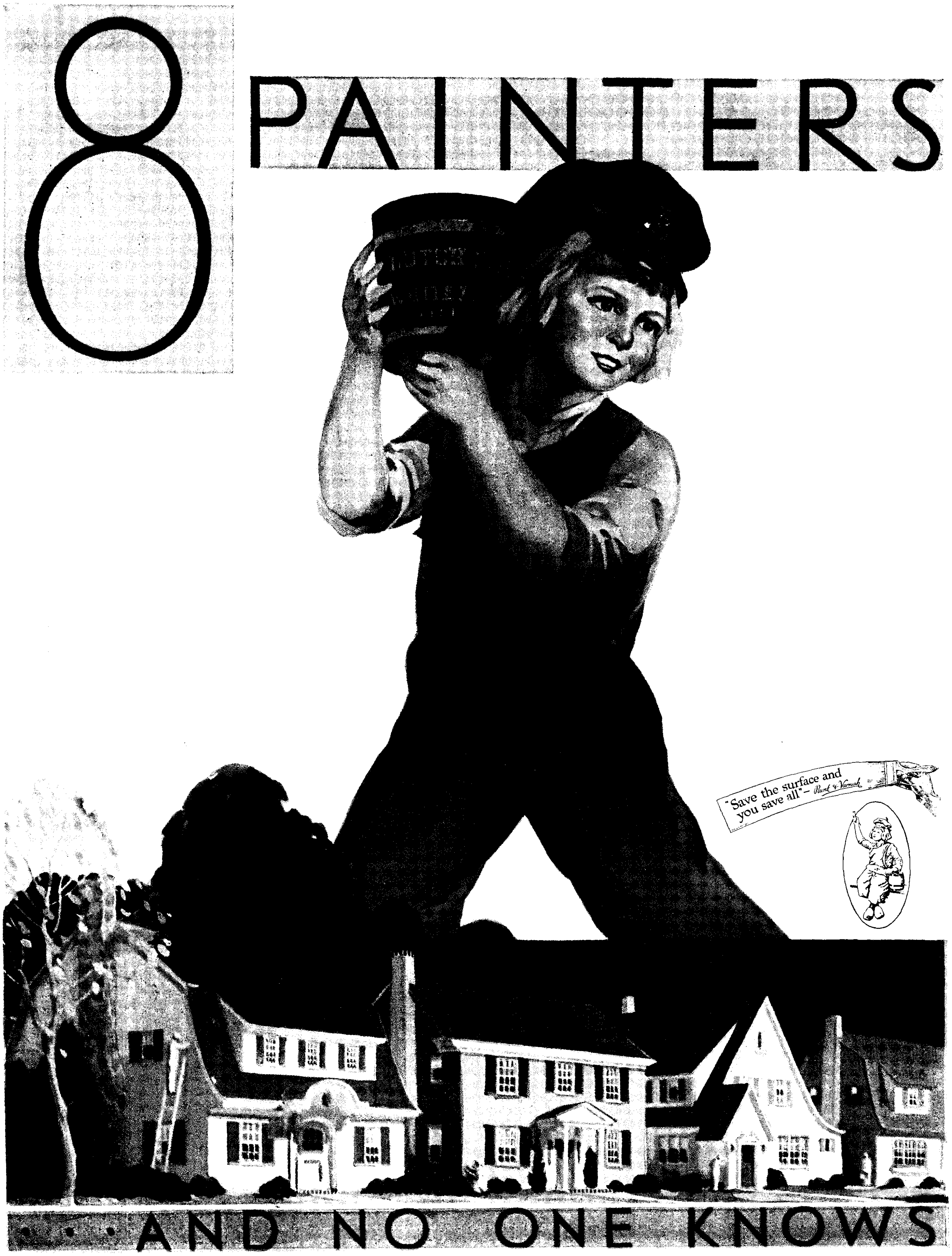
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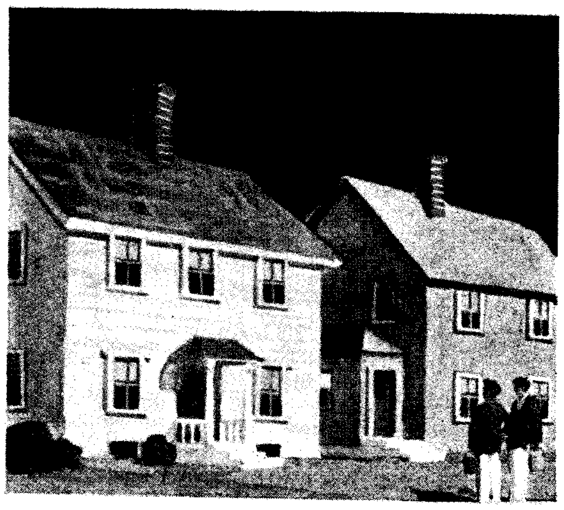
"Save the surface and you save all" – Paint & Varnish
AND NO ONE KNOWS

OUT OF 10 use DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

[According to an impartial, country-wide survey]

Jot this fact down on one of the little tablets of your memory...Store it away against the day when repaint time rolls 'round...Memorize it as a worthwhile fact that will save you money and disappointments ...Eight Painters in Every Ten Use Dutch Boy ✦ ✦ The craftsman who paints your house, like the artist who plies his color upon canvas, knows PAINT...first, last and all the time. He knows that paint must do the dual job of beautifying and protecting. He knows that paint must not crack or scale because this means burning and scraping at repaint time. And he knows that Dutch Boy made into a custom-made paint mixed for *your* particular job measures up to every painting requirement ✦ ✦ Next time your painter writes "Dutch Boy White Lead" into his specifications, remember that: "No One Knows Paint Like a Painter" ✦ ✦ Write for free booklet..."The House We Live In"... which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Please address the branch nearest your home.



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PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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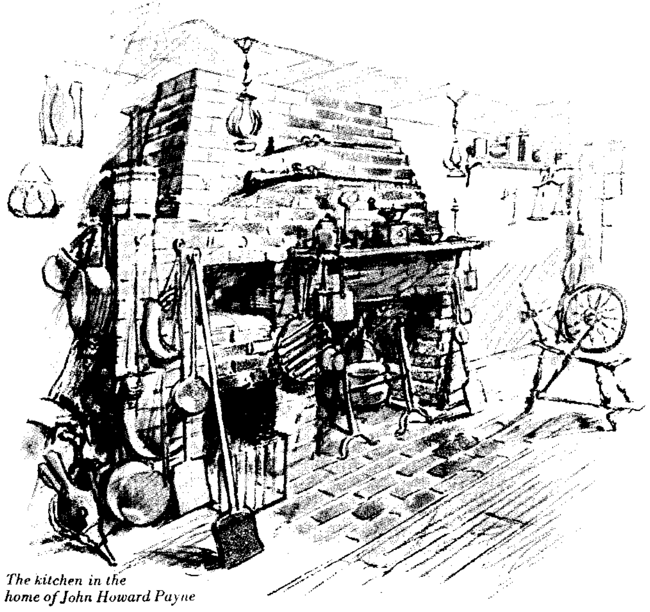
In buying or renting, Capitol Guaranteed Heating is your assurance of a home built to serve and satisfy. When building, your architect and responsible heating contractors can prove that there is no wiser choice. Write now for the illustrated free booklet on house heating, *A Modern House Warming.*



The kitchen in the home of John Howard Payne

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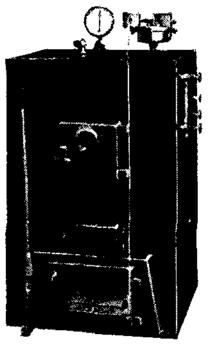
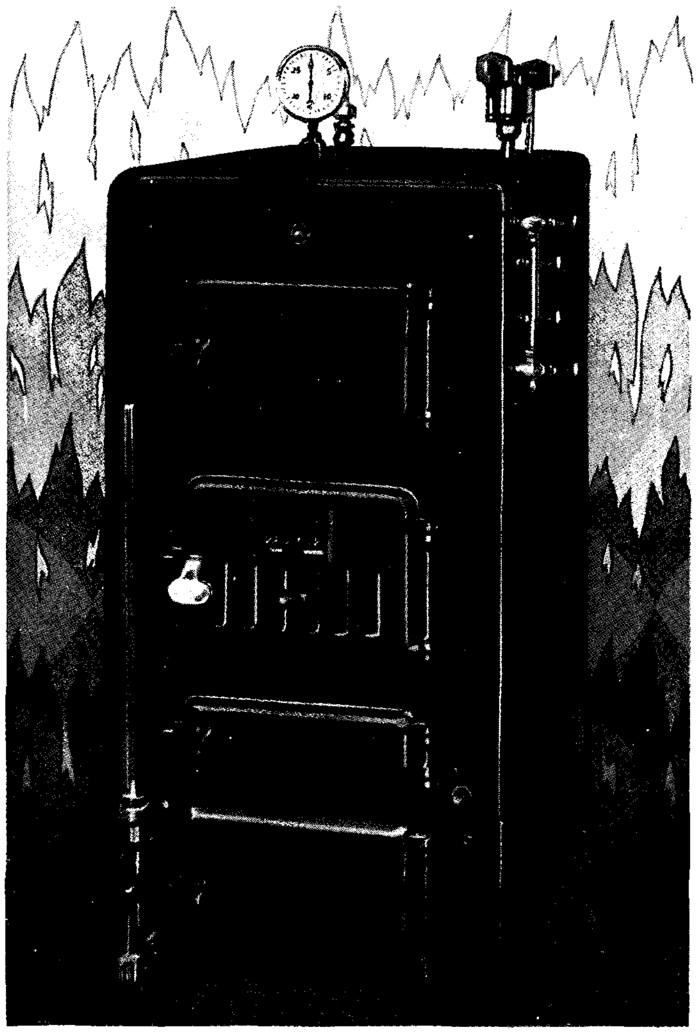


The Capitol Red Head
To small homes this handsome heatmaker, with rock wool insulation, brings the advantages of radiator heat for little if any more than the cost of your second choice in heating equipment.



The Capitol Red Top
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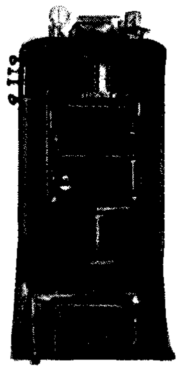

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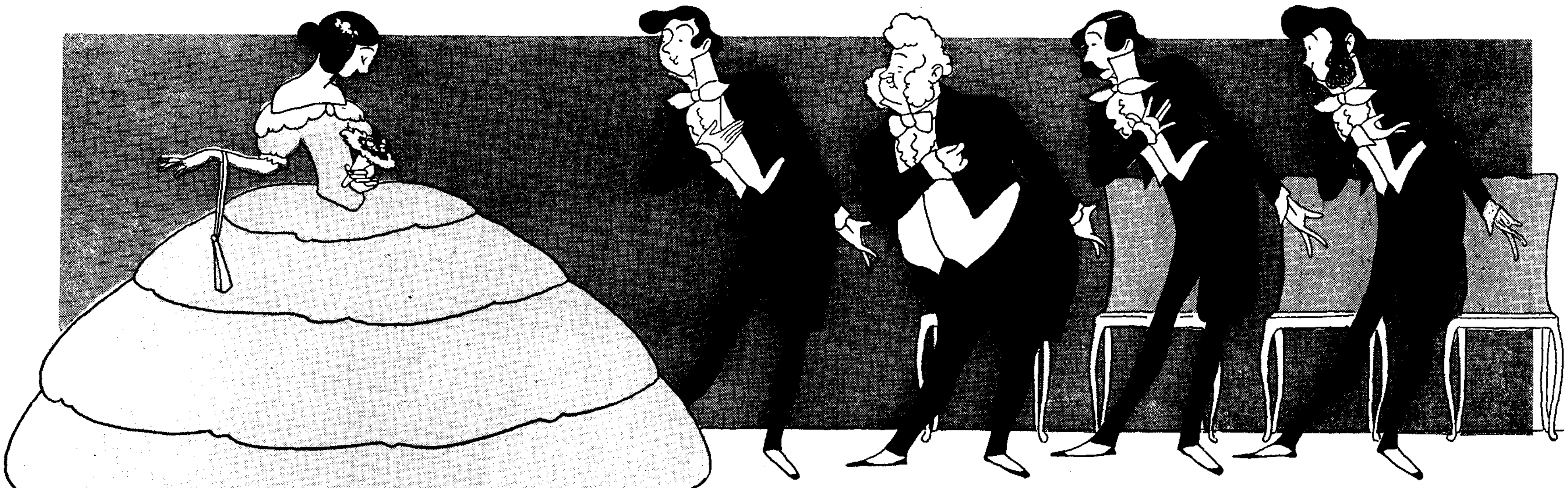
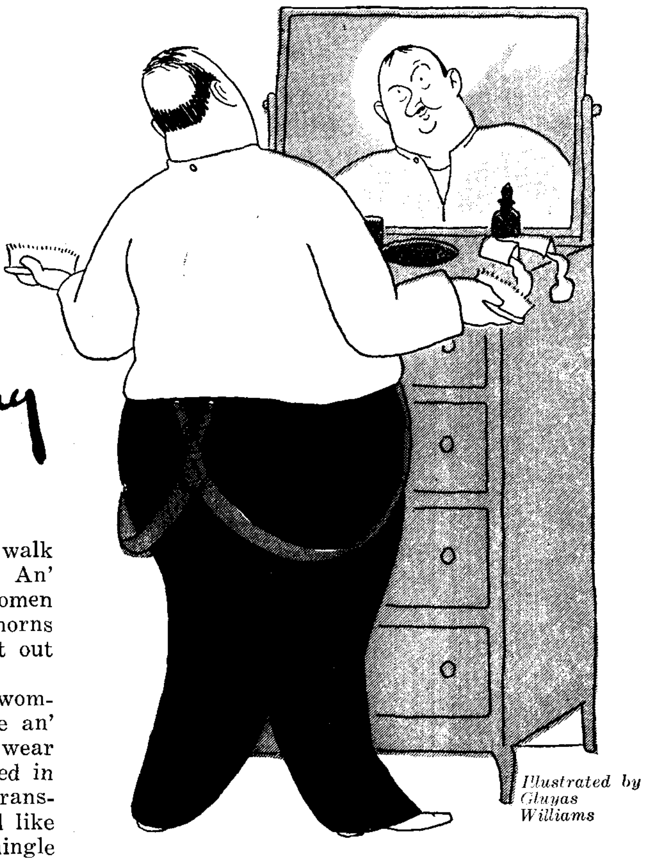


"Hoop skirts came in. You've seen pictures of 'em, haven't you? Why, it took four men to give a lady a seat, an' when a woman sprained her knee, the doctor put on a divin' suit an' disappeared for days

Yokes for Women

"Where style's concerned, women make sheep seem savage an' intractable. I've seen 'em wear furs in summer an' go naked in winter; pile on switches an' transformations, an' then shingle their heads to the bone"

Uncle Henry



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"Men are different. Every male comes into the world with a robust confidence in his personal appearance"

"I NEVER thought it would last," said Uncle Henry.

"You never thought what wouldn't last?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"The honor an' trust system for women Their paroles have been revoked, an' back they go into solitary confinement. Paris remains deaf to all entreaty, an' insists that corsets an' long skirts *must* be worn. Better shut up shop an' spend the afternoon walkin' around, 'Lonzo, for by tomorrow the female kneecap will have vanished as completely as the buffalo, an' search warrants won't be able to find ankles.

"Do not be deceived by all this wild outcry an' talk of resistance to the death. Listen carefully to the bedlam of squawks, an' you'll soon find that the general tone is one of despair rather than rebellion. There will be no last-ditch fightin', with maddened women retreatin' into the hills, livin' on roots an' firin' the minute they see the red of a dressmaker's lipstick.

"History proves that they've always quit when Fashion barked the command. Back in the days of the French Revolution women disrobed to a point where male imagination laid down an' died, firmly convinced there was nothin' more for it to do. Even tonsils were worn outside, an' the fair sex united in a ringin' declaration that never again would they endure the shackles of dress.

"Yet inside of a year they were so buried in clothes that it took a geologist to locate the body. Not only did they go back into corsets on a more savage scale than ever before, but hoop skirts came in. You've seen pictures of 'em, haven't you? Why, it took four men to give a lady a seat, an' when a woman sprained her knee, the doctor put on a divin' suit an' disappeared for days.

"Have you forgotten the bustle, a sort of fungus growth attached to the tip end of the spine? Women had to sit face down. An' don't you remember the hobble skirt? The only way a wife got any exercise was when the husband put her on a leash, an' gave her a walk around the yard after dark. An' the sheath gowns when women got into dresses with shoe horns an' cold chisels, an' only got out on a writ of habeas corpus?

"Where style's concerned, women make sheep seem savage an' intractable. I've seen 'em wear furs in summer an' go naked in winter; pile on switches an' transformations until they looked like hairy mammoths, an' then shingle their heads to the bone; scream in agony if they developed a freckle an' then lie in the sun, stripped bare, gettin' a coat of tan.

"An' the way they put on weight an' take it off is almost black magic. One day you see 'em with hourglass figures, a study in rich curves, an' the next day they look like a combination paper knife an' book mark. Old Aleck Pope certainly knew the sex, or maybe you never read his famous lines:

"Lo, the poor Woman,
Whose untutored mind
Takes Fashion's dictates
An' follows 'em blind.

"Such strength as women possess is saved entirely for the grim battle of married life. Where the domestic struggle is concerned, even the frailest wife can compare favorably with Napoleon's Old Guard for courage, stamina an' heroic endurance, but a wasp-waisted, high C dressmaker, lookin' like an advertisement for some depilatory, can put 'em down for the count with a mere wave of the hand.

"I'm sorry for women's loss of freedom, of course, but I can't say that I regret the change. Enough's enough, 'Lonzo. Things have reached a stage where you couldn't tell a skirt from a girdle, an' despite the fact that every woman in the world seemed to be on a diet of some kind, reduction never seemed to get down as far as the fetlock. If I never see another ankle as long as I live, it's not goin' to hurt my feelin's.

"Men are goin' to be helped in other an' bigger ways. You know yourself that the male hasn't counted for much these last ten years. The only people that took any real interest in us was settlement workers who wanted to see how the other half lived. Bass voices were dyin' out, except at Vassar an' Bryn Mawr; an' Yale an' Harvard were seriously considerin' the recognition of tattin' as a major sport.

"Women are takin' larger an' larger control of sport, politics, trades an' the professions, pushin' men further an' further into the background. Why, it got so whenever I picked up a paper, an' saw where some scientists had hit upon a new discovery, I actually turned sick with fear to think that maybe we'd been robbed of our one excuse for existence. But all that's changed. Once again this is a man's world. We've got back our pants, 'Lonzo, an' from now on we'll have no more of these women mayors, women governors an' women members of Congress.

"*Cherchez la femme!* Find the woman. That's been an almost impossible job these last few years. Why, it was like huntin' for a needle in a haystack. But now it's goin' to be an easy task. All you've got to do is to go to her *home*. That's where women will be hereafter, for only in the safe privacy of the back parlor will they be able to loosen up an' know the ecstasy of a full breath.

It's the Way You're Born

"Jes' as the home is goin' to be given its old importance, so do I feel that love an' marriage will regain much of their former popularity. With women runnin' an' jumpin' all over creation what chance did romance have? No man likes kissin' a perspirin' girl, an' even a free verse poet hangs back from writin' a sonnet to his lady's kneecap. An' every woman's simply got to have a man around to help her lace up."

"It all goes to prove that men have got more sense than women," gloated Mr. Stubbs.

"I don't think sense has anything to do with it," said Uncle Henry. "It's the way you're born. Women come into the world with no faith in their looks, distrustful of both face an' figure. They never go before a mirror without a prayer on their lips an' the sweat of fear beadin' their brows. They grab every change that's suggested out of a pathetic hope of improvement.

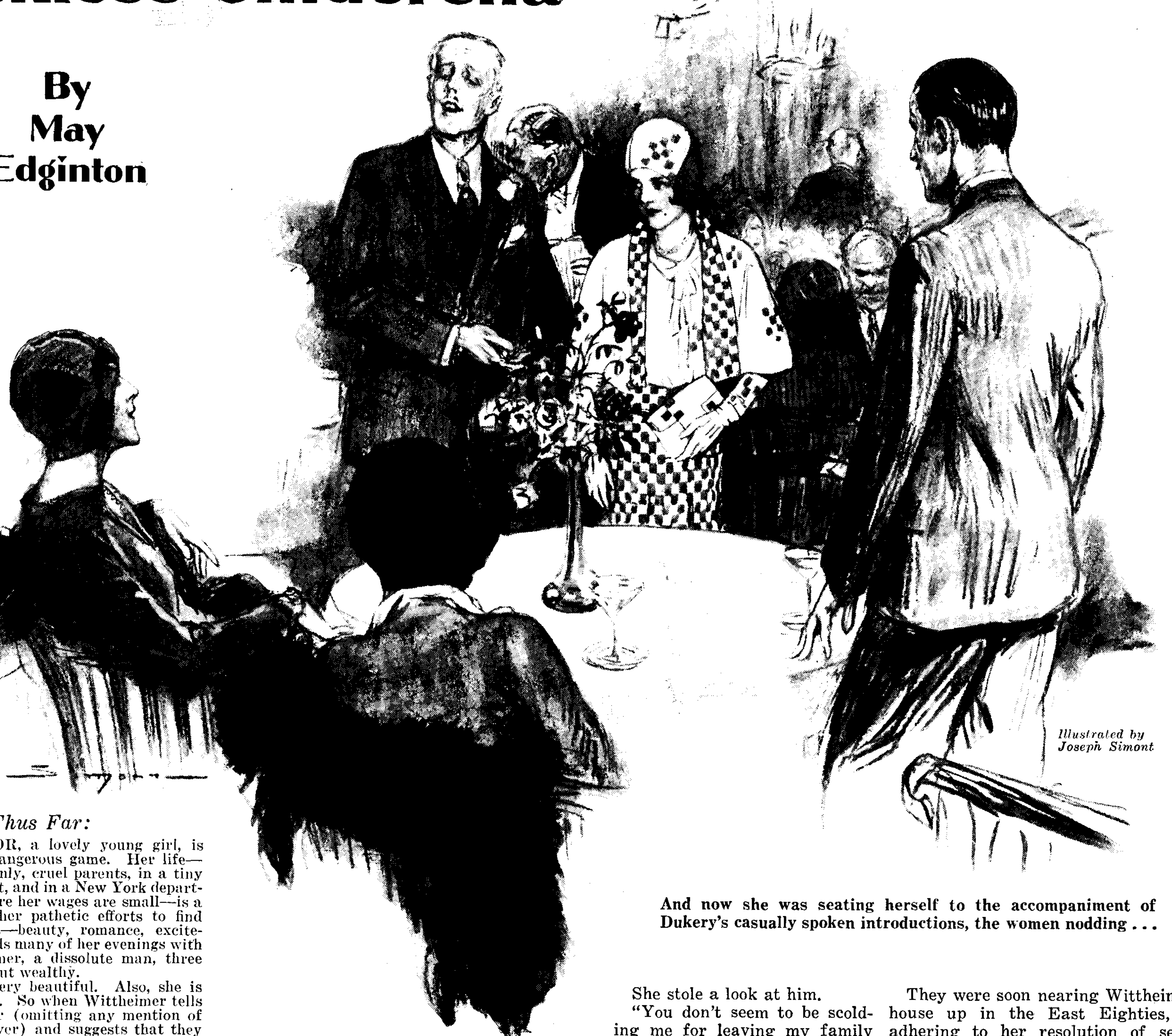
"Men are different. Every male comes into the world with a robust confidence in his personal appearance, an' goes to the grave with that confidence absolutely unimpaired. He doesn't change because he sees no need of change. How can perfection be improved? Clothes figure only casually in his scheme of things, for his reliance is not in coats or shirts or ties. No, indeed. It's in his manly beauty an' irresistible charm."

"Do you think women will keep on runnin' for office?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Runnin' for office!" Uncle Henry laughed long and loud. "What with corsets an' long skirts back in style, women will be lucky to *walk*."

Reckless Cinderella

By
May
Edgington



Illustrated by
Joseph Simont

And now she was seating herself to the accompaniment of Dukery's casually spoken introductions, the women nodding . . .

The Story Thus Far:

RAY BOWFOR, a lovely young girl, is playing a dangerous game. Her life—with her slatternly, cruel parents, in a tiny Tenth Street flat, and in a New York department store, where her wages are small—is a drab one. In her pathetic efforts to find what he wants—beauty, romance, excitement—she spends many of her evenings with Frank Wittheimer, a dissolute man, three times her age, but wealthy.

The girl is very beautiful. Also, she is thoroughly good. So when Wittheimer tells her he loves her (omitting any mention of marriage, however) and suggests that they run down to Miami Beach together, she is shocked. Whereupon, feeling that the little beauty is *using him merely as a gift-producer*, Wittheimer orders her out of his home. . . . But they meet again. And the girl receives another shock. Wittheimer informs her that he has lost his entire fortune!

Ray then reveals her true character. To the old man's amazement, he finds her not a charming adventuress, not a gold-digger, but a stalwart, understanding little woman—a true friend who really desires to help him, comfort him, make him happy! . . . He is leaving for Florida at once. Ray accompanies him to the station. En route, Wittheimer pays a call on someone in a Park Avenue apartment, then bids Ray good-by, goes to his compartment on the train—and shoots himself!

The following day George Westward, a young lawyer, calls on Ray. The girl already knows him, slightly. While motoring up the Hudson, with a rough youth, who had insulted her, she had gotten out of the car, been picked up by Westward and his distinguished companion—Lord Times, a charming Englishman—and driven back to the city. She had let the two men believe she was wealthy, and from Virginia; that her name was *Beaufort*, not *Bowfor;* that she was closely related to the prominent Poinsetters, then sojourning in Florida. She had actually asked the two men into the Poinsetters' handsome Fifth Avenue home, where—under the watchful eye of a lovable old servant—she had entertained them! And before Times left for England, a few days later, she had become deeply interested in him—and he in her. . . . Now Westward calmly informs her that old Wittheimer (whose estate he is handling) had never *lost a penny; that he died a very rich man;* and that he had left her his fortune—six million dollars! . . . Ray tries to tell her parents. They refuse to listen. They think she has lost her job. "Out you go!" they shout. . . . And Ray goes out—to what?

IV

AS THE taxicab left Tenth Street, Westward asked equably:

"Well, Miss Bowfor?"

Ray answered with passion, so young and hurt that even his experienced heart was quite moved:

"They threw me out because I've quit Bracey's."

"But you told them?"

"They didn't wait to hear. Wouldn't hear. They threw me out."

Westward stared before him noncommittally.

"Well, Miss Bowfor?"

They were speeding away again.

"Europe. Can I?"

"You can do anything you like; that is your danger, child," said Westward.

"I want to go—at once. Just leave everything behind."

"H'm. If you say so."

"They've thrown me out because they thought I hadn't a cent to pay my board with—"

"Whereas if they had known—"

"If they had known! Oh! it makes me laugh!"

But she almost cried again.

"So ugly, Mr. Westward. Life's so ugly. This fighting and snarling; and always anxiety and—and—pleasing people. How quickly can I go?"

"At once," said Westward prosaically, after a moment's consideration of sailings. "Tomorrow. When you like."

She stole a look at him.

"You don't seem to be scolding me for leaving my family like this."

"I don't think I do blame you at all," said Westward drily. "But tell me just what passed."

She told him. "No," he said. "I don't blame you. And, anyway, they'll ask soon enough when they know."

"They won't know!"

"They will. Old Wittheimer's affairs will make headlines."

"Oh, no! I want it all—quiet."

"The newspapers will be after you. I'm warning you in case you don't realize."

"Help me, Mr. Westward."

"It is what I am for. If you have no lawyers of your own."

An empty suggestion of courtesy. Of course she had none. She said:

"I rely on you to do everything, please. When, please—I don't want to be greedy; but when do I have some money?" She opened her shabby cloth bag with the gilt mount, and showed him the interior. The inevitable powder puff and lipstick; and perhaps half a dollar in dimes and cents. Westward took a wad of bills out of his billfold and with a smile dropped them into the little hungry bag. "Have all you want," he observed. "We are your bankers till the formalities are through."

"Oh . . . God! . . ."

He looked at her quickly. "Does money mean so much?" he asked, and answered himself: "What a fool question."

They were soon nearing Wittheimer's house up in the East Eighties, she adhering to her resolution of seeing Old Frank. And Westward was thinking: "How all this would have intrigued Times. If she wasn't my client I could have written and told him the story; but now she is, I can't. Well, he misses a good story, and it might have added some piquancy to their meeting, if they meet, in Europe. Times would laugh over this."

Yet Westward knew in his heart that Edward, Lord Times, would not have laughed at all.

Bending down towards this little shabby client with the deep-sea eyes, Westward said:

"Why Europe, Miss Bowfor? Do you think you'll find friends there? And does Europe mean—England? Or just anywhere?"

HE WAITED for her answer, and when it came, it was: "Why shouldn't I spell my name Beaufort? The way you spelt it that day."

"Did I?" said Westward. "Or was it my friend Times who spelt it so? You have not forgotten my friend Lord Times?"

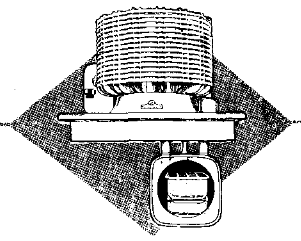
She sat very still. He assured her:

"Indeed, any simple thing of that sort is easily arranged for such a wealthy woman. It is nothing."

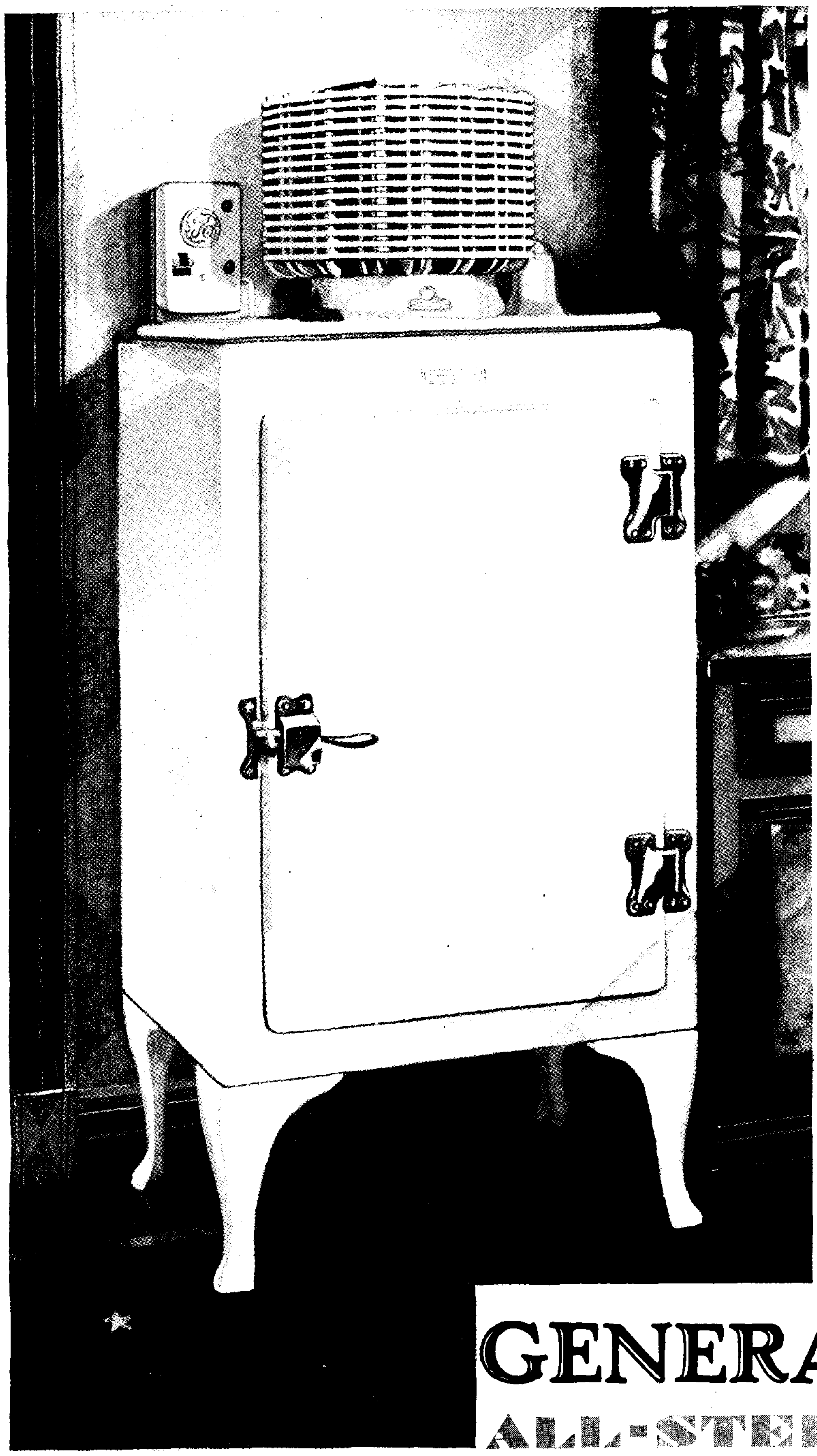
More silence. Then he felt her hand holding on to his sleeve. Again he looked down. She murmured: "I don't see why anyone should be surprised to

(*Continued on page 91*)

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners



NOT ONE HAS PAID A CENT FOR SERVICE



What greater proof of the supreme efficiency and economy of the General Electric Refrigerator could be asked?

Not a penny for service! What is it that makes such an unheard of thing *possible?* Look at that small round unit on top of the General Electric cabinet. Your answer is there—the answer which tells you why the General Electric Refrigerator is the most inexpensive refrigerator you can own.

In that amazing unit on top is housed your refrigerator's entire mechanism—sealed forever against dirt, rust, moisture—and trouble. And sealed up with it is a *permanent* supply of oil, that will protect the mechanism as thoroughly in the years to come as on the day you first plug your General Electric Refrigerator into its socket.

And the General Electric cabinets you will find as durable and efficient as the remarkable mechanism that preserves your food within them. Glistening white inside and out, with immaculate porcelain lining, they are *all-steel*—every inch.

Extra storage space, accessible freezing regulator, easy-cleaning features, low running cost, quiet operation—these advantages you will often think of and appreciate, *after* you have bought your refrigerator. If you think of them *before* you buy, there is only one refrigerator you will even consider!

Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For our catalog and easy terms, address section C-4, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

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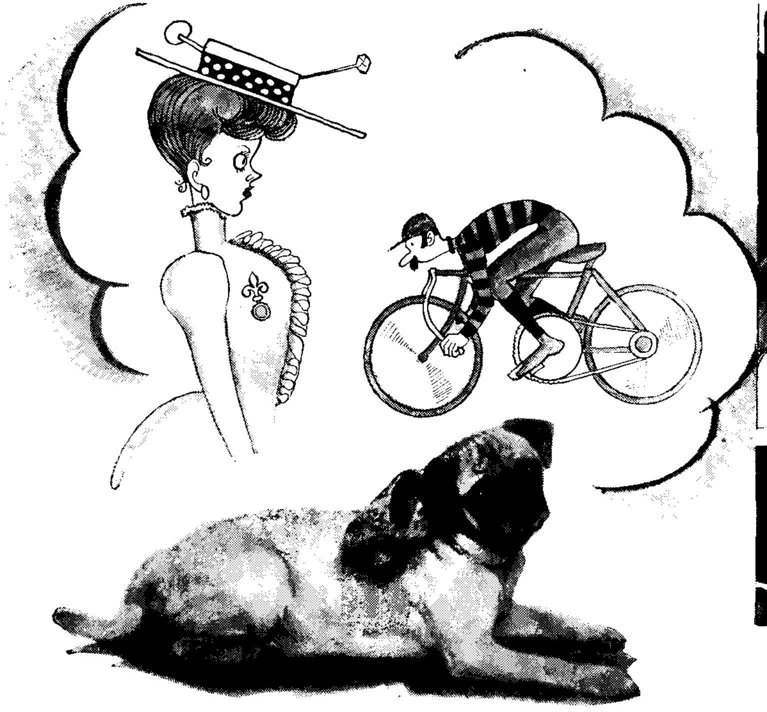
GENERAL ELECTRIC

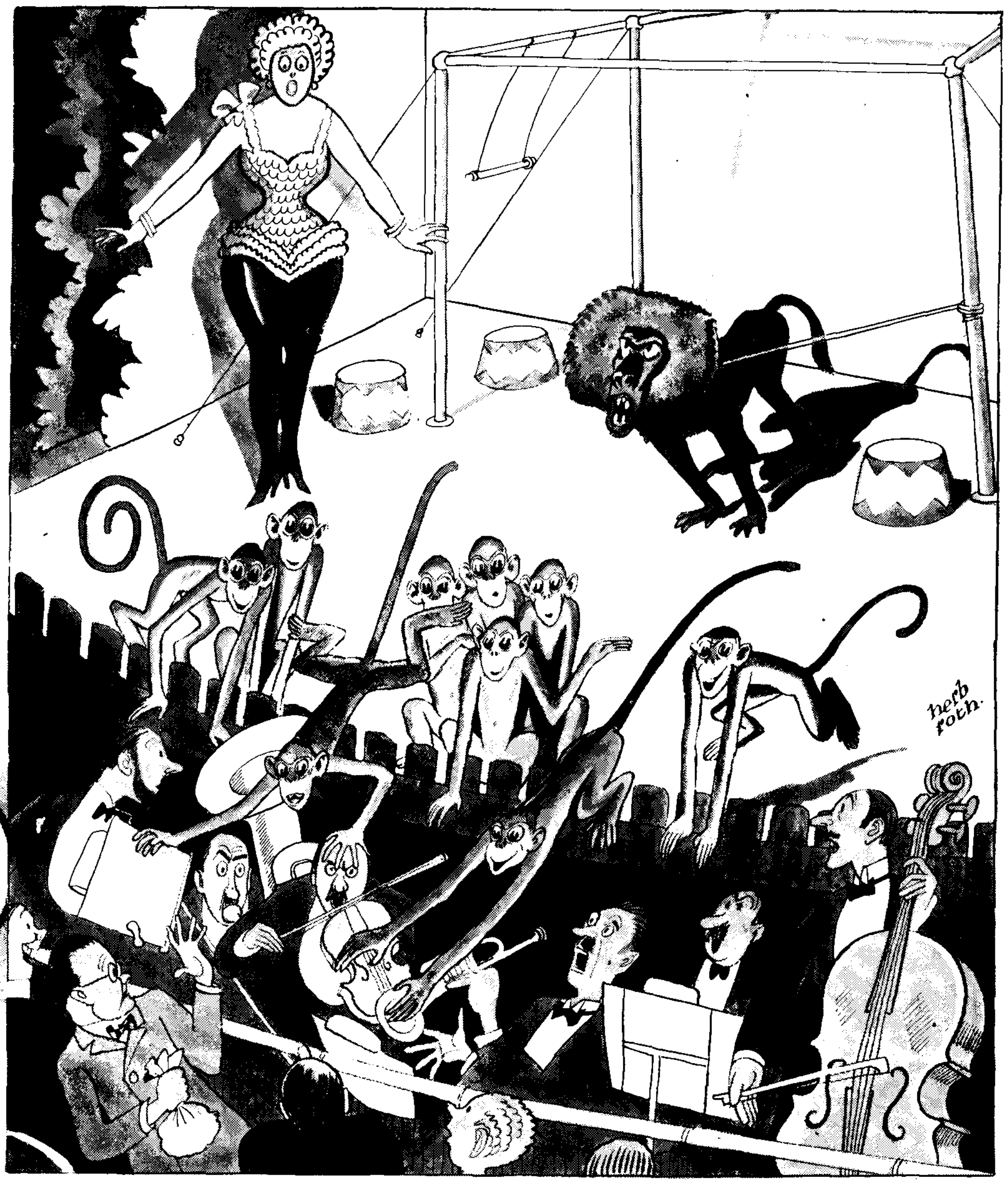
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Victoria, Lizzie and others

Animal rôles are not the least of a casting director's troubles. And sometimes mistakes are made. Consider the case of Michael, the male impersonator, who played her part in Peg o' My Heart six hundred times without detection. And there are many more equally famous

By Alexander Woollcott





A leader flung himself across the orchestra pit. . . . The others only needed this example, and hurled themselves into space, while Milady raved and cursed

THE first night of Sweet Adeline was approaching. This is the fond romance of the nineties wrought by festooning gentle Jerome Kern melodies upon a libretto from the pen of young Oscar Hammerstein—grandson of the mighty, plug-hatted Hammerstein, who once came out of the cigar business to challenge the lords of grand opera. Into the somewhat florid theater recently christened in his memory Sweet Adeline was to move, in the early weeks of this theatrical season. The score was complete to the last sweet note, and the heart-rending Helen Morgan had been engaged to pity herself through its more touching ballads. A fleet army of sure-footed coryphées were trained to tread their infectious measures, and a decent minimum of chorus men to roar the heartiest refrains. To the appraising eye of the impresario everything seemed ready, but in the midst of the final rehearsals behold our old friend Irene Franklin tapping her foot ominously.

Wanted—A Pug Dog

That blond and emphatic comédienne had been cast as an 1898 burlesque queen, and it seems that two items in her wardrobe, both specifically indicated in the script and sternly demanded by all her artistic instincts, had not yet been provided by the management. Miss Franklin stated her case succinctly.

"Not one step on that stage do I take on the opening night," she said, "without a Scales of Justice and a pug dog."

Of course the need of a Scales of Justice was obvious even to the most inexpert eye. As a burlesque queen she would naturally have to appear in one scene as the Queen of All Nations, clad in a tasteful composition of beads and ermine, the while carrying an eagle in one uplifted hand and a Scales of Justice in the other. For the eagle a stuffed chicken-hawk might do nicely.

"But, honest to God, Miss Franklin," the distracted property man protested, "things has come to such a pass that there isn't a Scales of Justice to be had in the city."

He had been trying to fabricate a set by suspending two dinner plates from the ends of a coat-hanger. This substitute, all covered with gilt, he proffered sheepishly, and Miss Franklin clasped it to her bosom.

"But for the Hoboken scene," she insisted, "I must have a pug dog. Whoever heard of an 1898 burlesque queen without a pug dog! I have a feather boa, a Gainsborough picture-hat the size of a small yacht, and enough of a train to catch up half the dust in the beer garden. But what good are they? I have no pug dog."

There then went forth a last call for a pug dog, with or without stage experience. Until the broadsides were posted under every eye, I myself had not noticed how many years it was since last I saw one of these improbable creatures sliding stertorously and majestically down an indulgent lap. Seemingly, the pug had passed from the American scene without diminishing my enjoyment of it, or indeed without changing my life in any way. Even if I ever noticed that the pug was following the dodo and the dinosaur into oblivion, I suppose it never occurred to me that anyone would mind. But with the special emergency created by Sweet Adeline this plaintive item of minor zoölogical significance became suddenly a living part of the Broadway news.

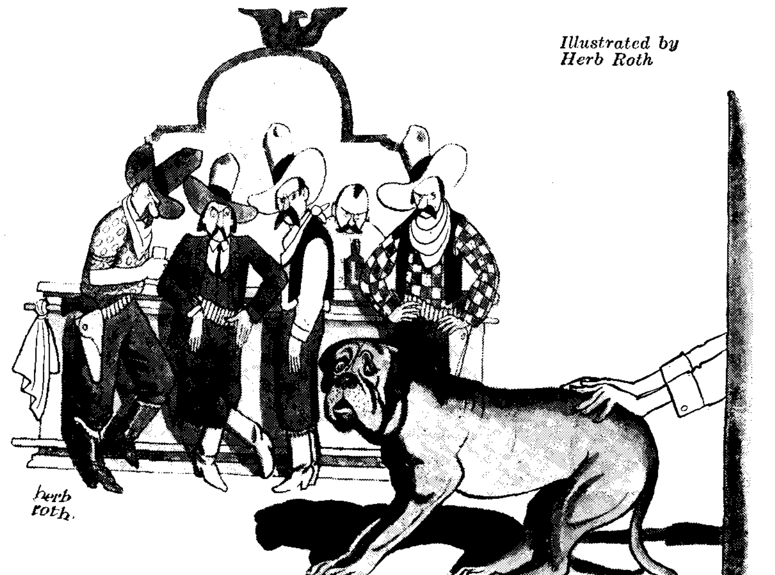
A hasty canvass was made of the few scattered survivors of the species. For instance, agents were sent to investigate the report that two pugs were living in retirement at Newport, but they discovered that these two had private incomes which made them deaf to any offers to go on the stage. Besides, they were practically unconscious from overeating.

At the last moment a pug, less purse-proud and less offish, was discovered in Chicago. She was what the kennels would technically describe as a six-year matron, and for some reason she was willing to consider an offer to ally herself with the drama. The newcomer arrived in time for the opening performance. Miss Franklin named her Victoria Windsor, gave out her age (from force of habit) as three, clasped the offended amateur in her arms and swept onto the stage.

At sight of that perfect relic of the nineties (I refer to Victoria Windsor) we graybeards in the audience grinned. It brought back visions of yesteryears—of shirt-waist girls and bicycle racks full of low-handlebarred scorchers, of Gibson

(*Continued on page 43*)

Illustrated by Herb Roth



Instead of racing onto the scene, he had to be pushed on by a stagehand

Don't Let *SPRING-SLAP* Toss You in a Blanket!

WHEN you pilot your motor car over a stretch of rough and ragged road, the chances are you do considerable bouncing. And it isn't pleasant. It racks your car and razzes your nerves.

Perhaps you wonder how in the name of heaven so many jolts and jars can sneak by your springs and give you such a pommeling. Perhaps you think your springs aren't doing their honest duty. Perhaps you think your shock-absorbers aren't absorbing as they should.

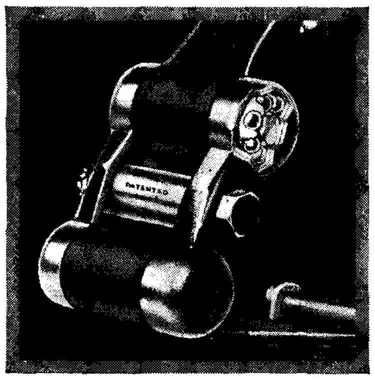
But if you'll take time out to seek the real reason, you'll discover it right in that important few inches between your spring-ends — in your spring shackles.

Ordinary spring shackles don't allow springs to flex freely—there's the nub of the thing. Often your shackle bolts are too tight or they bind, cramping the spring. Often the varying degrees of friction from day to day wear make it mighty close to impossible to keep your shock absorbers adjusted properly.

So when you hit a bump, your springs don't give with the impact, they slap back quick and hard. And you *feel* it! You get that objectionable *Spring-Slap* — that's the cause of those punishing jolts and jounces that jump up through the driver's seat.

The remedy? A set of Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles. With these frictionless ball bearing shackles your springs parry every thrust with never a slap-back. You take the roughest roads with smooth-road comfort. You scale the bounciest bumps with rocking-chair ease. You ride relaxed, rested. Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles will give you an entirely new conception of how downright comfortably a motor car can carry you. They do away with all shackle squeaks and rattles. You never have to grease them. You never have to adjust them. They add miles to the life of your car.

And they add *safety*—they eliminate the danger of let-downs from worn shackle bolts.



Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles will enable your springs and shock absorbers to live a better and more useful life. They are standard equipment on many cars. For a surprisingly modest charge your garage mechanic can put them on yours. Ask him about them.

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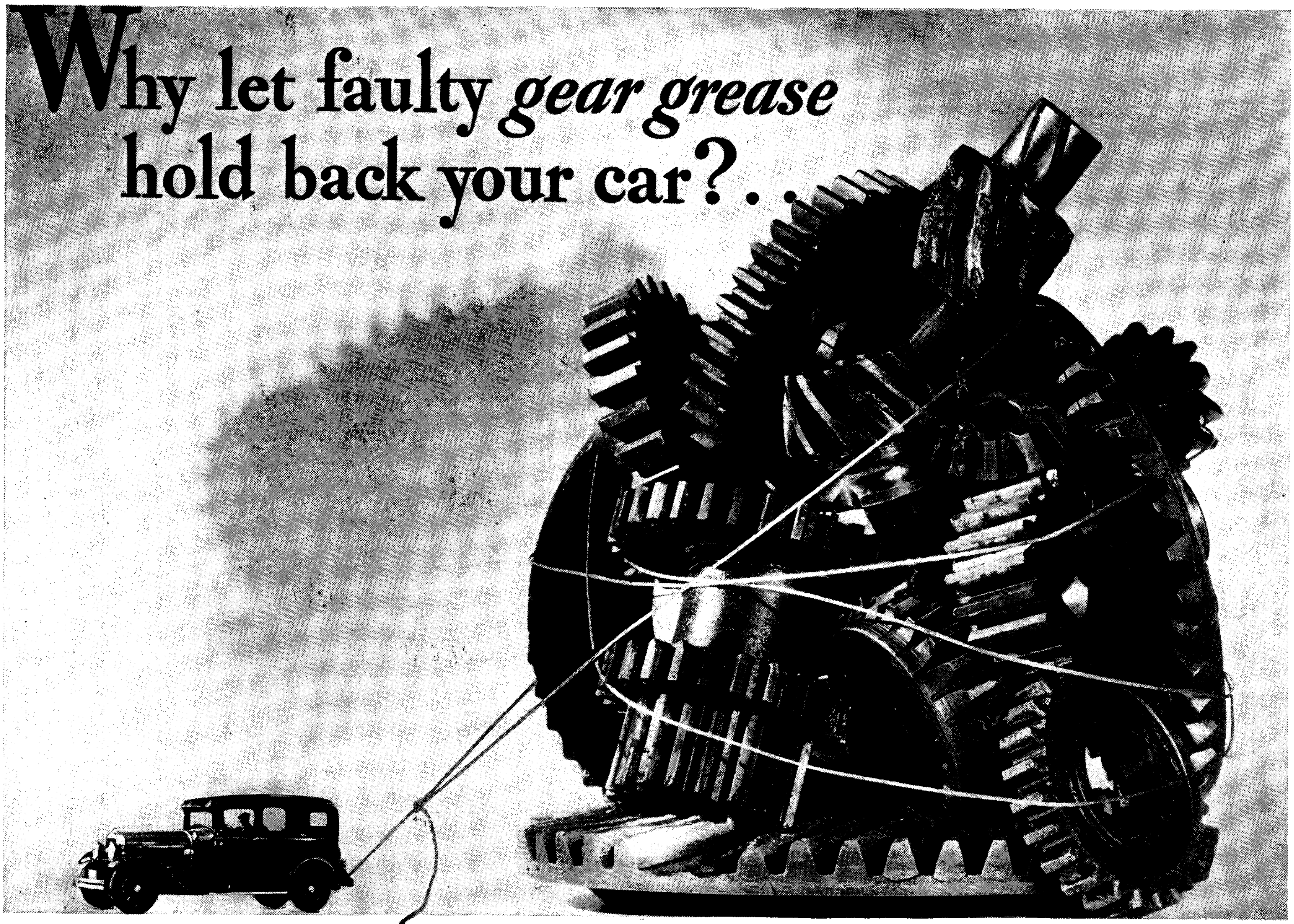
Why let faulty *gear grease* hold back your car?..



BETWEEN the engine of your car and the rear axle stretches a long succession of gears. Every bit of power that reaches the wheels must first pass through these gears; through the transmission gears up forward, beneath the driver's seat—through the driving gears, way back in the differential. If gear teeth are not continually cushioned with faultless lubricant, metal grinds against metal, the teeth chip and heat up, and power loss frequently runs as high as 40%.

But, and this is why you must always be on your guard against faulty lubricants, the only time you receive warning that power is being stolen is when transmission gears growl complainingly while you are shifting speeds. Most of the time, this power loss is taking place without arousing your suspicion. The only way to be certain of avoiding it is to change your gear grease regularly, just as you do the oil in your crank-case.

The smooth, creamy gear lubricant that contains no adulterants.

How long since you changed your gear grease?

Freezing winter days require a light lubricant; hot summer days require a much heavier lubricant. That is why your gear lubricant should be changed April 15th and October 15th and because a lubricant wears out, just like everything else, it should be changed every 5000 miles in between these dates.

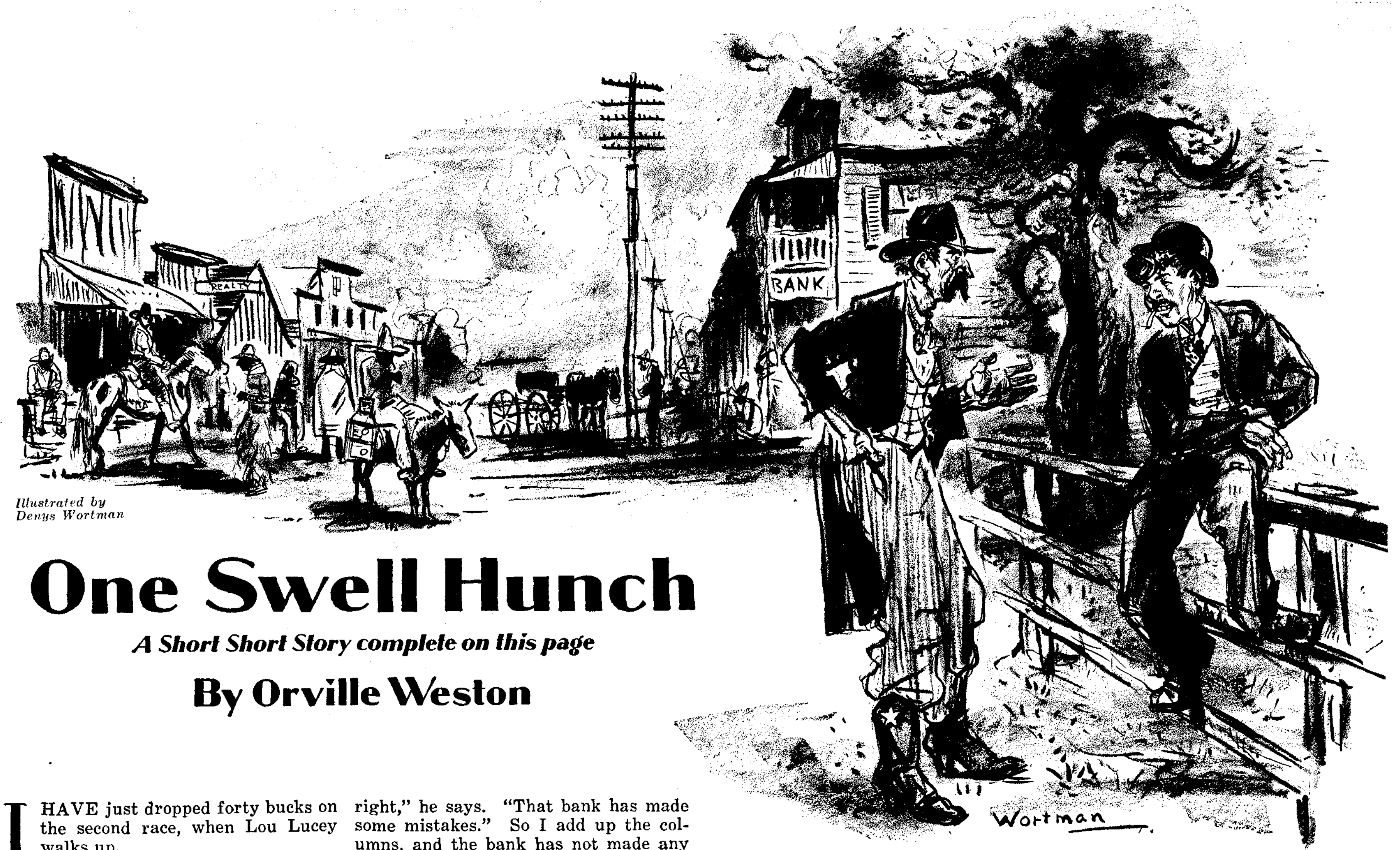
Now's the time the wise motorist will replace worn-out winter grease with this summer lubricant.

Whiz is the gear lubricant made from pure high-grade oils

Many of the so-called "gear lubricants" offered for sale are as faulty as the gritty grease they replace, for they consist of too-thin distillation residues, which have been artificially thickened by adding tar, asphalt, rosin—harmful adulterants that seriously impair lubrication. Whiz is the gear lubricant that is blended from the finest oils—just pure oils of wonderful lubricating ability—cooked together for 48 hours. Churned and whipped, in the same way that butter is made from cream, until at last the great kettles are filled with the smoothest, richest lubricant that ever cushioned a gear. It will pay you to visit a Whiz service station today and, for just a few dollars, have your old gear grease quickly replaced with fresh, efficient, economical Whiz. *The R. M. Hollingshead Co., Camden, New Jersey, and Toronto, Canada.*

WHIZ

GEAR LUBRICANT



Illustrated by
Denys Wortman

"Jim," he says, confidential-like, "I am betting on them baseball games. I am putting five hundred bucks on Philadelphia to cop that world serious"

One Swell Hunch

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Orville Weston

I HAVE just dropped forty bucks on the second race, when Lou Lucey walks up.

"Betting?" I says.

"I am," he says.

"On which?" I says.

"Black Prince," he says.

I busts out laughing. "For cat's sake, Lou," I says, "what's the big idea? That nag couldn't win if all them other horses was cows."

Lou looks at me sort of mournful-like. "Maybe you are right, Jim," he says, "maybe you are right."

He walks away, and I thinks what a goofey guy he is, and five minutes later Black Prince, a hundred-to-one shot if there ever is one, comes galloping in, a easy winner, and Lou wins five thousand bucks!

Now, Lou Lucey is very dumb. He is so dumb that some folks call him "Looney Lou." I am very surprised to see him do a smart thing like that, so I asks him about it. "Lou," I says, "how in the name of suffering catfish do you happen to pick Black Prince?"

Then he tells me, and I know for sure that the folks who call him Looney Lou are right. He says he is on his way to the park, for the races, when he sees a white fence, with the marks of somebody's hands—thumbs and fingers and everything—plastered all over it. He tells me he looks at these marks, and then he gets a hunch.

"Don't you see, Jim," he says, very serious, "them hand prints is black, and right then and there the idea hits me. *Black prints—Black Prince.* Get it? You wouldn't want a better hunch than that, would you?"

"Personally," I says, very emphatic, "I would." And all the way home I am thinking that of all the dumb, ignorant, superstitious goofs I have known—and I have known quite a number such—this guy Lou Lucey is Number One.

The next day Lou goes to the bank and starts a bank account. Pretty soon he comes to me and says: "Say, Jim, look at this bank book. I think this bank is trying to rook me!"

"What's wrong?" I says.

"The columns are not added up right," he says. "That bank has made some mistakes." So I add up the columns, and the bank has not made any mistakes, and Lou is surprised but thanks me and says that figures always has bothered him. "I can multiply fine," he says, "but I guess I am weak on addition."

Then he tells me about another hunch he has got. "Jim," he says, confidential-like, "I am betting on them baseball games. I am putting five hundred bucks on Philadelphia to cop that world serious."

Well, I thinks to myself, there is no doubt about it: Looney is this guy's right name. Then I asks him why he is putting up all that money on a team that everybody knows is beat before the serious begins. "Well, Jim," he says, "it sure looks like the Phillies to me. This morning I am thinking about them games, and I see a couple of colts go by. They was mares, Jim, and they gives me a hunch. So I just go out and put my money on Philadelphia."

"HOW come?" I asks. "I do not get it."

"Why, Jim," he says, sort of pitying-like, "don't you see? Them mares is fillies. *Fillies—Phillies.* See? That's a hot one, don't you think so?"

"Burning up!" I says, and I adds to myself: "Like a Eskimo's roof!" And then they play them world serious games and the Philadelphia Athletics (which my friend had bet on, thinking they was the Phillies) give the other team a awful licking, and the only guy I know who is not surprised is Looney Lou Lucey.

After that, that simple-minded hunch-hound plays his hunches right along, and there is not one of them that is not goofey, and he almost always wins. Pretty soon the boys quit calling him Looney and begin to call him "Lucky," instead, and, after he has cashed in for a couple of years, a lot of us wise guys begin to wonder if there is not something to this hunch business after all.

And then comes the big lottery.

Sandy Dawson comes to me one day and says: "Jim, we have got up a lottery. There is not going to be but one prize, and it will be forty thousand smackers. The tickets will cost fifty bucks apiece, and the drawing, for the big money, comes off next Tuesday in Teculi. How about taking a ticket?"

Like these Mexicans who live in Teculi, I am very fond of lotteries. So I buy three tickets. Then when all the tickets are sold—I run into Looney. "What tickets you got?" I asks him.

"I have not got any," he says, looking sort of sad. "I have not got any hunch, and I do not buy any tickets in a lottery without a good hunch."

But early Monday morning he comes to me all excited. "Jim," he says, "I have just got one more grand hunch. I know the winning number. But if I try to buy it from the guy who has got it he will know that I have one of my hunches, and he will not let me have the ticket. If I tell you the number, will you find the guy who has got it and buy it for me?"

"I will," I says. "What is the number?"

"It is 67," he whispers. "Be sure to get it. Pay anything the guy asks you, and I will give you five grand out of the forty grand."

So I go out, and do a lot of gum-shoe work, and at last I finds the right ticket. Wes Williams has got it. He does not know that I am buying it for Lucky, but anyway he boosts the price to three hundred bucks, and I pay it, and give the ticket to Looney, and Looney shakes my hand very hard and says: "Jim, now we cannot lose. There is no doubt about it: 67 is the winning number. It is a cinch."

So maybe I am not excited when we all go over to Teculi the next morning for the big drawing! There is a big barrel on the stage, and when we are all set in our seats, Cy Perkins makes a speech and tells us that the numbers are in the barrel, all mixed up, and that we will now have the drawing, to see who gets the forty thousand bucks. Then Nellie Noonan, age eleven, goes up on the stage, and puts her arm in the barrel, and draws out one number.

Cy Perkins takes the number from her, and looks at it, and yells for silence. When we have sort of calmed down, he steps to the front of the stage, and Looney looks at me serious-like, and whispers to me not to worry, that we have now won the big prize. And the next thing I know, Cy is announcing the winning number—and it is 67!

Well, while I am thinking "Tie that one, if you can," and sitting there much pleased, Looney goes up on the stage and gets the money. It is about a hour before I can get him alone. When I get him alone, I says to him: "Lou," I says, "you sure made one grand guess!"

"Guess?" he says, and I see he is real pained. "I did not guess. I was *told.*"

"By who?" I says, sarcastic-like.

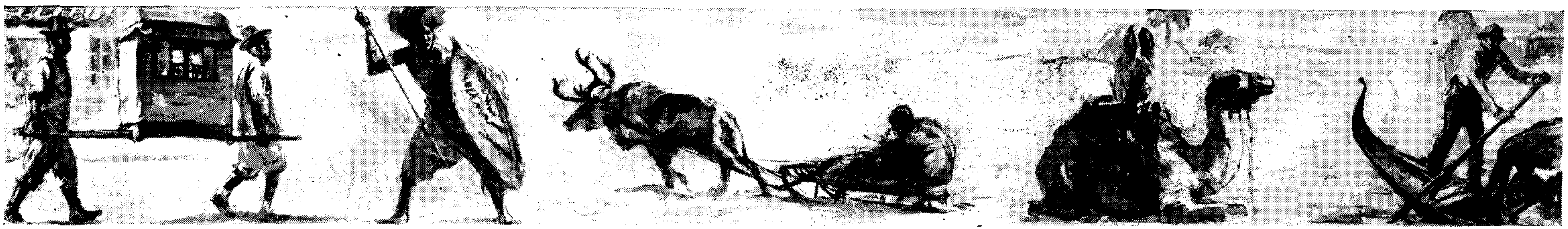
"BY a angel, Jim," he says, sort of reverent-like; and while I am still recovering from the shock he goes on and tells me how a beautiful angel, all dressed in white, comes to him Sunday night, while he is sleeping, and gives him a tip on Number 67, and vanishes away. "It is a swell hunch," he says. "You know, Jim, a angel would not double-cross me."

"This one might have," I says. "She sure didn't, though. What did she tell you, anyway?"

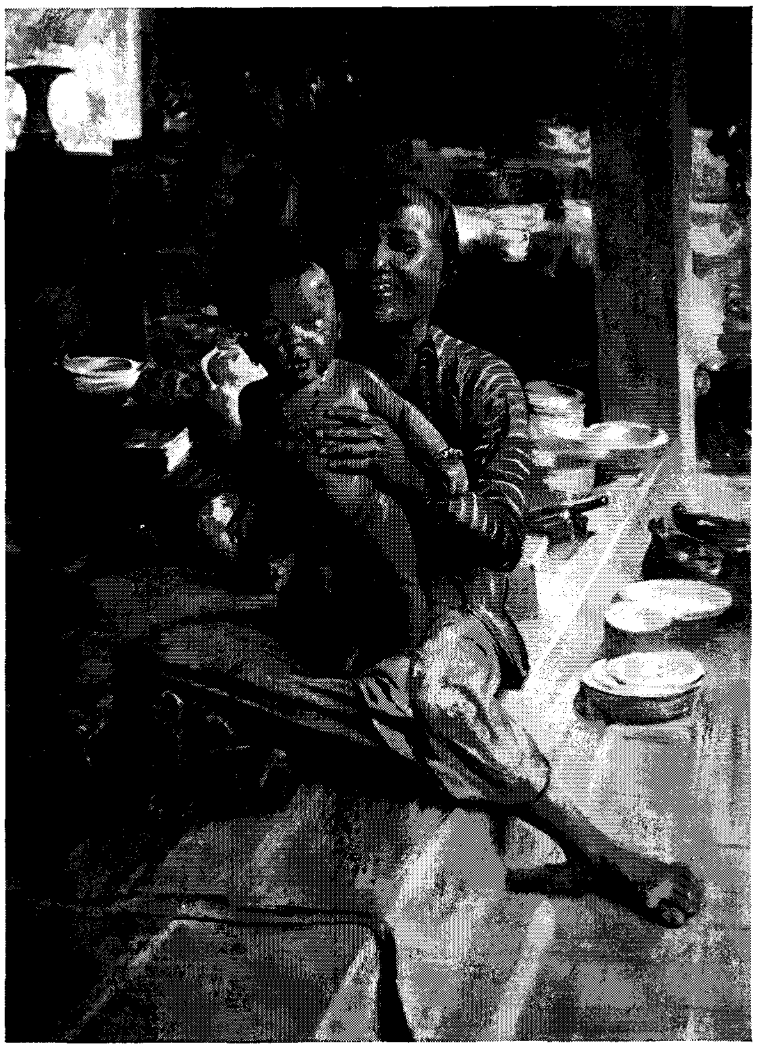
Looney looks me smack in the eye. "Jim," he says, "you can believe it or not, but that angel leans over me and says to me: 'Lou Lucey, the number is nine times seven.'"

"*Nine times seven!*" I yells. "Then why do you pick sixty-seven?"

"Why, you dumb goofus," says Looney, "can't you multiply?"



From Singapore to Reykjavik, life and



Through a narrow Malay street comes the cry of a sick child.

Up beyond the perpetual snow-line on the shore of Iceland, a diphtheria epidemic threatens.

You do not know the little dark-skinned invalid, or the hardy Icelanders whose lives are in danger; but it will probably interest you to know that the physicians who attend these fellow-humans in far-off lands have at their command medicines bearing the Parke-Davis label—medicines made according to the high Parke-Davis standards.

In China, Ashanti, Mesopotamia, Luzon, Peru—wherever the science of modern medicine has penetrated—Parke-Davis medicines are confidently relied upon, no matter what language the physician speaks.

PARKE, DAVIS

The world's largest makers of phar-

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide

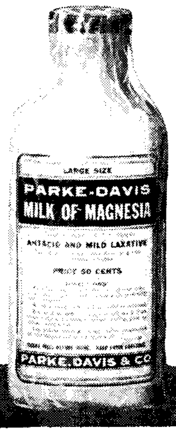
You will find Hydrogen Peroxide in all kinds of stores these days, and a host of different brands. But if you buy your drugs in a drug store, you probably know Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide. Druggists have more calls for Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide than any other kind. Of course it costs more than the ordinary brands, but anybody who has used the Parke-Davis product knows that it keeps its life and strength for many months. This is important; you don't want to find your peroxide inert and lifeless—merely so much water—just when you need it in a hurry. When an emergency comes and you reach for a bottle of hydrogen peroxide you will be reassured when you know that it is

PARKE-DAVIS
HYDROGEN PEROXIDE
PARKE, DAVIS & CO

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia

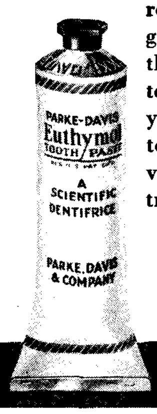
Milk of Magnesia is one of the most convenient things you can have in your medicine cabinet. Do you know that it is excellent for burns? Few people want to use anything but milk of magnesia for sunburn once they have experienced its soothing power. It is one of the safest and best of the mild laxatives. And in the mouth, its preventive efficiency against tooth decay when used as a night and morning rinse is widely recognized by the dental profession. Its many uses in counteracting mouth and stomach acidity are well-known. The easiest way to make sure of the highest possible quality is to look for the Parke-Davis label.



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Euthymol Tooth Paste

You can quickly learn to say it: "u-THĪ-mol!" Made from a famous scientific formula, it has been for years one of the most popular tooth pastes in England. Of course no one dentifrice will ever completely satisfy everybody, and we don't want to praise Euthymol Tooth Paste too enthusiastically—we'd rather have you learn for yourself what it's like. You'll find that it cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely, pleasantly. You'll find that it leaves your mouth delightfully cool and refreshed. Frankly, it's a mighty good tooth paste that will do all that. But will you *like* it? We can't tell—and neither can you until you've tried it. If you will write to us in Detroit, Mich., or Walkerville, Ont., we'll gladly send you a trial tube right away.



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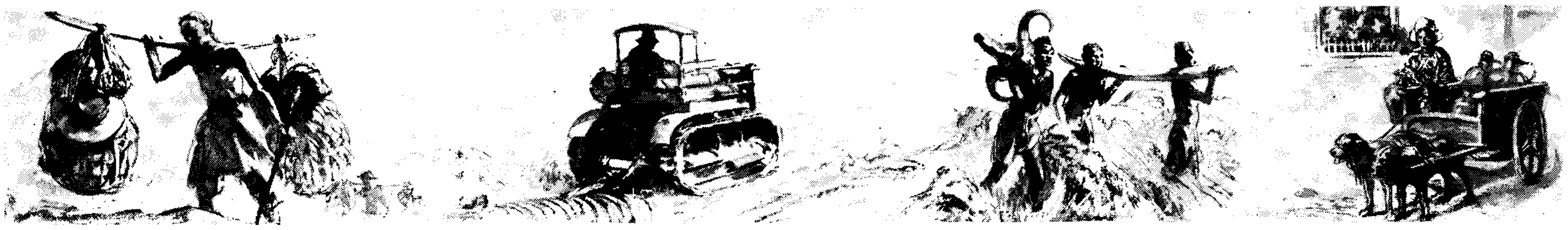


this label carries a message of health

PARKE-DAVIS
PRODUCTS
are your
safeguard

But the meaning of the Parke-Davis label comes closest to you when it brings its message into your own home. It has probably done this often—through your doctor's prescriptions. It can do so every day—through the Parke-Davis products described on this page.

Perhaps you never knew before that Parke, Davis & Company make an excellent shaving cream, an internationally-known tooth paste, a germicidal soap. Perhaps you did not realize the meaning of the word "standardized" on the label of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. Each of these household necessities is made according to the same high standards which govern the preparation of Parke-Davis prescription medicines. You will find them on your druggist's shelves.

AND COMPANY

maceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream

A *good* shaving cream. Two of our chemists made it for their own use. We do not claim that it is the *only* happy solution of the daily shaving problem—your whiskers will still remain whiskers. But inside this big Parke-Davis tube are packed a great deal of laboratory work and a veritable mountain of thick, fine lather. The cream contains a non-irritating antiseptic—a safeguard against infection from the tiny razor nicks that even the most skilful shaver is bound occasionally to inflict upon himself. If you are not quite happily married to your present brand, why not try Parke-Davis Shaving Cream? If you will write to us in Detroit, Mich., or Walkerville, Ont., we will send you a trial tube.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.
SHAVING CREAM
PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

Neko (Germicidal Soap)

None of us wants to go around constantly worrying about germs! But unfortunately, germs can always be counted on to take a lively interest in us. A simple and pleasant way to dismiss much of our fear of them is to keep a neat, square cake of Neko (Germicidal Soap) handy for bath and toilet use. For Neko has a germ-killing power equal to 30 times its weight in pure carbolic acid. Neko's instant, soothing lather not only removes germs, but it sweeps away all personal odors—Neko does not substitute one odor for another; and it is excellent as a shampoo, especially if you have dandruff. This trim blue cake is just one of those personal aids that people grow attached to and never want to be without.

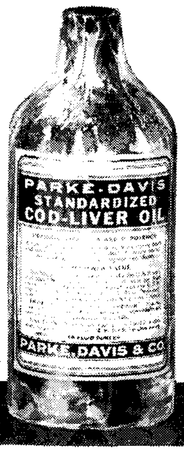
A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

NEKO
THE GENUINE
GERMICIDAL SOAP
The Original Product
PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

Parke-Davis *Standardized* Cod-liver Oil

Are all cod-liver oils alike? No. According to scientific standards, there are good ones and others not-so-good. In really fine cod-liver oil, the sunlight Vitamin D, which prevents rickets and builds strong bones, exists in highly concentrated form. Such an oil is also rich in the growth-promoting and disease-resisting Vitamin A. But, unless a cod-liver oil is *standardized*—unless the vitamin content is *predetermined* by scientific tests—its quality is uncertain. Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil *has* a predetermined quantity of vitamins—one teaspoonful contains as much Vitamin D as 7½ eggs, and as much Vitamin A as 11 pints of whole milk.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT



IPANA
AND
THE BEAUTIFUL
BALL
AND
CHAIN

●

You may think that marriage hasn't affected your state of freedom. But hasn't it?

You may convince yourself that your habits and your preferences are still your own. *But are they?*

Tooth paste is one small example. Women buy 84 per cent. The odds are something like nine to one that your particular brand is of your wife's selection.

The chances are pretty good that she buys Ipana—for thousands of dentists recommend it. But if she does not, show her these few simple statements:

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

●

"Pink tooth brush" may never threaten you. But Ipana's double protection is common sense! Let Ipana brighten your teeth—let it keep your gums firm and healthy. Hand the coupon to your wife!

Fair One:

For some time past I've hoped to try Ipana. When next you pass the drug store, will you please buy, on behalf of your lord and master, one tube of

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Signed

Damaged Goods

Continued from page 23

cent of the returns on shoes, checked by the same survey, were from the same cause, where but 7.65 per cent were accounted for by salesmen's errors. Taking this particular survey as a whole, 27.23 per cent of all the returns came under the head of "Wrong Sizes Asked For," while 25.96 per cent were listed as "Customers' Change of Mind"—a flimsy excuse, for the most part, except in cases where the head of the house may have remarked that it made the wearer look fatter, older, or like something the cat brought in.

At this point we pause to pity the poor retailer, adrift in a sea of incompetence with sharks to starboard and never a raft in sight. But before we permit the tears to dim our eyes so that we can't read any farther, let us take a second and longer pause to wonder whether he *does* happen to be the person who settles the ultimate bill. He isn't the Good Samaritan in modern dress—he couldn't be. He's just a human being in business for a living. After having proved himself as harmless as a dove to the carefree section of his clientele, isn't it reasonable to expect him to turn around and show the wisdom of any metropolitan serpent—by marking up the rest of his stock to cover?

Of the eight coats bought by the enterprising art student, seven came back. But all eight together took the time of eight saleswomen, eight packers, eight delivery men. All eight of them were thrust on the notice of the adjustment department, after which seven trips were made to call for those that were permitted to return to the fold. As the average busy little shopper is a mighty poor packer even when she tries—and much worse than that when she doesn't—the seven coats arrived in more or less bad condition. They had to receive the attention of another department before they could be returned to stock; and some of them, if the usual procedure of the better stores was followed, never even reached the bargain racks; such lost sheep are made as presentable as possible and put into a separate classification to be sold at cut rates to employees.

All this unnecessary overhead has to be taken care of somehow. You and I and the ermine coat lady, the football girl, the art student, the woman who orders six dresses, picks one and bundles up the rest to be returned—rich and poor, just or unjust—we all help to carry the burden of this redistributed extra cost that ought never to have existed.

You're to Blame, Too!

How much does it come to, by and large? Is it really a big item in the stores' budgets and therefore in our own? Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, tells us that America's retail credit operations probably exceed fifteen billion dollars a year, and of this immense sum approximately a million dollars a day is "lost through slipshod and wholly inexcusable methods of operation." Granted that some of this can be blamed on the stores themselves, granted that some more comes under the head of bad debts—though ninety-nine charge customers in every hundred pay their bills eventually, in the form in which they are submitted—there is still a horrible percentage to be chalked up against ourselves, the public, who so gayly stretch the rubber out of our return privileges. According to figures drawn from a nation-wide survey now being undertaken by the Department of Commerce and the Retail Credit Men's Association, the returns in women's wear stores approximate fifteen per cent of the total sales, while in shoe stores they run to twenty-two per cent.

Nothing but concerted action by all the stores in town could explode the idea that "service" must frequently consist in shutting one eye and winking the other.

Not long ago, a vanload of furniture was sent to a charge customer in a New York suburb. As the truck turned into the driveway it was met by a sister-under-the-hood coming out empty. The lady—who had accounts at both the stores represented in this near-collision—had calmly ordered from the second shop duplicates of every piece of furniture she had supposedly purchased at the first. The fact that it cost thirty-five dollars to send out each of the trucks, even if they were empty, was something she never considered. She wanted to set A's furniture against B's; and such, according to custom, was her undoubted privilege. In the end, she decided not to buy any of it; she shut the house for the winter and went South!

You, of course, never buy with the intention of returning—we'll take that for granted. Yet, since returns would have to be listed if an investigator took you in hand, isn't it possible that you could so improve your buying technique as to prevent at least some of them? Here are a few stray bits of advice; add to the list yourself:

Don't ever commit a major purchase when you're tired—go for a walk or stay home and read. Don't take a friend with you unless you really trust her judgment and feel the need of it. Don't rush in before a matinée or on your way to a train. Don't buy too many things in the same afternoon—you get shoppers' indigestion.

If you're buying anything for the house, make a plan of the room with all measurements to scale. If color is important, bring samples of those already there. If you want a chair, sit in it. If you're getting a lamp, read by it, or at least see it lighted. If you're choosing curtain material and are in doubt, try it against a window.

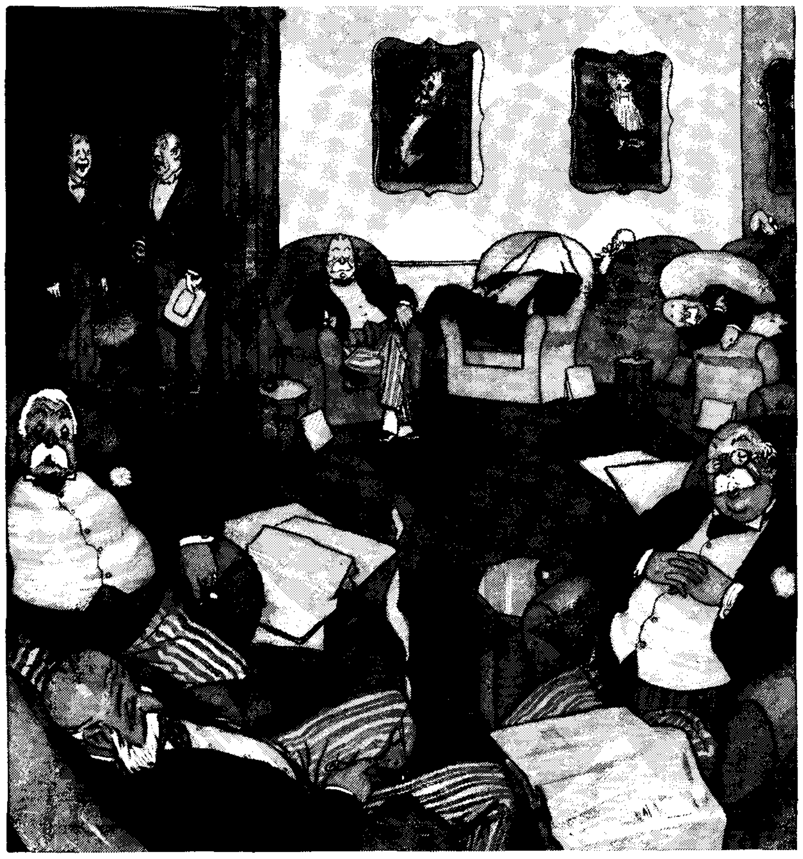
In the case of accessories such as hats, shoes, stockings, bags—wear the costume with which they are to accord. Always look at hats standing up as well as sitting down. Always walk around in shoes and don't think they'll do when they're stretched—the smart foot is the important thing today, not the small foot, and never the foot that is pinched.

Put Your Best Brains Forward

Next time you try on a dress before a nice long fitting-room mirror, look at the back and the sides as well as the front. Think of everything you have that must go with it. Remember your husband's preferences and aversions no matter how silly they are. Count the occasions on which you'll wear the dress and decide *now*—not tomorrow—whether X dollars divided by Y times constitutes a good investment or a foolish splash. Put your best brains on the selection and keep them there until you say, "I'll take it."

If everybody did this, from saucepans in the basement to sun umbrellas on the roof, we'd have a race of perfect customers. Not altruists, trying to save the money of Mr. Millions who owns the store, but efficiency experts in conserving the funds entrusted to them as purchasing agents for their own families. Mr. Millions would profit, of course, and—competition being what it is—a portion of that profit would be returned to the public as overhead decreased.

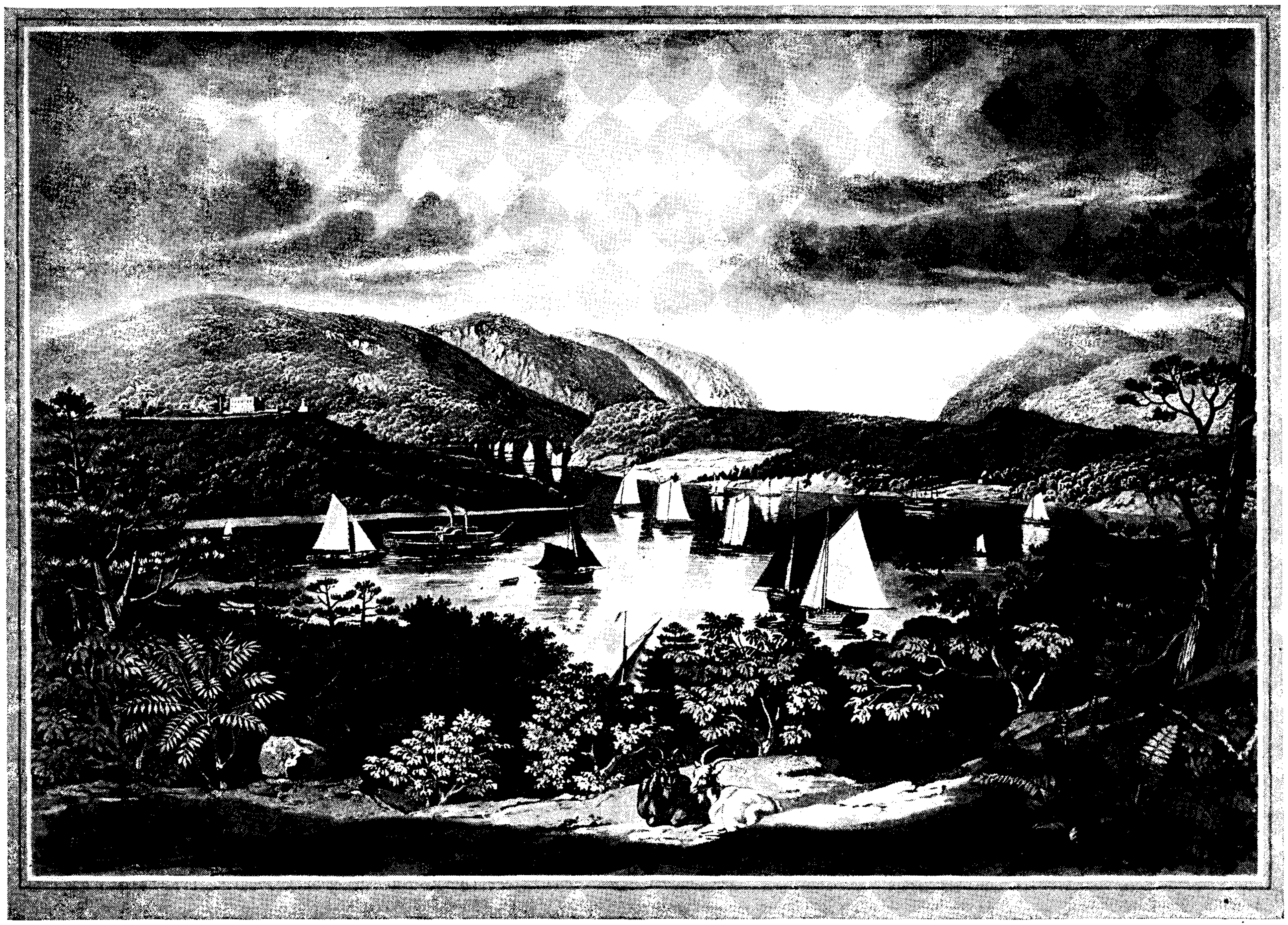
Perfect service and the perfect store can never come through catering to the scatterbrained wing of the community as is done at present, but every scatterbrain who decides henceforth to harness the wits heaven gave her brings perfect service and the perfect store one step nearer.



New attendant at club (to head attendant): "And how often am I supposed to dust them off?"

"MOST MAGNIFICENT"

said the Marquis de Chastellux



THE HUDSON RIVER AT WEST POINT, *from a Currier & Ives colored lithograph engraved by Bennett. Courtesy of Kennedy & Co., New York*

"SEEING THE HUDSON" has been for three centuries one of the "high spots" of world travel. Henry Hudson, who explored the river in 1609, wrote home that it was "a pleasant land to see." His adventurous voyage of discovery from New York to Albany was more hazardous than a trip across the Atlantic today.

Before the days of Robert Fulton, who steamed up the river in 32 hours and back in 30—with a night spent each way at Chancellor Livingston's country seat on the river—the journey was a matter of days in a Hudson River sloop, struggling with the tides and the storms of the Highlands.

Now thousands of travelers every day have the whole magnificent panorama of the river unfolded before them in three hours from the car windows of the New York Central trains.

Every globe trotter who came to America in the 18th century or the early years of the 19th made his arrangements to see the glories of the Hudson. The bolder ones added Niagara to their itinerary—but the mighty cataract was many days westward through primeval country.

Storm King, Hudson Highlands

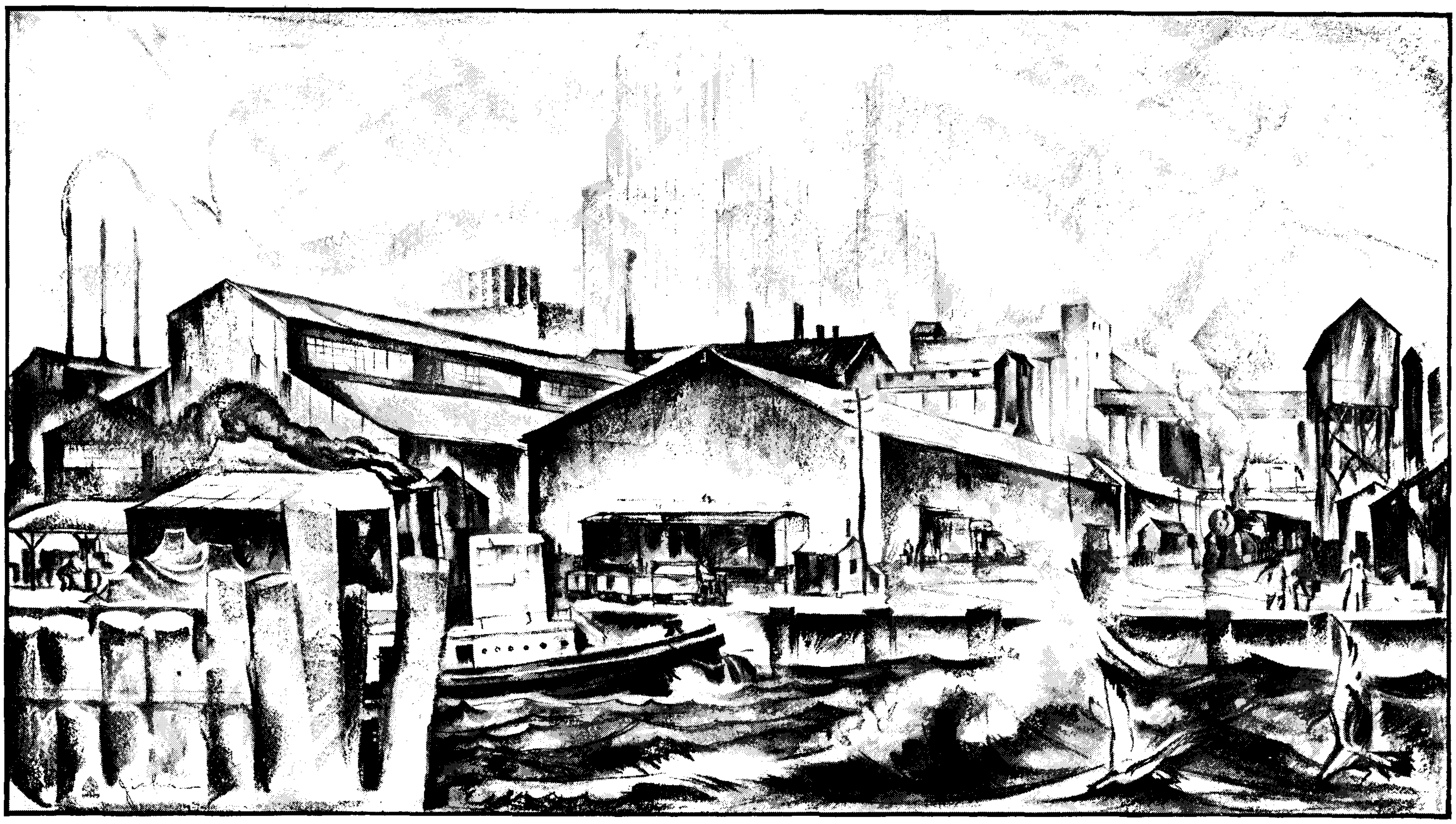
The Marquis of Chastellux, famous compatriot of LaFayette and Rochambeau, first saw the river on a visit to the Revolutionary stronghold in the Highlands at West Point. *"The most magnificent picture I have ever beheld,"* he wrote in his journal. And a short while after, when the war was over, the English traveler, Isaac Weld, wrote, *"To describe all the grand and beautiful prospects along this noble river would be an endless task."*

Mrs. Trollope, who lampooned the manners of the Americans in 1832, confessed that it was *"hardly possible to imagine anything more beautiful than the Highlands of the Hudson."* Washington Irving, whose "Sunnyside" retreat at Irvington is seen from New York Central trains, has done more than any other American to picture the charm and mystery and romance of the valley of the Hudson. Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow are immortal in our literature. *"I thank God,"* he said in his "Book of the Hudson," *"that I was born on the banks of the Hudson—this glorious river."*

All New York Central trains to and from New York City follow the famous Hudson River Valley route. The Hudson from the windows of the *20th Century Limited* is one of the travel wonders of the world.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP



CORROSION rides the salt sea breezes

DASHING spray . . . the tang of salt sea air . . . a wraith of black, sulphurous smoke from passing tugs and ships . . .

Where does metal encounter a more desperate fight for life?

For these agents of the sea are laden with metal's cruelest enemy—*corrosion*—a deadly menace to metal sheets and plates.

Ordinary metal, of course, cannot withstand this deadly attack. That is why the great American shippers are using Armco Ingot Iron for their docks and warehouses along the seacoast.

In countless other industries too, where metal must fight an atmosphere charged with corrosive fumes, smoke and acids, Armco Ingot Iron is used to reduce replacement costs.

Armco Ingot Iron has behind it the longest *actual service* record of any low-cost rust-resisting sheets or plates obtainable.

If you use equipment or products made of metal plates or sheets, you will secure longer service if you make sure that they are made of Armco Ingot Iron. Or if you have them built specially, specify that they *must* be made of this rust-resisting material.

Whenever you see this Triangle on a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Middletown, Ohio
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PRODUCERS OF
ARMCO IRON AND STEEL SHEETS
FOR EXACTING PURPOSES

"BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON"

Victoria, Lizzie and others

Continued from page 34

heads framed in passe-partout and little boys yelling "Nit" and "Rubberneck," of hurdy-gurdies playing My Gal's a High-Toned Lady and Good-by, Dolly Grey. These memories took vocal shape in one vast chuckle of contented reminiscence, welling up out of the twilight of the auditorium. This was more than Victoria Windsor was quite prepared for. Vaguely affronted by so much noise and light and attention, she stared blankly out across the footlights and then—put out her tongue. That superb gesture of disdain settled the matter. She was engaged for the rest of the season.

A Dearth of Bloodhounds

A similar dearth crept on the theater in the matter of bloodhounds. A few seasons ago Arthur Hopkins undertook to stage a genial, savorous comedy of the early California mining camps, a melodrama of swift-shooting vigilantes, of saddle-bags white with the dust of the long trail across the alkali desert, heavy with new-struck pay-dirt and the winnings of last night's faro game. In such a play, Augustus Thomas had contrived a scene wherein his disguised hero should be unmasked at Ma Curley's bar by a bloodhound who, with lolling tongue and tremendous baying, must race up the trail, plunge through the jostling crowd in the saloon, and triumphantly nail his man in sight of all.

When in the process of rehearsals the producer came to cast this important rôle, he discovered with a start that, scour the Rialto as he might, there was not a thespian bloodhound to be had. Only a few years before, any manager might have engaged bloodhounds by the dozen, each of them guaranteed to give convincing, full-throated chase to any Eliza that might leap from one cake of papier mâché ice to another. But with the vanishing of the ten-twent'-thirt' theater and the gradual exhaustion of Uncle Tom's Cabin as a national pastime, the once dependable breed of theater bloodhounds, like the once dependable generation of Shakespearean actors, had passed from the stage.

Eventually the management of Palmy Days found a spirited German police dog, who did seem a little anachronistic in a play of the Forty-niners. But he gave a performance characterized by a happy blend of lung power and simple earnestness. Until he was found, the prospect of the saloon scene seemed desperate. During the tryout week on the Jersey coast a huge, slow-moving mastiff was tentatively engaged. He was a disappointment. Instead of racing onto the scene he had to be pushed on by a stagehand, and so little did he enter into the spirit of the drama that his baying had to be done for him by an already overworked stage manager. Then, once he had been got onto the stage, plunging was hardly the aptest word to describe his locomotion. Strolling came nearer it. Or sauntering.

"I think," said Wilton Lackaye bitterly, "we will have to name him Atlantic City." The point escaped the baffled company. "Because," Mr. Lackaye was good enough to add, "because of his bored walk." Atlantic City got his notice that night.

Yet, as I think back over the stage dogs that have trotted in and out of the drama in my time, the ones that linger most persistently in my fond memory had no more special training for the stage than the nonchalant Atlantic City had. To be sure, there was that painstakingly educated terrier named Jasper, who, for one whole season, played with so much verve, not to say *brio*, in the comedy called Young America, flinging himself against the barred door and wailing piteously at each performance when, under the stern necessities of the plot, he was cruelly parted from the ragamuffin who was his master.

Yet the rewards of fame went rather to those among Jasper's contemporaries who had nothing to bring to the stage except personality. There must have been times when he felt like the actress who goes to the Conservatoire in Paris for all the approved lessons in voice culture and diction, only to see the laurels of the press and the favor of the public bestowed rather on some ignoramus who has walked casually into the theater, equipped with nothing but charm.

Charm certainly was all that insured Michael's success in Peg o' My Heart. When that immensely successful comedy was on its way to Broadway, back in December, 1912, it was realized at the eleventh hour in Rochester, where the tryout performance was being given, that the harried company manager had not yet provided the dog which must be wriggling in Peg's arms when, shabby and bundle-laden, she makes her first entrance. A rush visit was paid to the local pound, where a mongrel and disconsolate waif was acquired for a total outlay of one dollar.

At the time it was noticed that this Michael was quite obviously a male impersonator, and it was probably assumed that in the greater leisure after the New York opening a better bit of casting could be managed. But when Michael once got her teeth into the part, the substitution of a more appropriate dog became unthinkable. She and Laurette Taylor played that comedy all over the world—in New York for more than six hundred performances, in London during the air raids, even in Hollywood, when Peg o' My Heart was made into a picture, and Michael, like many another actress, had not been any too careful to preserve her waist line.

Michael lived on until 1929 when, at the age of seventeen or more (she was always a little vague about her age), she was gathered to her fathers, leaving behind her many fond memories and a quite incredible number of great-grandchildren.

The Famous Fish-Hound

Nor did Jasper, who understood every word that was said to him and always did precisely what he was told, ever make half so much impression on the public as did Harry Kelly's famous fish-hound, the ineffable Lizzie, who understood nothing that was said to her and never under any circumstances did what she was told. If you ever saw these two together—Kelly made up as a New England deacon, with stove-pipe hat and chin whiskers, Lizzie wearing nothing but a collar, leash and an air of profound dejection—you will remember how Kelly would exhort Lizzie to stand on her head, speak to the audience, and turn a somersault. To all these exhortations she turned a stony ear, standing always with her back to the audience (a trick she learned from Mrs. Fiske, I suppose) and refusing to do anything at all.

"Very valuable dog," Kelly would rumble, "very valuable dog, very valuable dog." Then, to be more precise, he would add, "Worth a quarter."

I shall never forget Lizzie's superb performance on the memorable first night of Watch Your Step. There were flowers and telegrams that night for all concerned, for Irving Berlin, who wrote the words and music, and for such players as Elizabeth Brice, Charles King, Frank Tinney and the Vernon Castles, who played in it. The stage alley was choked with messenger boys, staggering under florists' hampers. In the midst of them, almost trampled underfoot, was one small courier carrying a basket for Lizzie. The accompanying envelope enclosed Irene Franklin's card, and the basket contained a simple and tasteful wreath of frankfurters.

Of course such a tribute would not be delivered to Lizzie before the performance, for the discipline of all animal acts, from trained seals to leopards, depends on their being fed during or after the act, and if Lizzie had received those frankfurters before she went on, her heart might not have been in her work.

I learned this dark secret of the stage by accident, and had the lesson enforced on me by being thrown out of the theater. The theater was a vaudeville house in Utica, N. Y., a town on which the students of Hamilton College and Colgate University were, and still are, pathetically dependent for theatrical entertainment. In my day it was the custom for such undergraduates as were in funds to occupy the front row of the orchestra on Saturday afternoons, any other part of the house being considered unworthy of young bloods.

A Deluge of Apes

On one Saturday when (by some means that escapes me) I was adequately financed for such a debauch, the second half of the bill began with an act in which a considerable troupe of undernourished little monkeys obeyed without enthusiasm the orders of a large, shapely woman, whose bass-viol figure was encased in black satin tights, and whose hair and smile were both unconvincing. All of her monkeys were free to cavort on the bars and trapezes save one pessimistic baboon, who was leashed to one of the uprights supporting the trapezes upstage.

It was understood between this woman and her monkeys that if they were very, very good they each would receive a small piece of lettuce at the end of the performance. But I, who was not privy to these arrangements, had brought in a bag of peanuts for my own refreshment, and in the dusk of the auditorium I cracked one. At that dear, familiar sound every one of those monkeys was stricken as with catalepsy. You could see their eyes rolling in wild surmise, as if to ask one another, "Did my ears deceive me, or was that a peanut?"

Being slow to comprehend such phenomena, I cracked another. At that confirming sound the monkeys raced to the footlights and peered into the darkness, a whimpering huddle of excitement. Milady cracked her whip, but they merely waved her aside with their tails. Then, as if tantalized beyond all prudence, a leader among them flung himself across the orchestra pit and landed painfully across my knee. The others only needed this example, and hurled themselves into space, the while Milady raved and cursed, and the despairing baboon tried to follow suit. He had forgotten about his tether, and narrowly escaped death from strangulation.

How it all ended I did not know, as the ushers, who by this time had thrown me into the lobby, would not let me come back to find out.

Straight EIGHT
100 Horsepower
125" Wheelbase
$1195

AUBURN

Straight EIGHT
125 Horsepower
130" Wheelbase
$1495

Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana.
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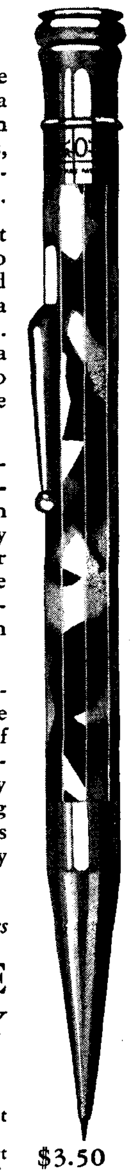


HANDS THAT WRITE

This is the hand of Melvin Jones, *Secretary-General of the International Association of Lions Clubs,—Signer of the charters of 2100 Lions Clubs*

USE DUR-O-LITE

From school days to adult age hands that write delight in a pencil that makes the function of putting down ideas, orders, figures, plans or the like, a matter of perfect mechanical ease.

More than a million hands that write today use Dur-O-Lite. Into this pencil is built the skill and knowledge of more than a decade of practical experience. You have only to see and use a Dur-O-Lite once to want to write with it forever. Try one and see.

Busy men and women find Dur-O-Lite—for instance, the Royal-Jack, black and pearl, shown here—a pencil that meets every need in association work, for personal use, for general office work and in establishing good-will where a good pencil is an ever-present salesman.

Dur-O-Lite pencils are mechanically correct and are available in a wide range of colors. Workmanship is guaranteed. Prices range from fifty cents up, every pencil reflecting the craftsmanship that has made the name known to every particular pencil user.

For Sale At All Leading Dealers

DUR-O-LITE
PENCIL COMPANY
4541 Ravenswood Avenue,
CHICAGO

Eastern Sales Office—26 Cortlandt Street, New York City
Western States Representatives—Bert M. Morris Company, 415 Transportation Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

$3.50 Black and Pearl

Two Too Many

Continued from page 22

fear was unknown to him, and his direct charges were those of a mad bull. One by one he dealt with the petty bootleggers of the section, absorbing some in his own organization, ruthlessly crushing the others, and soon he was overlord of the whole South Side. The city administration bowed to his reëstablished political power, and Ritzy Jack superintended the bribing of the prohibition enforcement officials.

Larger and larger grew Big Barnaby's following of desperate men, for other branches of crime could not compete with hooch either in point of profits or safety. Con men, bank-robbers, yeggs and stick-up men joined the ranks, and contributed their differing abilities to the upbuilding of the business.

The more adroit went far afield, locating the liquor routes of distant rivals, and marking down bonded warehouses, and the rough-stuff boys attended to the looting and hi-jacking, operating with the speed and precision of trained shock troops.

THE wild night raids were what Big Barnaby liked best, with their cautious creeping through city streets, swift dashes along country roads, sudden pounces and the satisfying jolt of his ponderous fist against some luckless watchman's jaw. Or else the hawk swoop of his men out of a lonely lane, and the roar of sawed-off shotguns as they killed drivers and guards, and made booty of the caravan. More and more these violences became his one happiness, this and the growth of power, for in his home he was no longer welcome.

"God forgive me for saying it," wept his wife, "but I could almost wish you dead. Have you no love for your children?"

"Who do ya think I'm doin' all this for?" blustered Barnaby.

"Quit lyin'," she ordered. "We had all the money we needed, enough to keep us in comfort the rest of our lives, the day you quit the saloon."

"Well, it's them I'm doin' it for jes' the same. Even if I ain't always slobberin' over 'em, I love 'em."

"Then if you love them," she answered quietly, "keep away from 'em. Quit disgracin' us by drivin' up to the door in a big car that looks like a patrol wagon, an' all filled with a lot of monkey-faced Eyetalian gunmen."

No question about it being a blow to him. For the girls he cared little, viewing them with the irritated tolerance of the Chinese, but whether from a real fondness, or from the yeasty egotism of the male, he adored the boy. In the days that followed, he made many decisions to quit the racket, but shrank back in dismay from the difficulties that presented. Ritzy Jack, to whom he confided something of his unhappiness, had no help to give.

"It's not a game that you can quit," he said. "Any move to get out is looked on as a sign of weakness, and the whole bunch is at your throat, your own killers right among the first. I don't suppose you ever happened to hear of Frankenstein, did you?"

"Frankenstein? Wasn't that the guy that tried to butt in over on Third Street?"

"No," Ritzy shook his head unsmilingly. "That wasn't the guy."

Now working under the pressure of what he vaguely realized to be compulsion, Big Barnaby drove more ruthlessly and savagely than ever. If they dragged him down, he snarled to himself, they'd sure hear something fall.

Drunk far more often than sober, Ritzy Jack still remained Big Barnaby's mentor in all matters of judgment, and there were times when Barnaby delayed vital decisions beyond safety, waiting for Man Friday to regain his senses. This reliance was a matter of blind faith entirely, having no base in understanding, for Big Barnaby had the true incuriosity of ignorance, and only now and then voiced any puzzlement. One of the few things that worried him to questioning was Ritzy Jack's broad, a poor, broken old drab with the eyes of a whipped dog.

"Whaddaya want to pick a dope like her?" was his repeated inquiry. "Gee, the sight of her makes me sick at the stummick. An' it ain't as if you didn't have money enough to get a swell dame. What's the idea, anyway?"

"Vanity," Ritzy confessed with a wry smile. "Just plain damned vanity. She's probably the one creature on earth that could possibly look up to me."

Lord of the South Side though he was, one still towered above Big Barnaby, for over the rich East End—cream of the trade—ruled "Slicker" Angelotti. Just as Ritzy Jack visioned the future of bootlegging, so had the Slicker, and his development of possibilities was marked by even greater cunning. Powerfully backed, politically and financially, he laid down his territorial lines with arrogant finality, death the penalty for intrusion.

Big Barnaby, somewhat fearful of a test of strength, suffered this assumption of overlordship for a year without rebellion, but when he received a package containing the bloody ears of a favorite henchman who had dared to cross the Slicker's boundaries, rage swept away his caution.

"I'm goin' after him," he gritted. "The dirty, swell-headed little wop."

"He's pretty strong," shrugged Ritzy Jack. "You know who's back of him, don't you?"

"What of it? I can match him man for man, an' when it comes to guts, I've got him beat."

"I think he's yellow myself," admitted Ritzy. "Why don't you try it that way?" he suggested.

"What way?"

"Bluffing him. The Slicker never was game to begin with, and he's been in the racket a long time now. To a man of his nervous temperament and imagination, the strain must be rather ghastly, and I wouldn't wonder if he wasn't about ready to crack under pressure."

IT WAS this pressure that Big Barnaby lost no time in applying. Attended only by two of his quickest and surest gunmen, he went to the café that the Slicker made his headquarters, striding in as boldly as though he were on his own dunghill.

"Well, well. Look who's here." Not a muscle twitched in Angelotti's rat face as he waved to a waiter. "Just in time for a drink."

"I didn't come here to drink." Big Barnaby leaned across the table and protruded his huge jaw until it could have been used for a shelf. "I came to tell ya that I'm goin' to sell where I damned please. Who do you think y'are, anyway, gabbin' about territory an' layin' down lines?"

"Don't be a sap," sneered the Slicker. "People are gettin' mighty tired of this gang-war stuff, an' if we begin shootin' it out, the racket's done for."

"To hell with the racket. No wop's goin' to tell me where to get off. An' you touch another man of mine, you lousy Sicilian, an' I'll take ya to pieces with my own hands."

"Talk sense, can't ya?" The Slicker's voice was cool as usual, but the shifty eyes fell before Big Barnaby's glare, and the lips that he licked were dry as bone.

"I've said all I've got to say. Try anything as I go out, and see what these here Annie Oakleys do to ya."

That night three pineapples were thrown into Big Barnaby's soft-drink parlor, wrecking the place, but he himself was in a "hide out" several miles away. The next morning saw six of Angelotti's best men shot down, and three cabarets, in which he was known to have a money interest, were turned into kindling wood. At noon the Main Squeeze established communication with Big Barnaby, and wanted to know what in hell he thought he was doing.

"Watch me," was the defiant answer.

"Come on down here an' see me," snapped back the order. "Ain't too swelled on yourself to do that, are ya?"

"Naw."

NO SURPRISE showed in Barnaby's face as he saw the Slicker sitting in the office, for Ritzy Jack had warned him to expect it. The Main Squeeze and Angelotti were close, just like two fingers on the same hand, and it was a cinch he'd back the Slicker's play to the limit.

"Lis'en!" The Main Squeeze went straight to the business of the meeting. "You two fellas got to get together. This ain't no time for pullin' a Wild West show. What's the trouble anyway, Big Boy?"

"No trouble." Big Barnaby's great red face hardened menacingly. "This here wop's gotta go. That's all."

For an hour the Main Squeeze cursed, threatened and even pleaded, and at the end, hoarse and sweating, flicked a glance of helplessness at Angelotti.

"Why not throw together?" suggested the Slicker, breaking his discreet silence. "I've got the best territory an' the best organization, but that won't stop me. In the interest of peace an' friendly feelin', I'm willin' to hook up on a fifty-fifty basis."

"You gotta show me you got the best organization," declared Barnaby, "an' after I'm through with you, wop, you won't have no territory at all."

"Are you plumb nutty?" roared the Main Squeeze. "He's offerin' you a partnership."

"I don't want no partner," declared Barnaby.

"Then what in hell do you want?"

"The whole works. I been tellin' ya that all the time."

"An' what do I get out of it?" sneered the Slicker.

"You keep on livin'."

"That's nice." The Sicilian failed to endure the giant's fixed glare, but managed to hold his sneer.

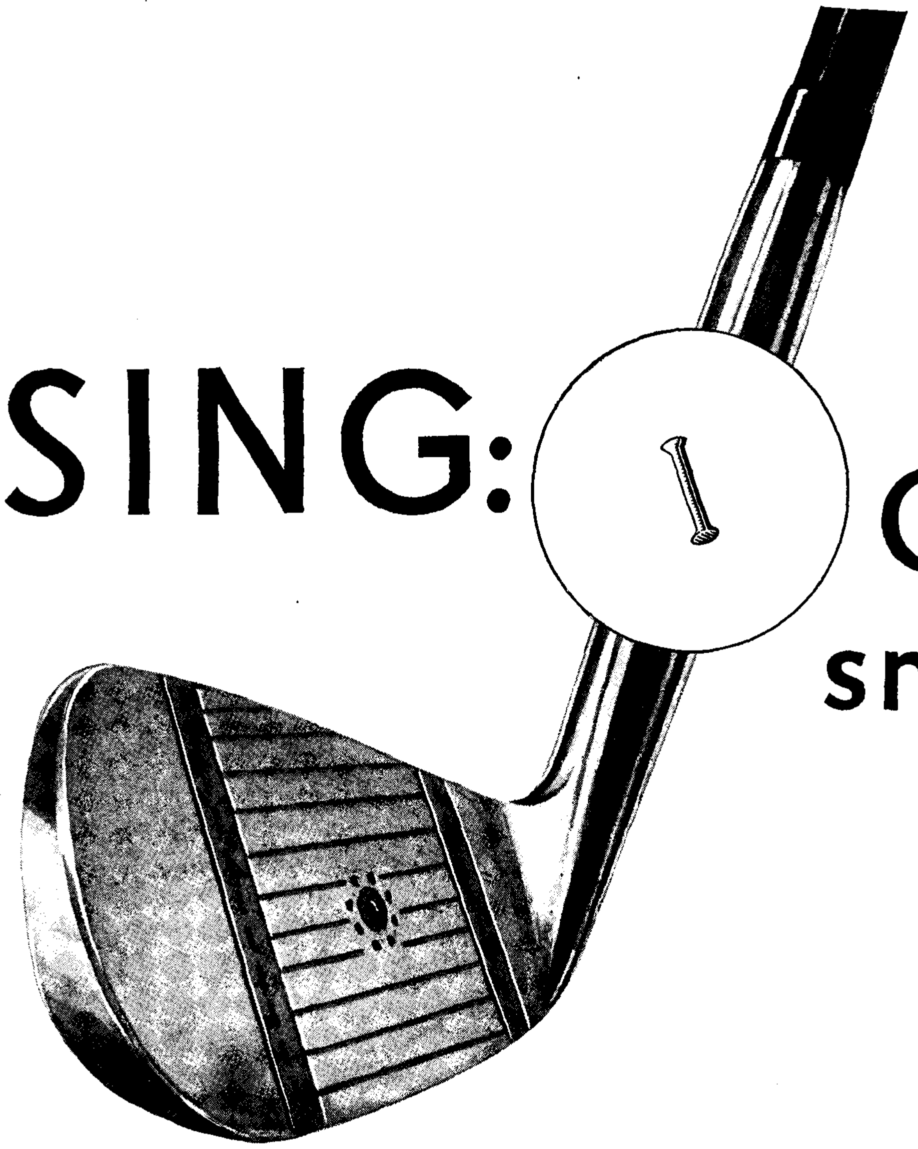
"Come on, Barnaby." The voice of the Main Squeeze both pleaded and threatened. "Make a proposition that's got some sense to it. God knows I don't wanta see anything break right now, but if it comes to a showdown, I'm behind Angelotti. How do you like that?"

For a moment Barnaby's mane lifted, and then the huge head dropped between his hunched shoulders.

"All right," he said finally. "How's this: Me to be the boss—I won't stand for nothin' else—an' him to get the

(*Continued on page 47*)

MISSING: One small rivet



. . that's why Spalding Cushion-necks are the only steel-shafted irons with all the sweet feel of the finest hickory, and all the advantages of the steel shaft . . . .

THE rivet is gone — the rivet that always joined the shaft to the head in golf irons! And its banishment gave to the golfing world the Spalding Cushion-neck Irons—the first irons and the only irons to combine the straighter shots and greater uniformity of the steel shaft with the sweet feel of the finest hickory!

Is that news? Ask the great majority of golfers who now play steel-shafted *woods! They* know the lighter steel shaft puts greater swinging weight into the head—where it aids controllability.

They know that the thinner steel shaft cuts through wind resistance to give a sweeter whip to every shot. And *they* know that the more uniform steel shaft *stays* more uniform—that it can't warp.

Yes, in woods the steel shaft always has been great! But in irons—ah, that was a different story.

For in all pre-Cushion-neck steel-shafted irons, the metal-to-metal contact of steel shaft against steel head formed a perfect conductor that carried the shock and vibration of every shot up the shaft and into the hands—causing a harsh, sour feel.

In Cushion-necks, the steel shafts *never touch* the steel heads. For before each shaft is fitted into the hosel of the head, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire.

But vibrations *can* pass through that little rivet! Even though there's enough rubber in there to make a balloon tire, a rivet touching both head and shaft forms the metal-to-metal contact that could knock the cushioning idea for a row of caddy-houses.

Spalding knew this—and kept experimenting until the Spalding experts finally worked out an ingenious way of crimping the end of the hosel around the rubber so that no rivet was necessary.

That has another advantage—it insures permanent liveliness for the rubber sleeve by sealing out the air. The rubber cannot oxidize. It stays lively throughout the long life of the club.

Other clubs may offer some rubber gadget. But only Spalding can offer steel-shafted irons with absolutely no metal-to-metal contact. For the whole Cushion-neck principle is guarded by patents that not even the Marines could break through.

Play Cushion-neck Irons as soon as you can get your hands on them. Play them for just one round. You'll get a new thrill no matter how long you've been playing the game!

In the world's most perfectly matched clubs—irons and woods

The Cushion-neck construction comes only in Kro-Flite Custom Built Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Registered Irons, Kro-Flite Related Irons, and Kro-Flite Custom Built Registered and Autograph Registered Woods — the world's most perfectly matched golf clubs.

So perfectly are these Irons related that with your eyes closed, you cannot tell which club you are swinging — from driving iron to mashie niblick, they all feel exactly alike.

So instead of trying to master six or nine different swings, you master one. And that swing—that timing—are right for every iron in your bag!

Buy a matched set in either of these two ways

Kro-Flite Custom Built Registered Irons are sold in sets only—never separately. And a complete record of every Registered Club is kept. Thus, any time a club is lost or broken, Spalding can make you up its exact duplicate.

Kro-Flite Standard Registered and Kro-Flite Related Irons *are* sold separately. You can build up a perfectly matched set even though you buy the clubs months apart.

Prices of Kro-Flite Irons

Custom Built Registered, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	*Set of nine*	$90
	Set of six	60
Standard Registered, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	*Set of nine*	75
	Set of six	50
	Each	8.50
Related, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	*Set of nine*	$54
	Set of six	36
	Each	6

• • •

Custom Built Registered Driver and Brassie, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	30
Spoon to match	15
Autograph Registered Driver and Brassie, with "Cushion-Neck" steel shafts	25
Spoon to match	12.50

Let your Professional outfit you. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding Stores.

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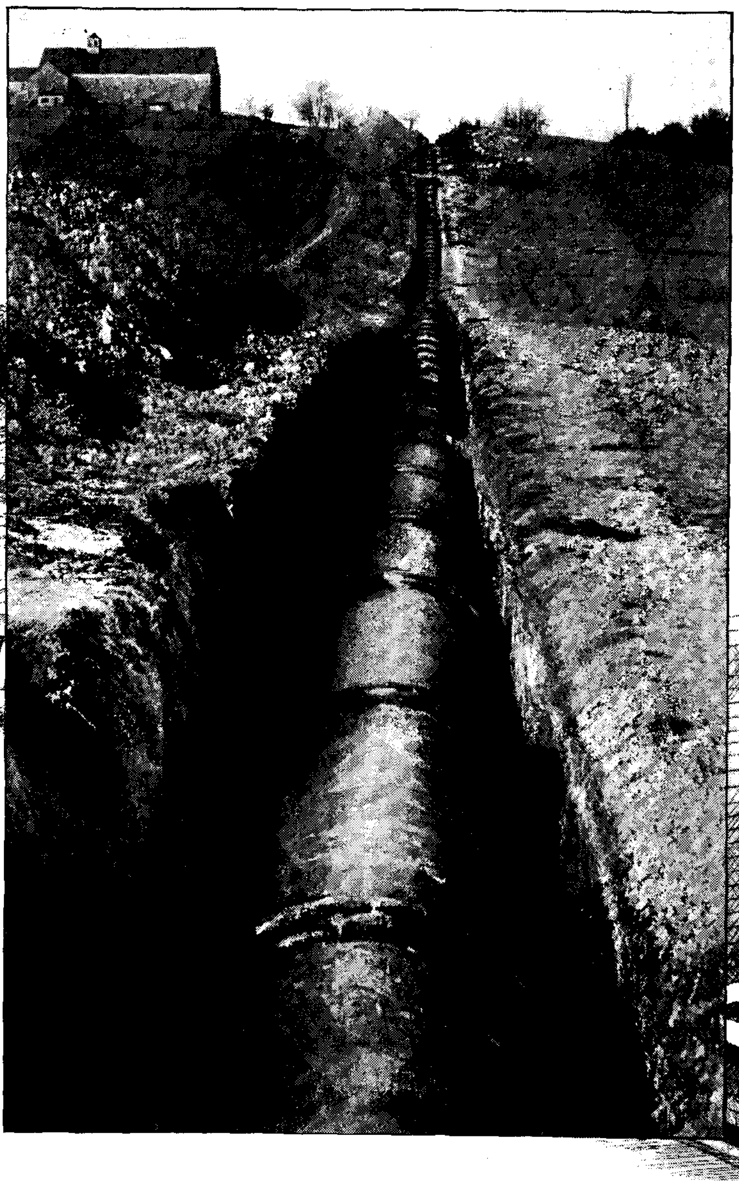

From a sparkling lake 17 miles away, a cast iron pipe line conveys water to a New England city. Water works securities provide funds for installing or extending water supply systems, and the chief expenditure is for cast iron pipe which lasts a century. When the securities are retired, usually in 30 years, the pipe line is paid for and good for generations of service. Consult your banker about investments in this indispensable industry.

WHEN you have funds to invest, do not fail to consider water works securities. When your community votes on a bond issue to provide funds for water works development or extensions, vote *Yes* and buy some of the bonds when issued.

By investing in water works securities you will be aiding the government's efforts to stimulate public works projects and you will be putting your money in an absolutely essential industry. Everybody must use water.

Not only is the demand for water constant and sure, but the capital expenditure for equipment to supply the demand is safely and economically invested. The principal expenditure in a water works project is for underground mains. Cast iron pipe is almost invariably used for water mains and cast iron pipe lasts for a century or more.

Investors are usually taxpayers. It is to the advantage of both to have cast iron pipe used when a water main installation is put down in the community. For cast iron is the longest lived and most economical material that is practicable for underground mains. Water and gas mains of ferrous metal (iron and steel) with the exception of cast iron, disintegrate from rust. Cast iron pipe is the *only* ferrous metal pipe practicable for underground mains that rust will not destroy.

Consult your banker regarding water works securities of municipalities or utility companies. And when you see water mains being laid, look for the "Q-check" trademark which identifies cast iron pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.

Investors, taxpayers, city officials and engineers who desire information regarding pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and industrial needs, are invited to write to The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.

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Cast iron pipe bearing the "Q-check" trade mark is obtainable from the following leading pipe founders: Alabama Pipe Company, Anniston, Ala.; American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Pipe and Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

Two Too Many

Continued from page 44

same money he's makin' now, an' a percentage of the increase?"

He looked full at Angelotti as he made the offer, locking eyes and only when sweat beaded the Sicilian's face did the latter cave in.

"Suits me," he said and, strangely enough, almost with an air of relief.

So it was settled, but Ritzy Jack shook his head when told of the arrangement.

"Bump him off," he advised. "Don't you know wops? You made him turn yellow, and keeping him around is simply giving him a chance to get even."

Big Barnaby mumbled something to the effect that no wop could put anything over on him, but failed to disclose the real reason behind his clemency. Ritzy Jack was on his last legs. Any fool could see that. And the slow-witted giant had to have someone to take his place. Angelotti was cunning as a fox, the very man he needed, and he'd see to it that the yellow hound didn't have a chance to pull anything.

Certainly Angelotti gave no sign of being sore. His abdication was public, made generously enough at an elaborate supper party in his own café, and as for ideas he proved even more shrewd and adroit than Ritzy Jack. Big Barnaby still sought out the drunkard, but more for the sake of old times than anything else. He was there the night that Ritzy passed away, summoned by the poor old drab.

SPELLS of consciousness alternated with fits of delirium, when he babbled of his boyhood and college days, or else pleaded with someone called Sue to give him another chance. Suddenly the cracked voice ceased, the drab gave a hysterical cry, and before Big Barnaby's startled eyes the wasted figure collapsed and shrank to an appalling smallness.

Ritzy's death forced Barnaby into almost complete dependence upon Angelotti, much as he hated it, for it was the underworld of a whole city that he now ruled, master bootlegger of them all, and the detail staggered him. And always Angelotti had new schemes for extending the business, and developing fresh sources of profit. Most of them Big Barnaby accepted, his slow mind unable to marshal reasons for rejection, but to one particular suggestion he returned bitter and profane refusal. This was the Slicker's plan to make dope peddling a principal activity.

"No," he said, "I don't want to have nothin' to do with it. I ain't sunk that low yet."

Again and again Angelotti returned to the attack, however, possessed by a strange and almost feverish pertinacity.

"There's close onto 15,000 coke fiends in this burg alone," he explained, "and every one of 'em spends from $5 to $10 a day for his happy dust. The racket's good for $25,000,000 a year if we can corner it. And what's to stop us? It'll be as easy as fallin' off a log."

"I don't wanta talk about it, I tell ya," roared Big Barnaby. "It's a dirty, lousy business. Sellin' poison, that's what it is."

"Not much more than some of our hooch," grinned the Slicker. "An' look how cheap it is. An' safer. No trucks an' warehouses an' armed gangs. No hijackin' an' half your money goin' out to fix Federal dicks. We can put a couple of agents in Japan an' buy coke for $11 an ounce, an' peddle it here for $500. Easy enough to get the stuff in, too. Pack it as dried fish or anything, send it to Mexico and slip it out through Mexicali or Tia Juana or from Ensenada by boat."

But, in the end, by sheer force of persistence, Angelotti had his way, for argument was a horror to the dull-witted giant. Powerful interests were enlisted, and before the year was out the traffic in cocaine was netting returns far above the profits from booze. Only in one respect did Big Barnaby remain adamant.

"No peddlin' around schools," he ordered. "Let me catch you makin' coke fiends out of kids, an' I'll murder ya."

"Sure," the Slicker's assent was hearty. "I can understand jes' how ya feel, Barnaby, with a growin' boy of your own. That's a fine school you got him in now."

"Whadda you know about my boy?" Big Barnaby's mane began to rise. "Who in hell told you about his school?"

"I gotta friend out in your neighborhood," smoothly explained the Slicker. "Sees your family all the time."

"Well, tell him to cut it out," rasped the giant. "An' you mind your own dam' business."

With rivals crushed, and all sources of authority bribed to inaction or else actual coöperation, there was little in which Barnaby found interest, and more and more he missed his family. A direct telephone connection with the house kept him in touch with affairs, and when there was the question of a college for the boy, his wife had called him into consultation, but never once had she wavered in her original stand.

"When you quit bein' a criminal," she said, "you can come back to us. Not before."

Often, as darkness fell, Big Barnaby drove by the home that barred him, and stared hungrily through such windows as did not have the blinds drawn, grateful for any glimpse of the family circle. Each time he went back to his lonely rooms with a resolve to cut the whole damned racket, but now, even more than in the old days, he found himself bound hand and foot, by the cords of crime.

"Frankenstein." Often he repeated the name. "I wonder what the hell Jack meant."

The holiday rush, with its demand for booze, kept him busy until well after the New Year, and when the private telephone buzzed one morning, he realized that he had not heard from the family for a week. It was the voice of his wife, and the hoarse cracked quality turned him cold with apprehension.

"Come out at once," she said. "Hurry, for God's sake. It's the boy."

"What's wrong?" he shouted, but she had hung up.

NOW cursing the driver for his slowness, now sunk in gloomy depression, Big Barnaby rode for once without thought of his enemies. His wife was waiting for him at the door, and her red, swollen eyes showed that she had been weeping. The two girls, white and frightened, hovered at her back.

"What didya ring off for?" he growled, his fear expressing itself in irritation. "What's the matter with the boy? Sick?"

"Worse than that! He's been expelled."

"Is that all? Any kid's liable to get expelled. Say, you had me thinkin' he was dead."

"Maybe it's better if he was." Tears began to flow again, and with a sobbing, hysterical cry she sank into a chair, covering her poor, distorted face with her apron. "He was expelled for bein' a drug fiend."

"A dope. My God!" For a moment

(Continued on page 50)

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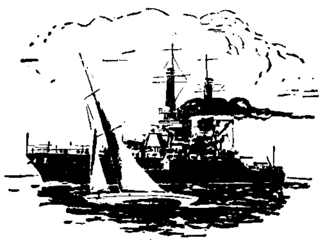

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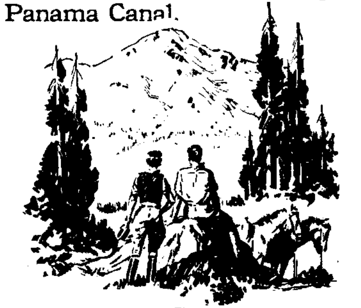
Beginning May 15, low round-trip excursion rates will be in effect to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast on all railroads. The Victory and Lincoln highways will be in good condition. Or come by air, or by steamship via Panama Canal.



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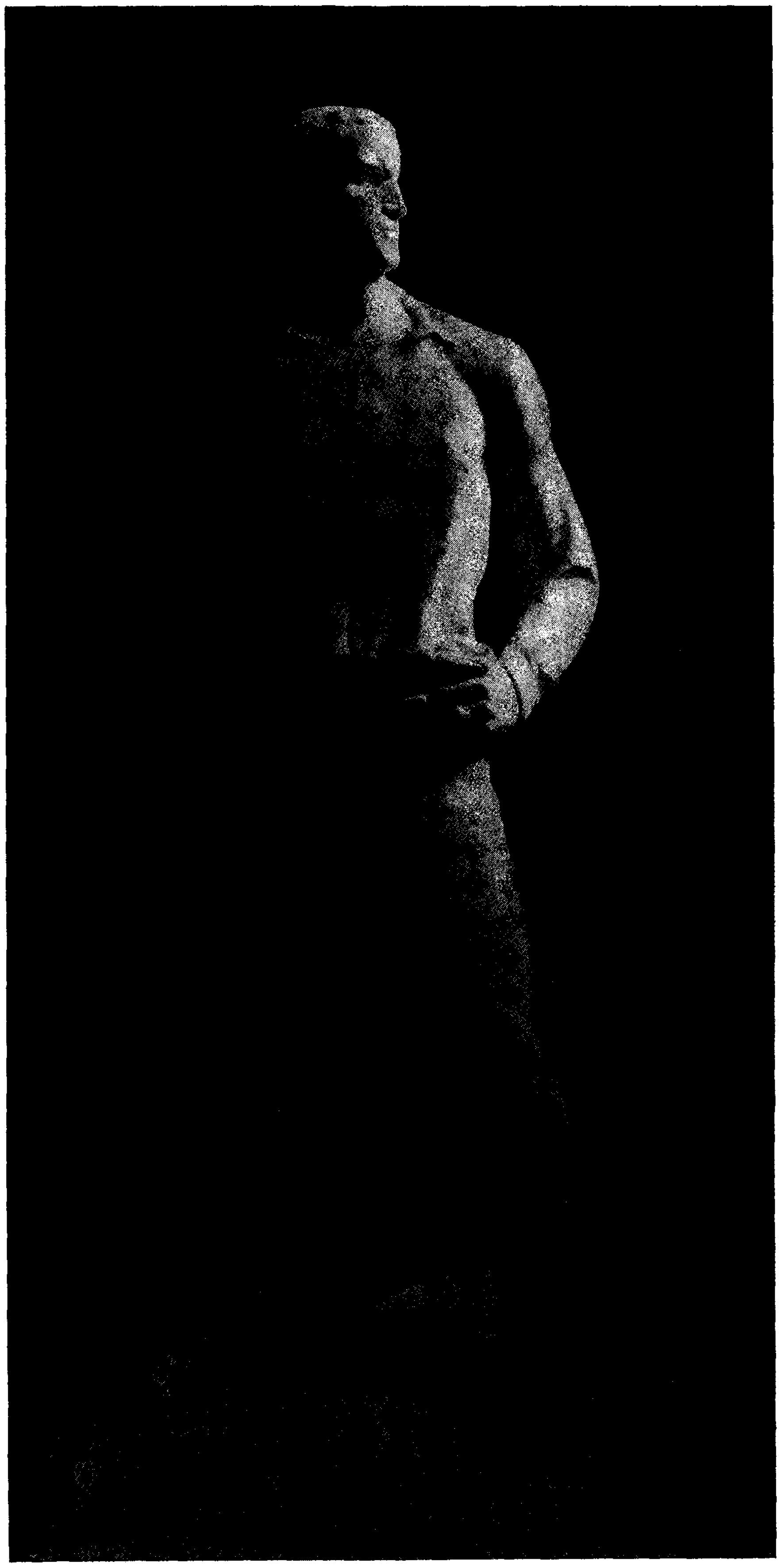


"Leadership"
from the original sculpture created
for the Vacuum Oil Company by
Mr. Warren T. Mosman.

It is dangerous to be a leader. A leader stands out in front, in full view, facing forward.

If you wish to remain a leader, you have to keep on facing forward. You have to move faster, think more quickly, see more clearly and act more decisively than your followers or your competitors. As a leader you can't merely "do your best"—you have to do *better than anyone else.*

The makers of Mobiloil have experienced the dangers, the exhilaration and the constant challenge of leadership for 64 years.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE 6-CYLINDER FORD?

Perhaps you still remember the one-cylinder Cadillac and the six-cylinder Ford (yes, there *was* one). *One* type of oil was generally supposed to lubricate both of them, and all other cars of that time, equally well. Oil was merely oil then.

But in 1912 you heard the makers of Mobiloil publicly challenge the whole field of automotive thought on lubrication. "No one oil," they said, "can efficiently lubricate all types of engines. There must be a special oil for *yours.*"

beyond tomorrow

With this revolutionary idea came the Mobiloil group of oils—*several types* of oil designed to meet the varying needs of different engines.

To bring scientific accuracy into the selection of the right oil for a given engine, the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations was formulated and supplied to every Mobiloil dealer.

This guide, and the high quality of the oils it recommended, brought Mobiloil quickly to leadership.

THE GREAT OIL-RUSH

Naturally, attempts to challenge Mobiloil leadership came almost immediately.

Dozens of other brands of oil appeared. Each had its "story"—its special test, its special process or its special crude oil base.

You have seen many of these oils disappear. You have seen others come—and also go. But Mobiloil has stayed. It has not only stayed, it has uninterruptedly retained its leadership—in America, in Europe, in Asia, Africa and Australia.

How? By adhering to its scientific tradition. By anticipating new conditions. By providing the *right* oil for each new type of engine.

THE OIL HAS CHANGED BUT NOT THE LEADERSHIP

Mobiloil has changed, of course, as a leader will always change—when change has meant improvement.

Today there are new "stories" of special crudes, special processes, special tests. Yet the Mobiloil of today is still the world's leading oil—

NOT—because it is made from a particular crude base (although there is available to its makers practically every grade of crude oil produced);

NOT—because it is made by some single special process (although the Vacuum Oil Company were the first successful makers of lubricating oils by the Vacuum process, which is acknowledged to produce the finest lubricants the world affords);

NOT—simply because it passes certain tests (although Mobiloil has always maintained its lead against other oils in every scientific lubrication test).

NO—Mobiloil leads today because it provides a definite type of oil for your particular engine—and because that oil is backed by (1) the most comprehensive study of automobile engines in the world, and (2) the refining experience of the world's acknowledged leader in scientific lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Two Too Many

Continued from page 47

Big Barnaby stood stunned, and then he asked. "Where is he?"

"In there." She nodded at the bedroom.

Without a word Barnaby crossed and opened the door. Even if his wife had not told him, one look at the boy would have been enough, for he had seen too many coke fiends not to recognize the type at once. The pasty face, the twitching lips and hands, the constantly jerking shoulders, the haunted eyes—all the stigmata were there.

"Well, look who's here?" The youngster came forward with an effort at jauntiness. "If it isn't our old friend, Pop."

"So you're a coke fiend!" Big Barnaby's hands clenched and unclenched, and the sweat stood out on his forehead. "A dirty, lousy little snow bird."

"Aw, for Pete's sake!" The boy gave a gesture of disgust. "Are you going to take up where Mom left off? What's a little happy dust now and then? Honest, you'd think I'd committed a murder."

"How didya start? Where didya get it?" Big Barnaby spoke with difficulty.

"None of your damned business!" The boy's voice rose shrilly. "If you expect me to stay around here, you'd better cut out the third-degree stuff. What do you think I am anyway? A baby?"

LIKE a flash Big Barnaby's huge paw shot out and caught his son a terrific cuff, then catching him by the coat collar he shook his head until his teeth rattled.

"Give me any more of your lip," he said, "and I'll beat ya to death. Now sit down there an' answer my questions. How didja start?"

"There was a guy around the ice-cream parlor where all of us hung out." The boy, thoroughly subdued, answered with sullen submissiveness. "We got to talking, and he asked me if I had much trouble with my studies. And when I said yes, he gave me some packages of powder, and told me to let him know any time I wanted more."

"What was his name?"

"Just Blackie. That's all I ever knew."

"Blackie?" It was all that Barnaby could do to keep from shouting the name. "A man named Blackie?"

"Yeah. He'd come around every week or so."

"Got so you had to have it, didya?"

"Yes," said the boy miserably. "But I can stop any time I want to."

"Well, you're goin' to want to right now." For a while he sat broodingly, the inarticulate soul of him yearning to say something helpful and tender. He was a fine guy to be ridin' the kid.

"Stay here until I come back," he ordered at last, rising heavily to his feet. Shutting the door behind him, he walked over to where his wife still sat, dropping a clumsy hand on her shoulder.

"It's sure tough," he said, struggling to soften his voice, "but we'll fix it. I'm goin' to have a doctor friend of mine come get him right away. He's got a sanitarium. Nobody'll know."

"Barnaby." The eyes that looked up at him were no longer filled with tears but bright and hard. "I want to ask you somethin'."

"Sure," he answered, fighting the need of licking his dry lips.

"Do you sell dope?"

"No," he answered, not hesitating on the lie for as much as the bat of a lid.

"Do you swear it?" she insisted. "Will you hope God strikes you dead if you ain't tellin' the truth?"

"I hope God strikes me dead if I ever sold any dope," he repeated, his eyes unblinking. Only in the car away from her gaze did he let his rage and pain and despair take possession of him.

"What's the matter?" asked the driver concernedly. "Anything wrong?"

"Open your mouth again an' I'll kill ya," said Big Barnaby, murder in his eyes. Jumping from the car before it stopped, he walked straight to the small back room from which Angelotti ran the machinery of the organization, and shut and locked the door behind him.

"You—you—" rage choked him, and he stopped to rip off his collar, tearing the shirtband with it.

"What's the matter?" The Slicker started to spring up, but Big Barnaby pushed him back into his chair.

"So you made my boy a snow bird," he said, his face a dark, ugly purple. "That was why you was so hell bent on goin' into the dope racket."

"What are you talkin' about anyway?" The olive skin went a sickly green. "I don't know your boy."

"You lie. You knew his school an' you sent Blackie there. Blackie was the tip-off to me. Your side kick. The one that does all your dirty business. My boy a coke fiend!"

For a split second, while Big Barnaby stood like some trapped animal, stunned by the snap of steel jaws, Latin pride of revenge struggled with fear, and Latin boastfulness with ingrained cowardice, but when the giant looked up, a deadly purpose in his eyes, the Slicker's yellow streak won out, and he began to scream denials.

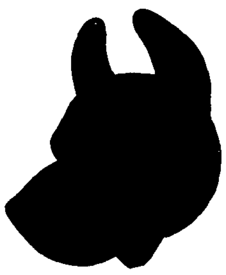
"No, no—so help me God—"

Like a catapult Big Barnaby threw himself across the desk, and his mighty hands met around the Sicilian's throat. Wasting no time in any vain attempt to break the hold, Angelotti drew a knife and ripped up with all his might. But there was no lessening of the terrible grip that choked out his life.

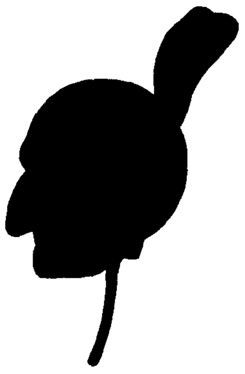
Even as the lion is never more deadly than when shot through the heart, so it was with Big Barnaby. Nervous energy, stored in the great body as in a reservoir, carried on even when the heart had ceased to beat. When those outside broke in the door, both men were dead.

Shadow Show

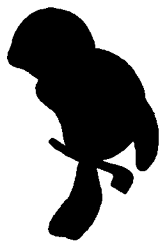
Here's your chance to hold amateur theatricals of your own—without bothering about getting together a company. A one-man Colliergraph show is possible for everyone. The examples below will show you how it's done. Read the directions carefully, assemble your audience (if any) and ring the curtain up at once.



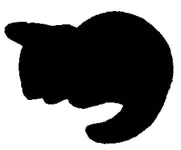
Monroe Cooling, Bowling Green, Mo., R. 1



George Horne, Jr., 550 E. 89th Pl., Chicago, Ill.



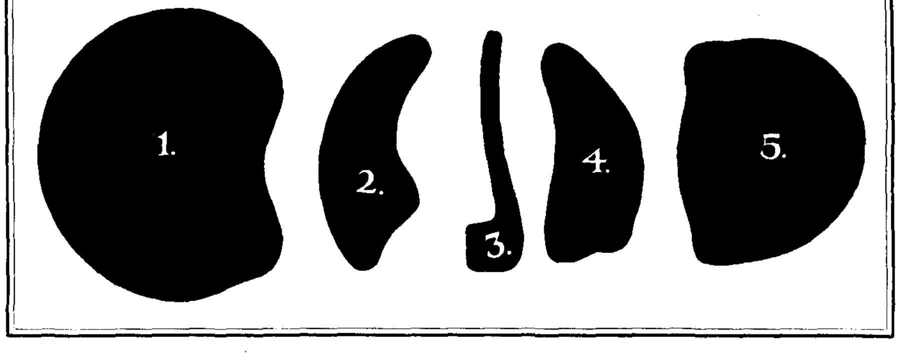
Mrs. Virginia Russell, 1291 Holland Ave., Birmingham, Mich.



G. L. Kimbrough, 259 S. Conception St., Mobile, Ala.

Here are the pieces • cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



NO MEGAPHONES TODAY

Every now and then we get awfully peeved with the ballyhoo of people who have things to sell. It also fills us with depression to read mournful predictions about losing teeth and getting bilious unless we eat somebody's breakfast food.

Perhaps we are over-sensitive. But our experience is that you can talk about a product without shouting through a megaphone or scaring a man to death.

As a matter of fact, we never *have* done much talking about the Enders Razor. Down in Texas, when it was first put out, men discovered for themselves that they could get a better shave with it. They found it could be taken lightly in the finger-tips (not grabbed) and drawn easily over the face, completely eliminating the whiskers. Because they got a joyful shave and some fun out of it, they told their friends. Today the number of men using the Enders runs up into seven figures.

It doesn't surprise us, either, when men tell us that Enders blades are very sharp. We put our blades through several tests (one of them with human hair) at the factory, to insure sharpness.

ZIP

We know that the Enders gives you a better, cleaner, easier shave. The razor with six blades costs $1.00. We'd like to have you go to almost any store that sells razors and get one but we're not *telling* you to. No sir, you don't catch us that way. Enders Razor Company, 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders

RAZOR

The Hair Test

New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

27 million reasons WHY

TRUE leadership must have the power to *endure*—not only to *attain* first rank, but *remain* there, by unvarying and continued *merit.*

Long before the inception of radio, the Stewart-Warner Corporation became an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of quality, electrical precision instruments. For nearly a quarter of a century, it has retained this leadership—steadily improving its products, constantly growing—until today Stewart-Warner is the largest institution of its kind in the world.

This wealth of proven experience provided the background for the new Stewart-Warner Screen-Grid Radio. And the tremendous engineering and production facilities devoted to its manufacture are sufficient to assure that its leadership will be maintained for years to come.

Today, there are 27 million users of Stewart-Warner Products. 27 million reasons why this name is known the world over. When you buy a Stewart-Warner Radio, you acquire every *advanced, proven* feature known to the industry—*plus* exclusive, original features.

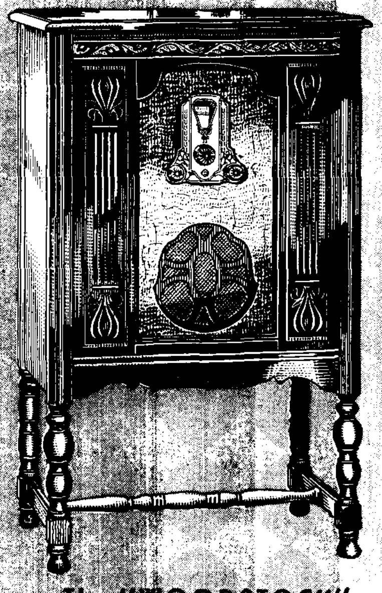
Get acquainted with CHAMPIONSHIP radio performance. Go to your nearest dealer's and *hear* the new Stewart-Warner. Note the way it "gets" the stations—from far and near—with razor-edge selectivity—with soft, sweet, realistic tone. And remember, for a small down payment, you can make your selection—NOW—with perfect confidence, from the most outstanding line of radios we have ever produced.

Attractive Period Consoles, available for all types of electric current, incorporating Stewart-Warner's powerful, up-to-the-minute, 8-Tube Screen Grid Circuit. Priced $130 to $157.50, less tubes. Illustrated at left—the "Woodstock." Early English design in walnut, center panel of beautifully figured hard maple—$140, less tubes.

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies

Stewart-Warner Corporation—Chicago, U. S. A.

"A GREAT RADIO BACKED BY A GREAT NAME"



The "WOODSTOCK"

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

THE MOST POWERFUL SIX-CYLINDER ENGINE OF ITS SIZE IS IN THE

WILLYS · KNIGHT GREAT SIX

LINES AND COLORS OF AN ENTIRELY
DIFFERENT STYLE CONCEPTION
INTERIORS THAT PRESAGE A NEW
ART IN FINE CAR UPHOLSTERY AND
APPOINTMENT

THE patented double sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight Great Six develops more power and torque than any other six-cylinder engine of its size in American records. This Great Six is the fastest, liveliest and most powerful Willys-Knight ever built . . . Body design is different from that of all other fine cars. Lines and color harmonies arouse instant admiration. Luxurious interiors, with upholstery of broadcloth and Bedford cord, bronze-finish hardware and walnut-finish woodwork, embody many tasteful refinements of lasting charm . . . Sleeve-valve smoothness and economy also feature the Willys-Knight "70-B", the largest, smartest and most powerful low-priced Knight-engined car in history.

GREAT SIX SEDAN

$1795

Great Six Coupe, Roadster, 5-pass. Coupe at same price. Willys-Knight "70-B" models, $975 to $1195.
Equipment, other than standard, extra.
Prices f. o. b. Toledo, O., and specifications subject to change without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
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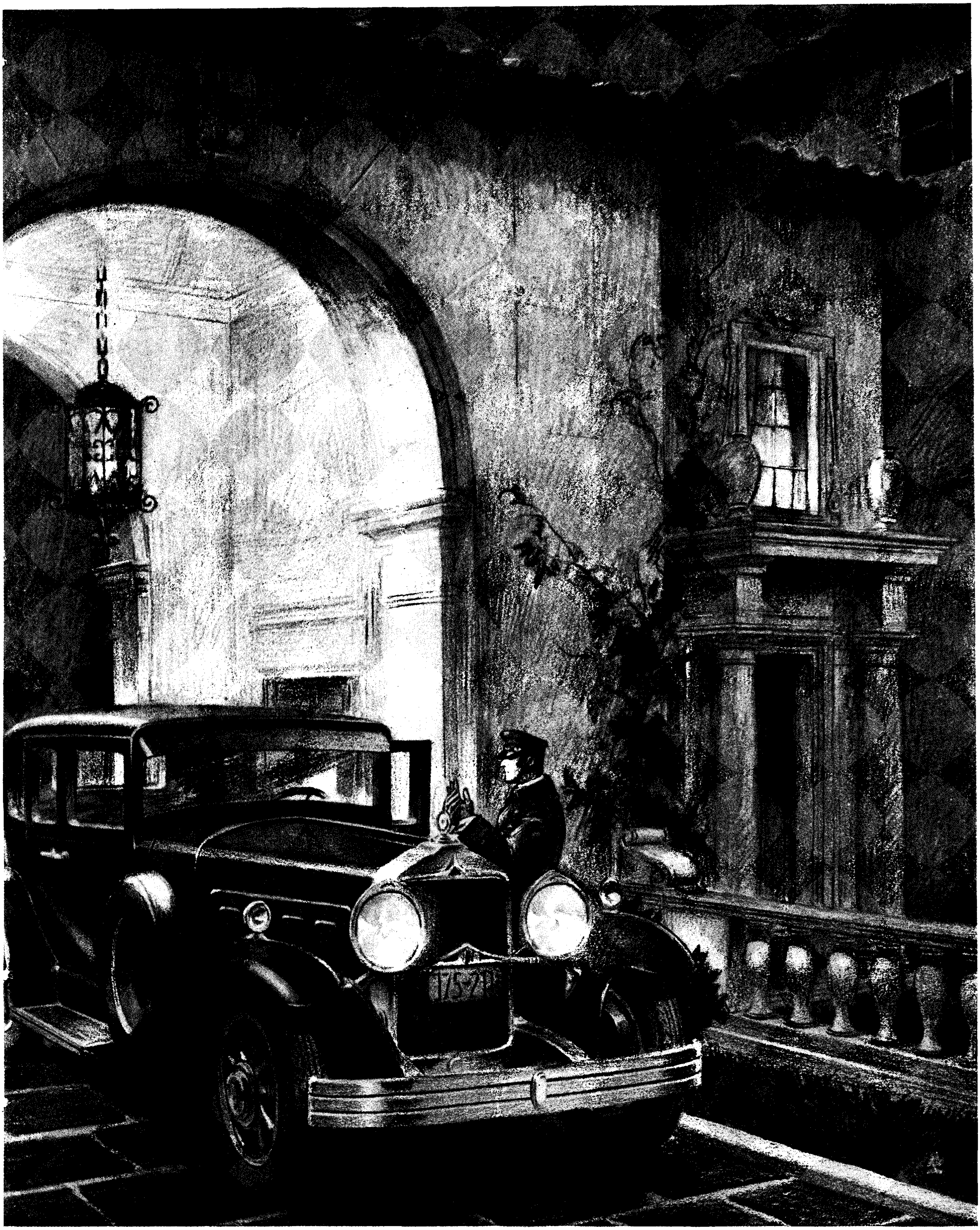


-WON before the crack of the gun has died away

CRACK!—and with the bark of the gun, a crouching figure hurtles into a flying leap that means a headstart—and victory. For, other things being equal, it's the man with the headstart who wins.

This is true in any race, and especially in the race to make the finest motor oils. It's the oil with a headstart in inherent quality—*the oil that is made from the highest quality crude*—that gives you the greatest value for your money.

What crude is highest in quality? Oil experts call Pennsylvania "The highest grade crude oil in the world."

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE . . . *a flying start toward* QUALITY *in finished motor oils*

There's no explaining Pennsylvania Grade Crude's superiority. Mother Nature made it better—just as she made some woods more durable.

Nature favored Pennsylvania Crude with remarkable freedom from impurities. It has a degree of "oiliness" found in no other crude.

Refiners of this crude have made the most of this long headstart in quality. With careful refining, they have produced lubricants that are longer-lived, more resistant to heat than any others. This has been proved time and again on the toughest sort of lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motor boat engines, in locomotives, turbines and stationary machinery.

Try these oils in your own automobile motor! You'll get many more miles of super-lubrication to a filling—and you'll add thousands of miles of life to your motor. For these oils effect a better piston seal, give greater power, reduce dilution, minimize gasoline consumption.

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. It signifies that the oil is made entirely from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Every brand sold under this emblem is bonded to protect you. The individual brand or trade mark appearing with this emblem is your assurance of careful refining.

THE HIGHEST GRADE CRUDE OIL IN THE WORLD

©1930, P.G.C.O.A.

This emblem guarantees the quality of the crude oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

C 4-30
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N.
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oil."

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 17

crouching behind him. Any exchange of words at that moment was impossible.

In such a silence that I believe one could have heard the flight of a moth, Fah Lo Suee began to speak. She spoke first in Chinese, then in Turkish, of which I knew a few words. Her audience was spellbound. Her silver-bell voice had a hypnotic quality utterly outside the range of my experience. She employed scarcely any gesture. Her breathing could not visually be detected. That slender body retained its ivory illusion. The spell lay in her voice . . . and in her eyes.

She uttered a phrase in Arabic. . . .

Two strokes of a gong sounded from behind me!

The Mandarin Ki Ming stood up. Fah Lo Suee ceased speaking—and I heard the high, sibilant tones of the Chinaman.

I saw Sheik Ismail leap to his feet like the old panther he was. I saw his blood-lustful gaze fixed upon mine. . . .

We were discovered! *Two gong strokes!* The real Tibetans had escaped—were here! . . .

A SICKLY sweet exotic perfume came to my nostrils. I experienced a sudden sense of pressure. . . .

The illusion persisted. It seemed to have recurred at intervals for many nights and days, many weeks—for an immeasurable period. . . .

Always, that vague exotic perfume heralded the phase. This, invariably, seemed to arouse me from some state of unconsciousness in which I thought I must have been suspended for long ages. Once, I became victim of a dreadful idea that I had solved the mystery of perpetual life but was condemned to live it in a tomb. . . .

Then, next, I saw her—the green goddess with eyes of jade. I knew that her smooth body was but a miraculous gesture of some Eastern craftsman immortalized in ivory; that her cobra hair gleamed so because of inlay and inlay of subtly chosen rare woods: her emerald robe I knew for an effect of cunning light, her movements for a mirage.

But when she knelt beside me the jade-green eyes held life—cold ivory was warm satin. And slender insidious hands, scented lotus blossoms, touched me caressingly. . . .

At last came true awakening—and memories.

Where was I? Obviously, I must be in the house of the Sheik Ismail where the Council of Seven had met. I lay on a divan propped up with many cushions, in a room small enough to have been called a cabinet.

If it were day or night I had no means of judging. Heavy plush curtains of green and gold completely obscured what I assumed to be the window. And I felt as weak as a kitten. In fact, when I tried to sit up in order to study my strange surroundings, I was unable do so!

What had happened to me?

I saw that the floor was covered with a thick green carpet, and directly facing the divan on which I lay was a magnificent lacquer cabinet occupying the whole of one wall. A square lamp or lantern hung from the center of the ceiling and flooded the room with amber light.

An ebony carved chair, evidently of Chinese workmanship, stood near me beside a glass-topped table upon which were phials, instruments, and other surgical items.

Weakly I looked down at my body. I wore unfamiliar silk pajamas and on my feet were soft Chinese slippers!

What in heaven's name had happened to me?

Now, memory began to function. . . .

Nayland Smith!

I remembered! I remembered! We had been betrayed—or had betrayed ourselves at that incredible meeting of the Council outside el-Khârga! I recalled the high, soft voice of the dreadful mandarin who had denounced us; the staring eyes of the terrible sheik. . . . I could recall no more.

Where was Nayland Smith? And where were Petrie and Weymouth?

Some time had clearly elapsed, a fact to which my inexplicable change of attire bore witness. But why had no rescue been attempted? Good God!—a truly horrible doubt came—Weymouth and Petrie had fallen into a trap!

They had never reached el-Khârga!

A dreadful certainty followed. They were dead! I alone had been spared for some unknown reason; and apparently I had been and still remained very ill.

Inch by inch—in some way I seemed to have lost the power of coördinating my muscles—I turned, seeking a view of that side of the room which lay behind me. All I saw was a flat green door set in the dull gold of the wall. There was a second such door, which I had already noted, immediately before me.

As I reverted, laboriously, to my previous position the latter door opened. It was a sliding door.

A Chinaman came in! He wore a long white coat of the kind used by hospital attendants. He closed the door behind him.

One swift look I ventured—noting that he was a comparatively young man with a high intellectual forehead, that he wore black-rimmed spectacles and carried a notebook. Then I closed my eyes and lay still.

He took the chair beside me, raised my wrist and felt the pulse. As he dropped my hand I ventured on a quick glance. He was recording the pulse in his notebook.

Next, unbuttoning the jacket of my silk pajamas, he inserted a clinical thermometer under my left armpit and, leaving it there, dipped the point of a syringe into a glass of water and carefully wiped it on a piece of lint. This, also, I witnessed, without being detected.

ENGROSSED in his tasks, he was not watching me. I saw him load a shot of some nameless drug into the syringe and place his loaded syringe on the table.

I reclosed my eyes.

The Chinese surgeon removed the thermometer, and recorded my temperature.

There was a long, silent interval. I kept my eyes closed. Something told me that he was intrigued, that he was studying me.

Presently, I felt his head close to my bare chest. He pressed his ear against my heart. I lay still, until:

"Ah, Mr. Greville," he said, with scarcely a trace of accent, "you are feeling better, eh?"

I opened my eyes.

The Chinaman was still watching me. His face was quite as expressionless as his tones had been.

"Yes," I said . . . and my voice refused to function higher than a whisper!

(*Continued on page 58*)

AMAZING NEW TUBE INVENTION REVOLUTIONIZES RECEPTION

EVEREADY RAYTHEON 4-PILLAR TUBES SURPASS ALL PREVIOUS STANDARDS

FOR CLEAR RECEPTION, breath-taking in its realism, put a new Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar Tube in each socket of your receiver. These tubes show you how truly fine your radio set can be. They are different from all others . . . in construction, and in results.

Examine an Eveready Raytheon

Look at the diagram below, showing Eveready Raytheon's revolutionary improvement in construction. See the solid, four-cornered glass stem, inside the tube, at the bottom. Notice, imbedded in it, the four sturdy pillars supporting the elements . . . twice the number and twice the rigidity of ordinary tubes! See how the elements are anchored, front and rear, top and bottom, so that they always stay in perfect relation to each other.

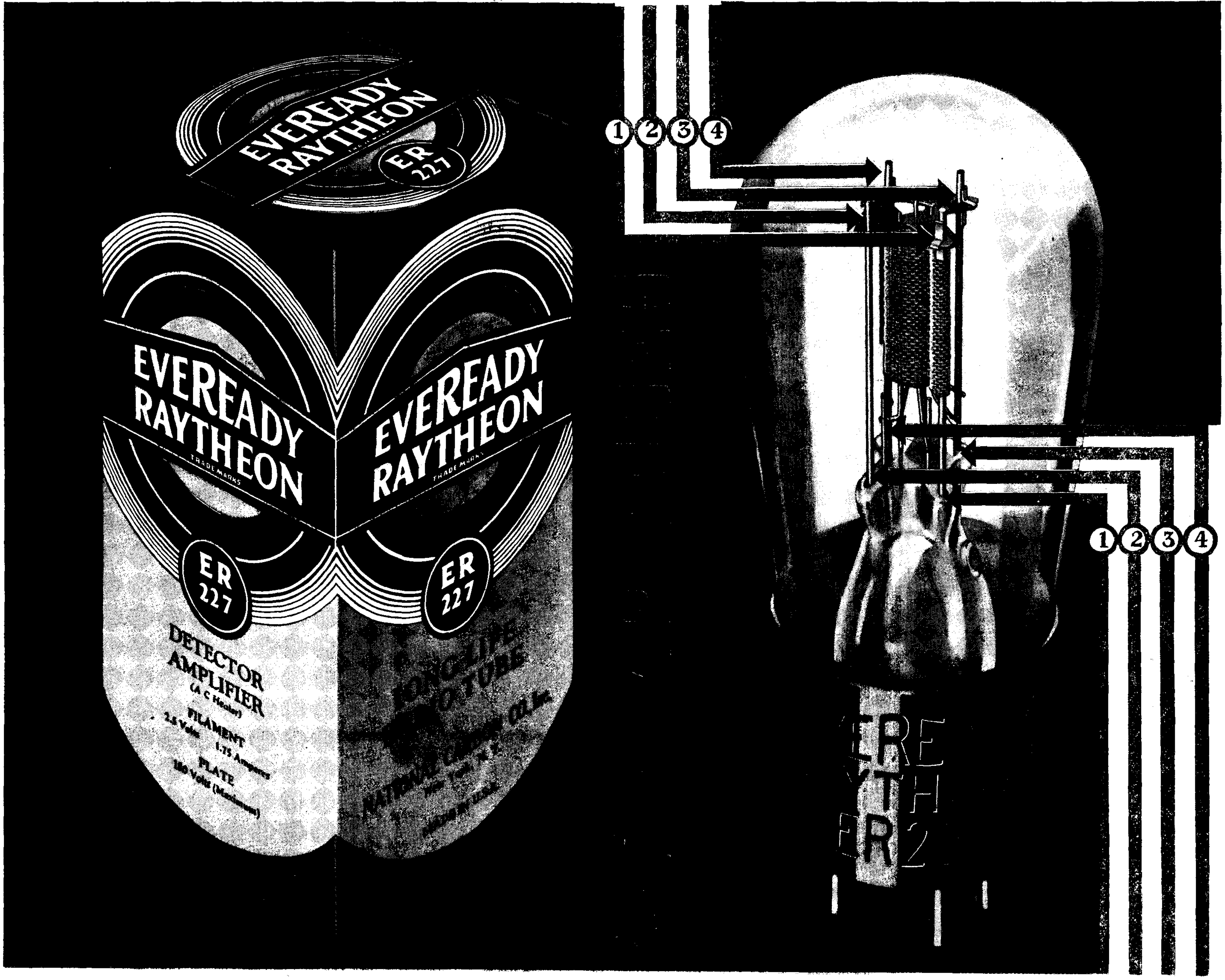
This 4-*Pillar construction* means that the Eveready Raytheon Tube elements remain in perfect alignment, despite jolts due to shipment or handling. Contrast this solid, rock-ribbed construction with the type used in ordinary tubes having only two supports, where the sensitive elements are subject to misalignment — and a consequent let-down in performance. This 4-*Pillar construction* is patented and exclusive with Eveready Raytheon; no other tube is permitted to use it.

Eveready Raytheons fit the sockets of every standard A.C. and battery-operated receiver now in use. For a new kind of reception from your present radio, call your dealer today, and ask him to renew all your tubes with Eveready Raytheons.

★ ★ ★

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 30 stations.

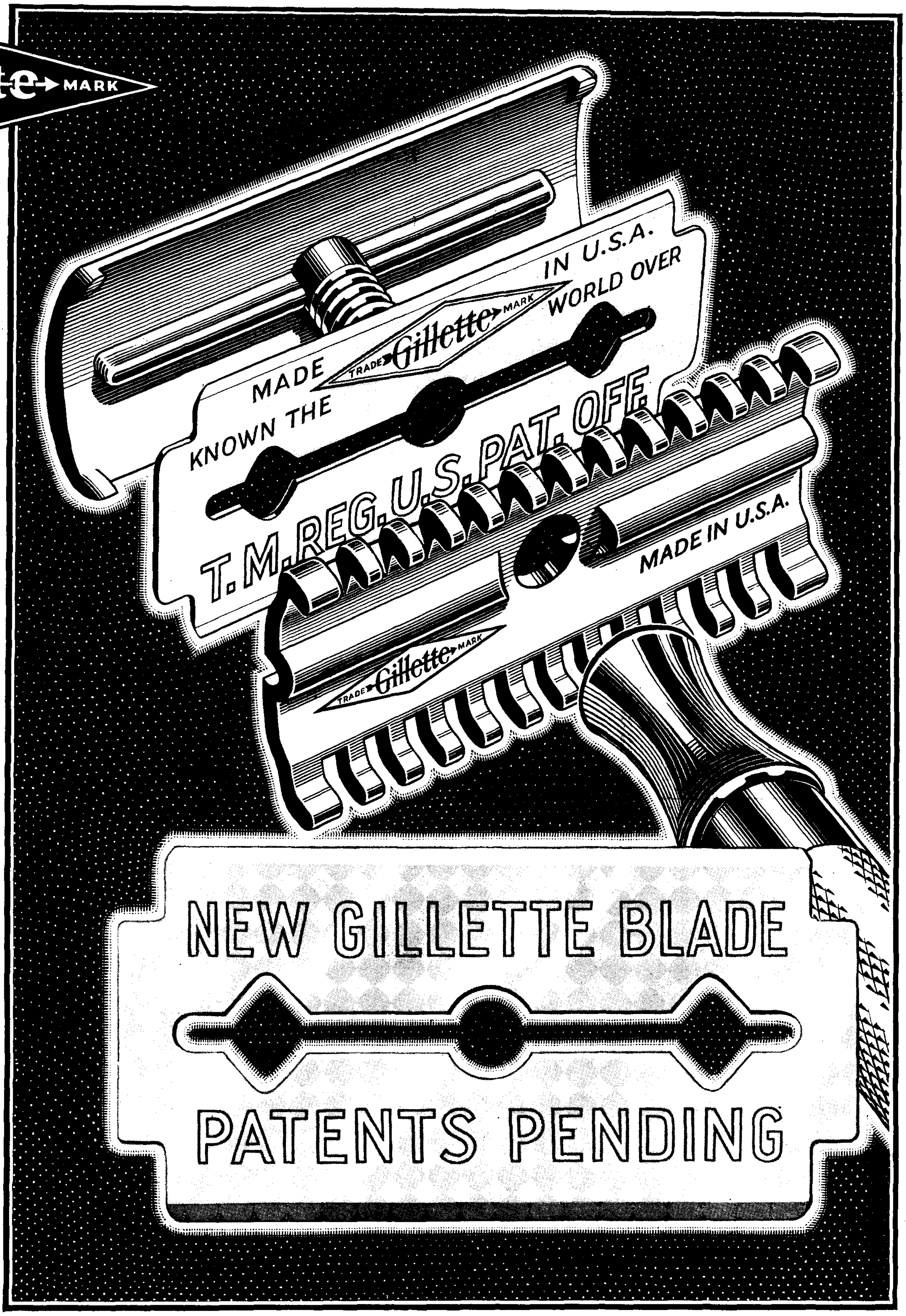
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC. *General Offices:* New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*


EVEREADY RAYTHEON
ER 227
EVEREADY RAYTHEON TRADE MARKS
EVEREADY RAYTHEON TRADE MARKS
ER 227
ER 227
DETECTOR AMPLIFIER (A C Heater)
FILAMENT 2.5 Volts 1.75 Amperes
PLATE 180 Volts (Maximum)
LONG LIFE RADIO TUBE
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
New York, N.Y.
1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4

YOU CAN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE AND SEE THE REASON

82,000 MEN a day

TRADE Gillette MARK


MADE IN U.S.A.
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
TRADE Gillette MARK
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
TRADE Gillette MARK
NEW GILLETTE BLADE
PATENTS PENDING

QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry.*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24 K. gold plated, with one new blade, in case, $1.00*

are scrapping their old razors *for the New* Gillette

New Blade – *no wiping*
New Razor – *no pulling*

ONE hundred and ten million men have used a Gillette Razor for years and maintained that it was the most efficient shaving instrument ever made. They were right.

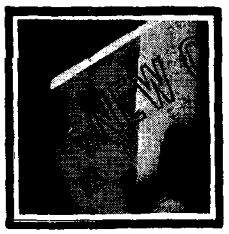
Yet these men are scrapping their old Gillette Razors by the scores of thousands today. And again they are right.

You'll say so too when you try this New Gillette Blade and Razor (patents pending)—a shaving instrument so smooth, so fast, so velvety, so effortless in its action that you have to feel your face to make sure the whiskers are off. Never have you enjoyed such an amazingly comfortable shave.

You *can* use the new blade in your old Gillette Razor . . . and get a better shave. Yet once you try the New Gillette Blade and New Gillette Razor together, you will never want to use anything else. You will agree that the few extra pennies spent for the new razor are the greatest investment in shaving comfort that you ever made.

In designing this new blade and razor, Gillette engineers interviewed 27,000 men, examined tens of thousands of used razors. They found the cause of "razor pull"—found it in nicked and dented corners resulting from dropping the razor on floor or wash basin. These dents were enough to throw the blade out of alignment, to spoil a perfect shave.

What Gillette engineers did was to reinforce each corner of the new razor cap with heavy metal lugs that withstand abuse. Then they cut out all four corners of the blade so that it is not held at these corners at all when cap and guard clamp together. Now even if you should happen to drop the new Gillette, no harm is done; the blade maintains its perfect alignment and "pulling" is prevented.


New Cut-out Corners

The New Gillette Blade has square ends that do not slip in wet fingers. It is designed to shave closer around the corners of ears, nose and mouth. And gone are the old posts that stuck through the blade and accidentally caught and dulled so many keen edges.

The new blade is made of special processed steel to resist rust. When finished shaving, turn blade and guard at right angles, re-tighten, hold under hot running water—shake thoroughly, leave on shelf to dry. A great time saver. A great towel saver.

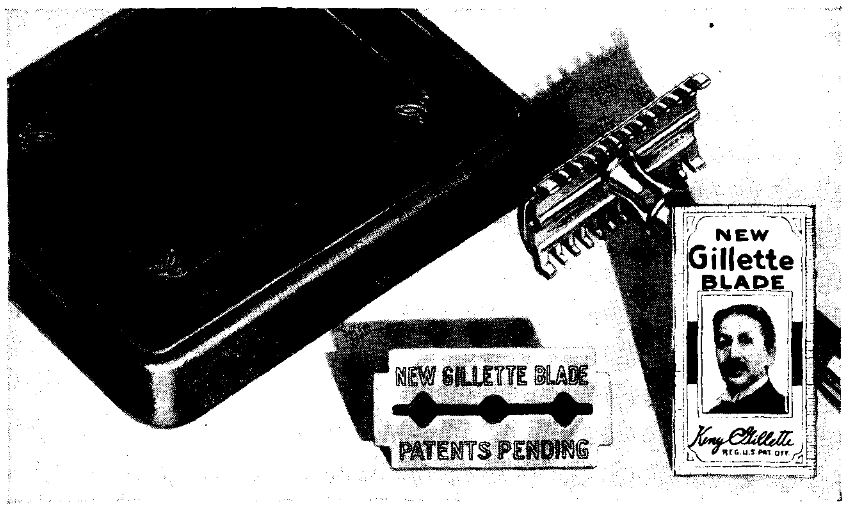
At almost every store you can get the New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, supplied with one new blade and packed in a good-looking case, for only one dollar; also the New Gillette Blade in the new green packet which costs one dollar for ten, and fifty cents for the package of five.

Don't wait any longer to enjoy the most comfortable shave you've ever had in your life. Stop at your dealer's today.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

NEW
Gillette
BLADE
PATENTS PENDING
King C. Gillette
Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
NEW Gillette BLADE

$1.00 for ten and 50c for five . . . the New Gillette Blades in the new green packet



The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . Price $1.00

Other De Luxe models at $5.00 to $75.00

You've left work behind

It's your honor, and you take an easy, well-braced stance alongside a gleaming little ball that's going for a long, long ride—or . . .

the morning fog's just lifting as you scramble down the trail to the water's edge, stow rod and box in the stern and with one foot aboard and one foot ashore give a mighty shove that heads you out where the big ones are biting.

• • • •

Every sportsman needs a pair of shoes like these that are rugged enough to take him where he's going and supple enough to make his going easy. The Walk-Over Zepp has a special gristle and corded sole to steady your stance in the quest of pars or pike. Pliant Elko leather with moccasin saddle and toe patterned with lacing thongs. Ideal for driving a car or everyday suburban wear . . . At your Walk-Over dealer $10.

WALK·OVER

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY

Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 54

"Good." He nodded. "I was becoming anxious about you. It is all right now. The artificial nourishment, I think, we may dispense with. Yes, I think so. Do you feel that some very savory soup and perhaps a small glass of red wine would be acceptable?"

"Definitely!"

My whispering voice positively appalled me!

"I will see to it, Mr. Greville. . . ."

"Tell me," I breathed—"where is Nayland Smith?"

The Chinese surgeon looked puzzled.

"Nayland Smith?" he echoed—"I know no one of that name. . . ."

"He's here . . . in el-Khârga!"

"El-Khârga?" He stooped and patted me on the shoulder. "I understand. Do not think about this. I will see that you are looked after. . . ."

A LITTLE wrinkled Asiatic, who either was deaf and dumb or who had had orders to remain silent, brought me a bowl of steaming soup, and a glass of some kind of light Burgundy. It was a vegetable soup, but excellent, as was the wine.

And presently I found myself alone again. . . .

I listened intently, trying to detect some sound which should enable me to place the location of this extraordinary green and gold room in which I found myself. Any attempt to escape was out of the question. I was too weak to stir from the divan.

Apart from a vague humming in my aching head, no sound whatever could I hear.

Was I in the house of the Sheik Ismail? Or had I been smuggled away to some other place in the oasis? An irresistible drowsiness began to creep over me. Once I aroused with a start which set my heart beating madly.

I thought I had heard a steamer's siren!

Of course (I mused) I had been dreaming again. A sudden, acute anger and resentment stirred me. I was thinking of my companions. I groaned because of my great weakness. . . . I dozed.

Good heavens! What was that?

My heart beating wildly, I tried to sit up. Surely a motor horn! I lay there sweating from the shock of the effort.

I closed my weary eyes. . . .

Divining, rather than knowing, that the door behind me had opened, I kept my lids lowered—but watched.

A faint perfume—which I later determined was rather an aura than a physical fact—reached me. I knew it. This was the herald of another of those troubled visions—visions of the goddess Kâli incarnated.

She stood beside me.

The mythical robes—perhaps never more than figments of delirium—were not there. She wore a golden Chinese dress not unlike a pajama suit and little gold slippers. The suit was silk of so fine a texture that as she stood between me and the light I could detect the lines of her ivory body as though she floated in a mist of sûnrise.

A soft hand touched my forehead.

I raised weary lids and looked up into jade-green eyes.

She smiled and dropped into the chair.

So it was Madame Ingomar that I had to thank for my escape!

"Yes," she answered softly in her strange bell-like voice. "I saved your life at great peril to my own. . . ."

But I had not spoken!

Her hand caressed my brow.

"I can tell what you are thinking," she said. "I have been listening to your thoughts for so long. When you are strong again, it will not be so—but now it is."

Her voice and her touch were soothing—magnetic. I found my brain utterly incapable of resentment. This woman, kin of the superdevil, Fu Manchu, my enemy, enemy of all I counted worth while—petted me as a mother pets her child!

And a coldness grew in my heart—yet I remained powerless to resist the spell—because I realized that if she willed me not to hate, but to love her, I should obey . . . I could not refuse!

I dragged my gaze away from hers. Irresistible urges were reaching me from those wonderful eyes, which had the brightness of polished gems.

She stooped and slipped her arm under my head.

"You have been very ill," she whispered. Her lips were almost touching me. "But I have nursed you because I am sorry. You are so young and life is good. I want you to live and love and be happy. . . ."

I struggled like a bird hypnotized by a snake. I told myself that her silver voice rang false as the note of a cracked bell; that her eyes were hideous in their unfathomable evil; that her red lips would give poisoned kisses; that her slenderness was not that of a willow but of a poised serpent. And then, as a worshiper calls on his gods, I called on Rima, conjuring up a vision of the sweet, grave eyes.

"The little Irish girl is charming," said that bell voice. "No one shall harm her. If it will make you happy, you shall have her. . . . And you must not be angry, or get excited. You may talk to me for a few minutes and then you must sleep. . . ."

MY NEXT awakening was a troubled one. The strange room looked the same. But *she* had gone. How long? . . .

I had lost all track of time!

What had I imagined and what was real?

Had I asked her, or only dreamed that I had asked her, of the fate of my friends? I thought I had done so and that she had told me they were alive, but had refused to tell me more.

Alive—and I could only suppose—prisoners!

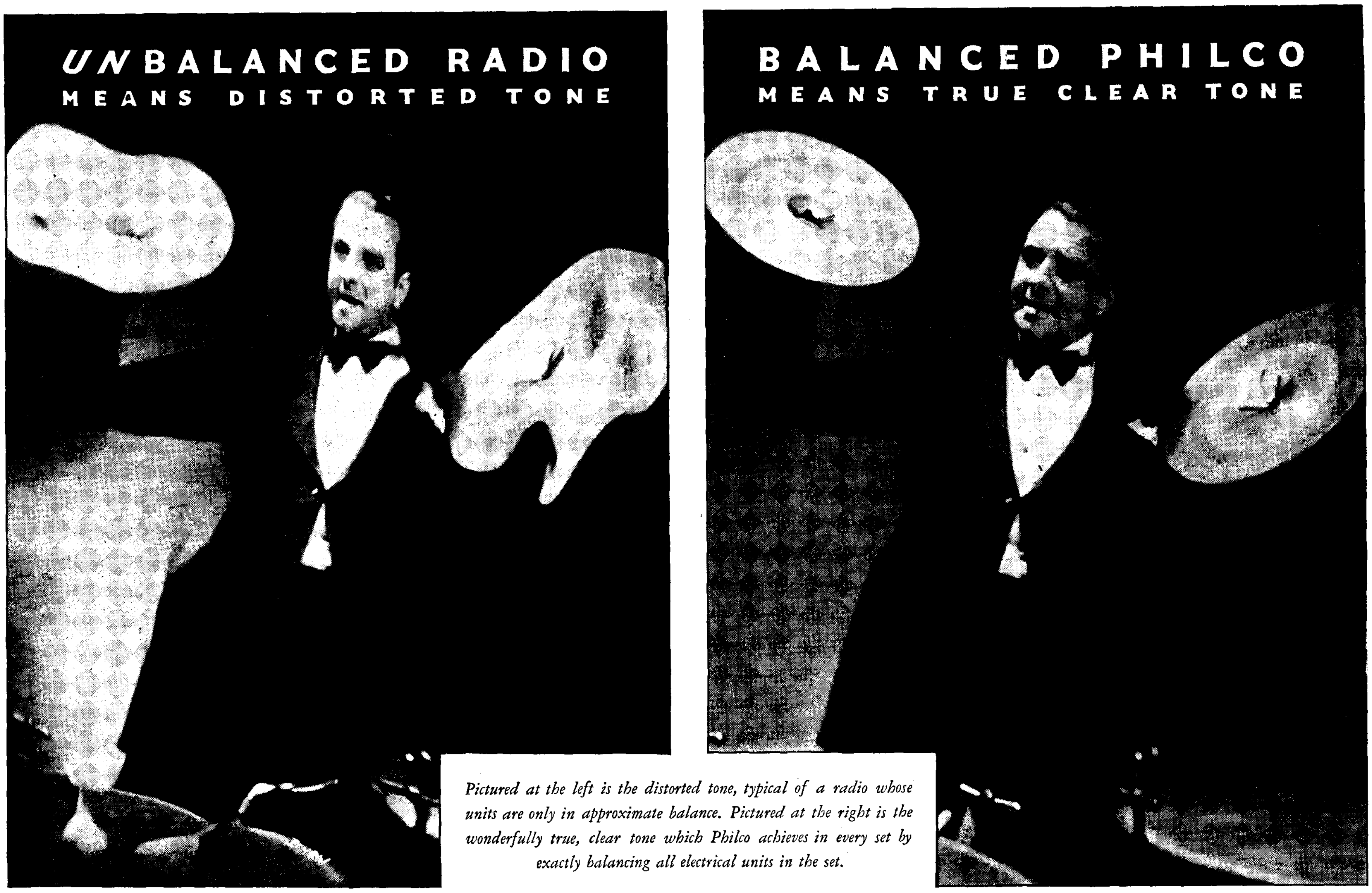
She had assured me, unemotionally, one arm pillowing my head and those magnetic fingers soothing my hot brow, that it was blind folly to oppose her. She wielded a power greater than that of any potentate living. Her strange soul was wrapped up in world politics. Russia, that great land "stolen by fools," was ripe for her purpose. . . .

The present rulers? Pooh! her specialists (calmly she spoke of them and I supposed her to mean professional assassins) would clear away such petty obstacles. Russia awaited a ruler. The ruler had arisen. And, backed by a New Russia, which then would be part and parcel of Asia—"*my* Asia. . . ."

China, after many generations, was to be united again. Japan, in the Far East, Turkey in the Near East, must be forced into submission. Already the train was laid. The dictator stood in her way. Swâzi Pasha, his secret adviser, must be removed. . . .

"But I am so lonely, Shan. Your name is sweet to me, because it is like my own Chinese. Sometimes I know I am only a woman, and that all I see

(*Continued on page 61*)



Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of a radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by exactly balancing all electrical units in the set.

By hundreds of thousands they demanded

PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

... that is why you can have these finest of sets ... at such modest prices

RADIO has "come of age"—grown up. You no longer value radio as a toy to play with. You value only *performance.*

Philco set new standards of radio *performance* in 1929. Those remarkable Philco sets brought instant acclaim. On *performance* alone they jumped Philco into national leadership in twelve short months.

Then Philco amazed the radio world with its two great, new *Screen Grid* sets for 1930. They set up a standard of *value* which has thrown all price comparisons into the discard.

Philco challenges any radio at *any* price to give you such *full measure* of radio performance; such power; enthralling distance; super-fine selectivity; reduction of static; rich volume, and the famous Philco undistorted TONE, produced by the *exact balancing* of all electrical units.

The Remarkable New Philco Screen Grid Radio

An entirely new radio circuit with a screen grid tube as the detector, just about doubling amplification. Enormous power with super-acute selectivity produced by new, double-tuned input circuit. Seven tubes and four condensers. All electrical units *exactly balanced,* creating the magnificent, full clear Philco TONE.

The Super-Performing Philco Screen Grid PLUS

Includes the recently discovered Philco *Automatic Volume Control,* which, in connection with the tremendous power of this set, gets and *holds* far-distant stations by effectively counteracting fading. Invaluable for those who live far from the fine broadcast programs. For those in the city, the new Philco double-tuned input circuit sharpens selectivity. It tunes sharply anywhere on the dial and brings in crowded local stations without "cross-talk." Nine tubes and built-in aerial. Concert-hall volume for dancing and entertaining, with special features which reduce static and background noises. And exactly balanced electrical units—a Philco achievement—giving the standard pure, rich Philco TONE.

* * *

The Philco dealer wants to show you the complete range of exquisite Philco models,—Table Models, Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys, de luxe Highboys; priced from $67 to $225, including a beautiful butt walnut Console at $112. He will put one of these wonderful sets in your own home for demonstration, without obligation, *so you can learn for yourself, exactly how Philco radio performance can add to your enjoyment.* Easy terms when you decide to buy.

* * *

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each furniture model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with two 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

VITALIZED RUBBER!

Scientific Discovery

Increases RIVERSIDE Mileage

Ward's Mileage guarantees increased 12% to 50% at no increase in price

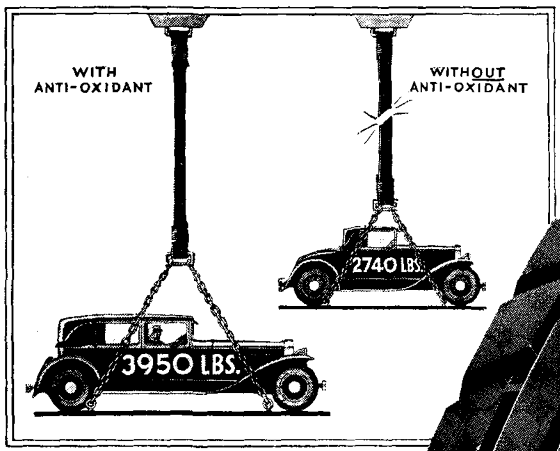

WITH ANTI-OXIDANT
WITHOUT ANTI-OXIDANT
2740 LBS.
3950 LBS.

Illustration at right shows results in actual laboratory test of relative strength of tread stock one inch square, after ageing, with and without anti-oxidant.

THE purest rubber deteriorates in time. You have seen ordinary rubber bands grow hard and brittle. Formerly, even the finest tires deteriorated the same way. Cracks occurred, allowing water to seep in which rotted the fabric and broke down the casing.

Then came the revolutionary discovery—"anti-oxidant." A chemical agent that increases life of rubber 100% to 400%. Now, through a special process, it is used in the manufacture of RIVERSIDES.

This new agent keeps tires young and tough. It affords far greater elasticity and retards wear. Cracking and premature deterioration are virtually overcome.

Two years of proof

The benefit of RIVERSIDE'S new and revolutionary process is no longer theory. Two years of road tests over 26,000,000 tire miles give proof of what "anti-oxidant" built RIVERSIDES can do.

As low as 26c per 1000 miles

These results are so accurate and conclusive that RIVERSIDE mileage guarantees have been increased 12% to 50% ... *and not one penny has been added to the price.*

On this page are listed our three RIVERSIDE tires, and each one's mileage guarantee—also typical prices. Based on definite guarantees, they cost as little as 26c per 1000 miles of wear.

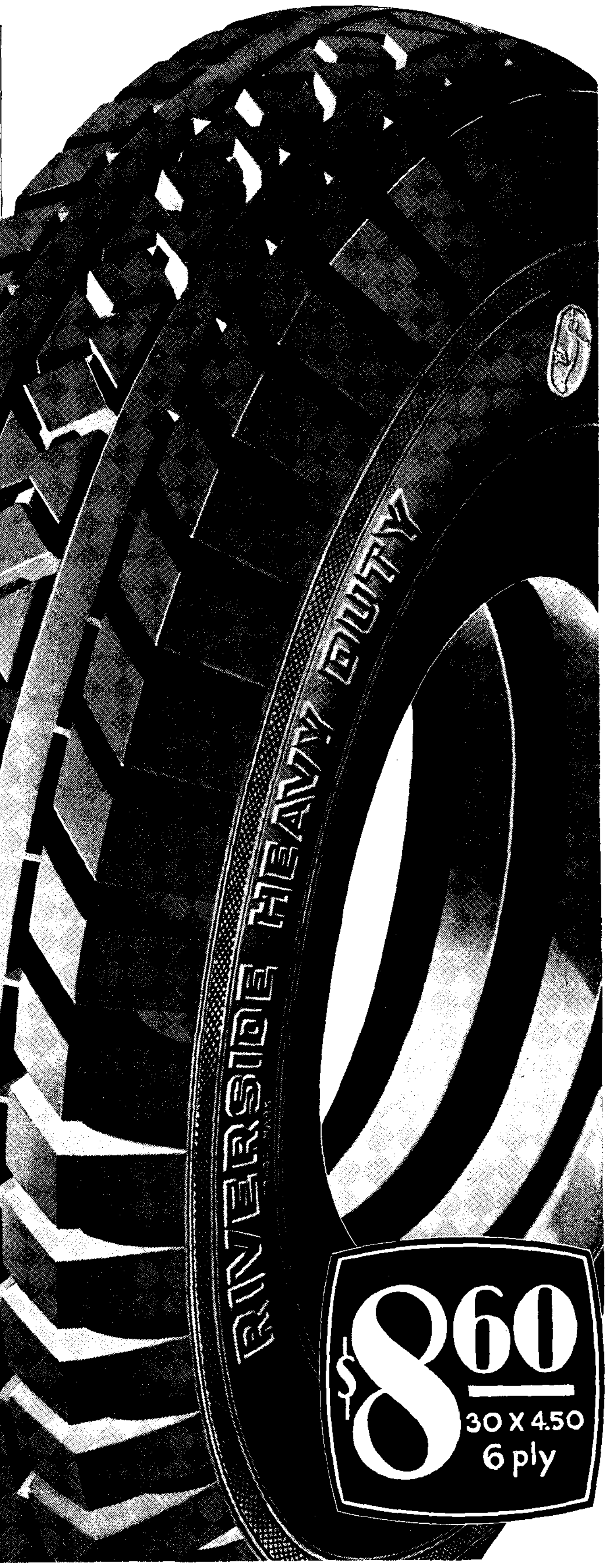
In addition to the "anti-oxidant" process, RIVERSIDES are made from the best materials. The highest skilled workmen are employed. Construction throughout meets the same high standards as in other well-known tires. RIVERSIDES cost just as much to make as other fine tires do—BUT THEY COST LESS TO SELL, AND THEY ARE SOLD AT SMALLER PROFIT.

Try these "anti-oxidant" built RIVERSIDES, and you will never again pay more than RIVERSIDE'S low prices—nor accept less than Ward's liberal guarantees. Sizes for all cars may be obtained at any of our 550 retail stores, or by mail from any of our nine mail order stores, postage prepaid.

Super-Service RIVERSIDE BALLOON
Unconditionally guaranteed for **30,000 miles** 30 x 4.50 $11.35 33 x 6.00 $19.85

6-ply Heavy Duty RIVERSIDE BALLOON
Now guaranteed for **22,000 miles** 30 x 4.50 $8.60 33 x 6.00 $13.65

Standard 4-ply RIVERSIDE BALLOON
Now guaranteed for **18,000 miles** 29 x 4.40 $5.79 31 x 5.25 $10.15



Prices slightly higher in the South

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Nine Mail Order Stores and More Than 550 Retail Stores

Mail Order Stores at: Chicago · Kansas City · St. Paul · Baltimore · Portland, Ore. · Oakland, Calif. · Fort Worth · Denver · Albany

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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 58

before me ends in nothing if it brings me only power and no love. . . ."

Now, I was alone.

This was a superwoman into whose hands I had fallen! And what blindness had been upon me during our earlier if brief association to close my eyes to the fact that she had conceived a sudden, characteristically Oriental infatuation?

Perhaps a natural modesty. I had never been a ladies' man and counted myself negligible when female favors were being distributed. Or, possibly, my preoccupation with Rima. Certainly, from the first moment I had met her, I had not so much as noticed any other woman's existence or bothered myself to wonder if any other woman had noticed mine.

Yet, as I recalled again and again, Madame Ingomar had chosen me to show her over the excavation and had sought me out many times. Yes, I had been blind. . . .

Now, too late, I saw.

Beyond any dispute, she sprang from generations of autocrats; power was in her blood. She had selected me, for no reason that I could imagine; and I had read in those strange green eyes, as clearly as though she had spoken, that if I rejected her, I must die!

I knew, also, intuitively, that she had experienced love. Judged by Western standards, she was young. But judged by any standard she was old in knowledge. However I chose, my triumph would be a short one.

So musing, and as weak as a half-drowned cat, I lay staring around my gold and green prison.

The door behind me opened and the Chinese doctor came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Greville."

I glanced at the heavy curtains. No trace of light showed through them.

"Good morning," I said.

My voice was stronger. The Chinaman went through the ritual of taking pulse and temperature; then:

"A great improvement," he announced. "You have an admirable constitution."

"But what has been the matter with me?"

He moved his hands in a slight, deprecatory gesture.

"Nothing, in itself, serious: a small injection. But it was necessary to renew it. . . . However—I am going to get you on your feet, Mr. Greville."

HE CLAPPED his hands sharply. And the silent man entered.

Together, and skillfully, they raised me from the divan and carried me into a beautifully equipped bathroom which adjoined the green and gold apartment.

"You must not object to our assistance in your toilet," said the doctor. "Because, although unknown to you, we have so assisted before!"

I submitted to the ordeal of being groomed. I had never been seriously ill, and the business was new to me and utterly detestable. Then I was carried back to bed.

"A lightly boiled egg, and toast," the Chinaman declared, "will not be too severe. Tea—one cup—very weak. . . ."

Presently, this was brought and set upon the table beside me. Propped by cushions, I now found it possible to sit up.

With some trace of returning appetite, I disposed of this light breakfast. The tray was removed by the dumb man and I lay waiting. Watching the doors alternately, I waited . . . for *her.* And I waited in a steadily mounting horror. In some way which I had never hitherto experienced, this woman, for all her exotic beauty, terrified me.

The door opened . . . the dumb man came in with a number of books, a box of cigarettes and other small comforts.

There was no clock in the room and my wrist-watch had been removed. . . .

I saw no one but this silent Asiatic all day, of the progress of which I could judge only by the appearance of regular meals.

Several times, but more faintly than on the first occasion, I could have sworn I heard river noises and once what strangely resembled a motor horn.

The Chinese surgeon attended after I had dealt with a dinner excellently prepared, and "groomed" me for the night. When he had gone, I lay smoking a final cigarette and wondering if . . .

"Turn out the light when you are tired," had been his final injunction.

LYING there in silence and darkness, I almost touched rock bottom. Despair drew desperately near. I was utterly at the mercy of this woman. Whatever had happened to me had left me weaker than a child. And that damnable mystery, the true nature of my illness, was not the least of my troubles.

I suffered no physical pain, except for a throbbing head; I could recall no blow . . . *what* had been done to me?

Sleep was out of the question; but I had tried to find relief from the inexorable amber light. Why, I wondered wearily, had I imagined riverside and street sounds and now imagined them no longer?

And, whilst I turned this problem over in my mind, came a sound which was *not* imaginary.

It was muffled. But I had learned that all sounds reached the green and gold room in that way. Nevertheless, dim though it was, I knew it . . . an eerie minor cry—the cry I had heard in Petrie's courtyard in Cairo. . . .

The call of a dacoit!

Good God! Had this she-fiend been mocking me! Was I to be strangled as I lay there helpless!

My hand reached out for the switch. I was trembling wildly. Weakness had destroyed my nerve. I grasped it—a pendant—pressed the button. . . .

No light came!

At which I nearly lost myself. I suppose, for the first time in my life, I was delirious, or hysterical.

"Smith!" I cried. "Weymouth! Help! . . ."

My voice was a husky whisper. Weakness and terror had imposed on me that crowning torture of nightmare—inability to summon aid in an emergency.

The door behind my couch opened. . . .

I lay still—resigned, now, to the inevitable. I did not even attempt to look around, but stayed with half-closed eyes prepared for death.

A dim light appeared.

Watching, I lost faith in myself. I was altogether too exhausted, in my low state, to experience further fear; but I determined that my brain was not so completely to be relied upon as I had supposed.

An outré figure carrying a lantern came into the room. The light of the lantern cast a huge, misshapen image of its bearer on the golden wall.

This was a hunchbacked dwarf—epicene, revolting. His head was of more than normal size; his gray-black, bloated features were a parody of hu-

(*Continued on page 64*)

Wake up, old scalp—

and grow new hair!

TRY this setting-up exercise once a week and you need not fear baldness. First, a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied directly to the scalp. Then a brisk massage with the tips of the fingers—round and round, with special attention to the crown of the head and temples. Then your usual shampoo.

The massage stimulates circulation and loosens the scalp. The Tonic cleanses every part of the scalp and leaves just the right amount of oil around the hair roots. Watch your hair respond! It will be thicker and more alive and your scalp will feel better.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold in convenient shaker-type bottles—2 sizes—at all good drug stores. A product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1930

All over

in Alaska

in Canada

in China

in New York

on the Pacific Coast

in Mexico

in the Canal Zone

in Argentine

Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

the world

in London
in Paris
in Venice
in Cairo

. . . in a cigarette it's TASTE!

GOOD taste knows no frontiers. We quote below from a letter received by us:

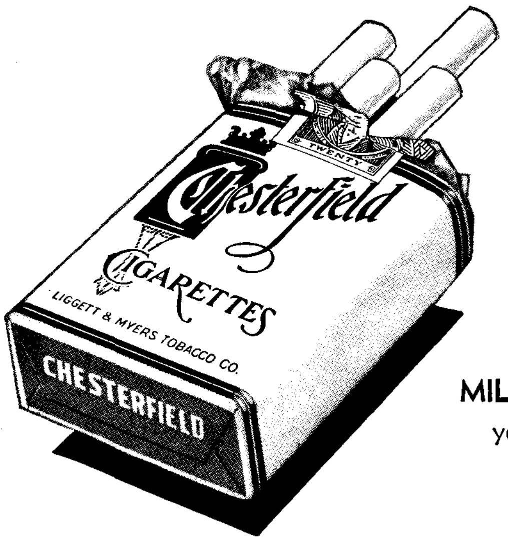
> "It will be, I have no doubt, a source of gratification to you to know that Chesterfield cigarettes were on sale and, at that, the leading American seller, in all parts of the world.
>
> "We started our trip on December 2nd, and visited among other points — Madeira Island, Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Algiers, Haifa, Jerusalem, Cairo, Naples, Suez, Bombay, Java, Dutch Sumatra, Singapore, Manila, Hongkong, Shanghai, Peking, Kobe, Tokyo, Honolulu, the Canal Zone, Havana and home.
>
> "Not only was Chesterfield the leading American cigarette at all points visited, but it was the best seller (all brands) on our ship, the Empress of Scotland."

All over the world you find appreciation of Chesterfield's unchanging standard:

"**TASTE** *above everything*"

field

MUST BE DESERVED



MILD, yes . . . and
yet **THEY SATISFY**

The Man You'd Like to Know

Healthy looking—well groomed, of the out-of-doors perhaps. This man has learned that Williams Shaving Cream can help—mightily—in keeping his Face Fit!

The Williams lather, Standard for 90 years, for the clean shave, the quick shave! Cool as morning. So mild that famous hospitals use it to wash the skins of new born babies.

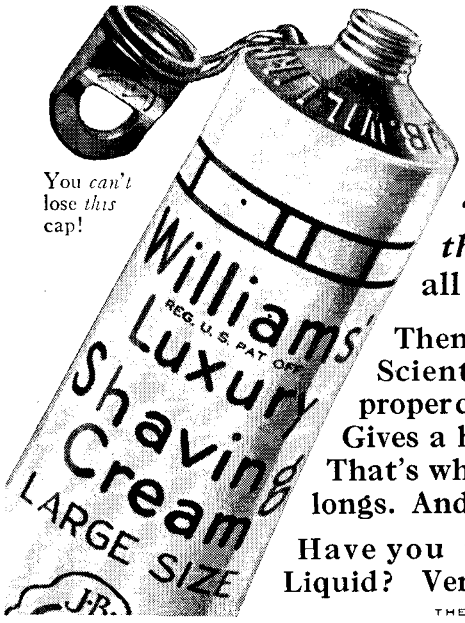
The Williams lather is known for its *extra* moisture. Saturated with ten per cent *more* moisture than any other that we know of.

No atom of doubtful dye in Williams. Uncolored. Altogether pure.

Small wonder then, the drug clerk will tell you, *"Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . but they* all come back to Williams!"

Then a dash of Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin. Gives a happy ending to the shave. That's where shaving happiness belongs. And its fine effects last all day.

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very new! Ask your dealer.



THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREL, CANADA.

Just notice the fine skins of men who use
Williams
SHAVING CREAM

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 61

manity; his eyes bulged, demoniac, from a vast skull. He wore indoor Arab dress, a huge tarboosh crowning his repulsive ugliness.

Never so much as glancing in my direction, he crossed to the door on the other side of the room and went out. . . .

Both doors remained open. Sounds reached me.

First among these I detected voices—subdued but keyed to excitement.

They were voices of delirium, I decided. They spoke a language which conveyed nothing to me.

A man wearing an ill-fitting serge suit and a dark blue turban raced through the room in the wake of the dwarf. He carried an electric torch. Its reflection, diffused from the golden walls, exhibited a yellow, tigerish face, lips curled back and fanglike teeth bared in a sadistic grin. . . .

The dacoit who had followed me to Cairo!

IT WAS a procession of images created by a disordered brain. Yet I was unconscious of any other symptoms of fever.

Two kinds of sounds came to me, now: the excited voices, growing louder, and a more distant, continuous disturbance difficult to identify. Then came a third.

A pulsing shriek quivered through the house . . . and died into wordless gurgling.

The dacoit reappeared. He carried a short, curved knife, its blade red to the hilt. . . . His squinting, bloodshot eyes fixed themselves upon me. He drew nearer and nearer to the divan upon which I lay helpless.

Out of the babel of voices one voice detached itself; a harsh, metallic voice. It cried three words.

The dacoit passed me—and returned by the way he had originally entered.

A sustained, harsh note! . . . a flat, surely unmistakable note—that of a *police whistle!*

I smiled in the darkness.

Clearly, high fever had claimed me. But this ghastly delirium must soon end in unconsciousness. I touched my forehead. It was wet, but cold.

The indistinguishable voices grew faint—and died away.

But that queer, remote booming continued.

And now I determined that it came not from the door behind me—that by which the dacoit had gone out—but from that which faced the foot of the divan . . . the door through which the hunchback had fled.

A dim crash sent ghostly echo messengers through the building.

Shouts followed. But, now, I could pick out certain words. . . .

"Easy at the landing, sir! Wait for me. . . ."

A sound of clattering footsteps, apparently on a staircase. . . .

"You take that door! I'll take this!"

Surely I knew that great, deep voice.

More ghostly crashing.

"Nothing here!"

"Next floor!"

A background of excited conversation; then:

"Nayland Smith!" came the great voice. "Are you there, sir? Shan Greville! Are you there?"

I *did* know that voice!

"Silence!" it commanded. "Listen!"

In the interval of stillness which followed I tried to reply. My heart was beating like a racing engine. My brain had become a circus. And the answering cry died in my throat!

"Carry on!"

Clattering of footsteps was renewed. They were somewhere outside the green-gold room, when:

"God's mercy!"

They had found the hunchback. Sudden silence fell.

Subdued voices broke it, until, above them:

"There's another room!" came a cry.

Holding an electric lamp, the speaker burst through the doorway. . . .

Delirium was ended: this was reality!

"Greville!"

"*Weymouth!*" I said faintly and stretched out a shaking hand.

(*To be continued next week*)

Second-Act Curtain

Continued from page 10

told about a mother who often cried at the memory of the good times she used to have, before she was married and gave birth to a little one, but who felt all right again when the little one reminded her of her present blessings by climbing on her knee—

And she says and twists a curl:
"I am Mamma's baby dirl!"
And the while I bless my lot
Whispers: "Mamma had fordot!"

And another whose first stanza ran:

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say, "Hello!"
Say, "Hello!" and "How d'ye do?
How's the world been using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Waltz straight up and don't go slow,
Shake his hand and say, "Hullo!"

For a brief moment Booth considered dressing again, engaging a taxi, driving to Chambers' house, waltzing straight up to Chambers' room, bringing his hand down with a whack on Chambers' shoulder and saying, "Hullo, and how d'ye do, and how's your second-act curtain?" But he hadn't had enough powders.

While the waiter was removing the tray, he took another one and looked across at the opposite room. Strangely, the shade was down.

Booth lay on his bed, with glass and bottle beside him, for half an hour. Inspiration came to him. The second act should end with a song. But he'd better call up Chambers and get his approval.

"It's Got to be Funny"

"Why, sure," said Chambers. "Only it's got to be damn' funny."

"Have you had any ideas yourself?"

"Not yet. I've been reading. You realize, of course, that a line or a piece of business would be better than a song unless the song's damn' funny."

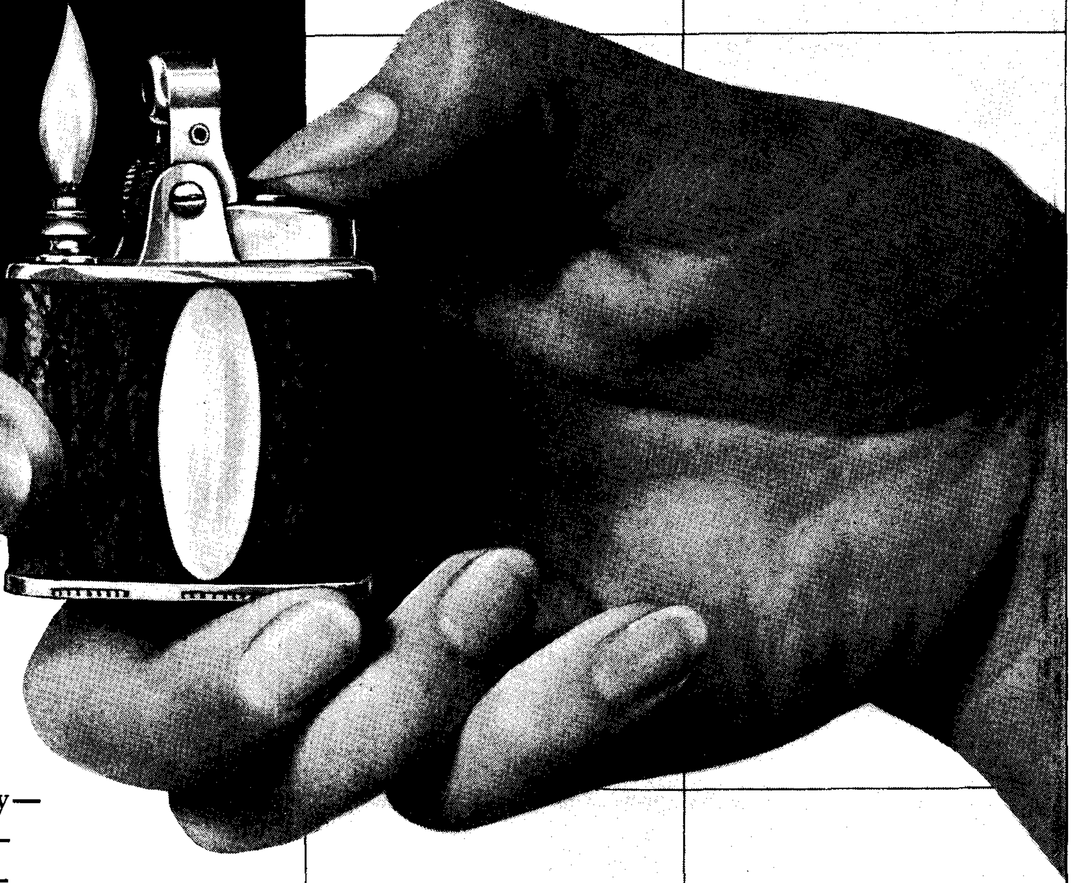
"But I can't think of a line or a piece of business."

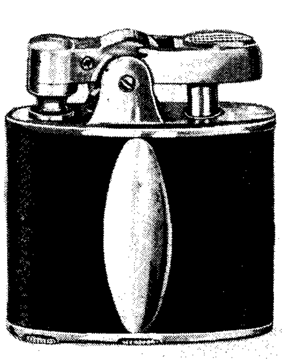
"Then go ahead with your song, and be sure it's damn funny."

Booth hung up and took a drink. In

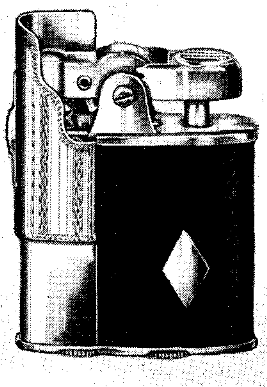
(*Continued on page 66*)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER





Ronson Standard Lighter with monogram shield . . . $5. up



Ronson Windbreak Princess Lighter, with sliding windshield . . . $7.50 up.

GIVE THIS LIGHTER A HAND!

Supreme in world-popularity—
Perfect in its workmanship—
Dependable in its working—
Give this lighter a Hand!
—A hearty masculine hand or
a daintily gloved feminine hand...
Ronson won't smudge it!
No messy wheels to finger.
Just a simple lever to press.
A flip and it's lit—
Release and it's out! •

Smart stores everywhere are showing Ronsons in dozens of styles and sizes, for men and women, at $5. and up. Take a look at them—*light* one!—and you'll understand why Ronsons lead the world in sales.

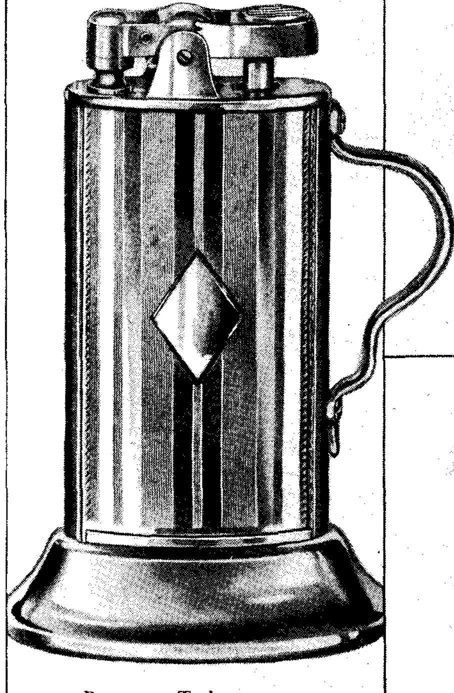
ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

**Ronson Lyterlife, the perfect Non Liquid Lighter Fuel, in the new tube with patented Self-Threading Nozzle, eliminates bother and lasts six times longer between fuelings. 10c and 25c tubes.*

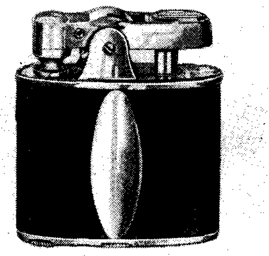
**Ronson "Flints" (sparking metal) are of best quality and correct size for Ronson Lighters. Packet of three, 10c, at dealers or by mail.*

**New Ronson Wick and Wick Inserter also 10c at dealers or by mail.*

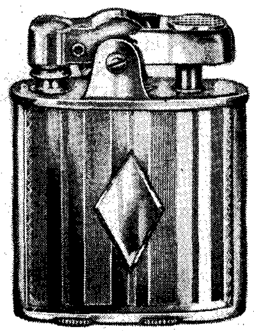
RONSON
TRADE MARK REG..FULLY PATENTED..OTHER PATS. PENDING
De-light



Ronson Tabourette Lighter, for desk or table, chromiumplated...$12.50. Same, leather covered . . . $10.00



Ronson Junior Lighter, smallest size, with shield $5. up



Ronson Princess Lighter, medium size, chromium plated $6.50

Lighters in panels 3/4 actual size. Lighter in hand 1 1/5 actual size.

Now . . .

Sleep Without Drugs

as soon as you go to bed

An Utterly DRUGLESS *Way to Instant Sleep —Boundless Energy The Next Day*

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to make the trial suggested here.

A new way that not only induces sleep, almost instantly when you go to bed, but rebuilds your wasted tissues *while* you sleep. The next day you look and feel like a different person. On doctors' advice, people are *flocking to its use*. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink that builds health in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

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Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from "malt" or "chocolate" drinks, its scientific standing is unquestioned.

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Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

711

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Second-Act Curtain

Continued from page 64

a room devoid of musical instruments he had to compose a song that would be a curtain, would make an audience laugh, would be damn' funny.

He looked across the court and saw the light in the girl's room flash on and then off.

He pictured her as a buyer from St. Louis or Cincinnati. She worked hard all day while he attended rehearsals, or while he sat there in his own room and attempted to think up lines dumb audiences would laugh at, as substitutes for lines that they wouldn't. He wondered whether she was dumb.

In the evening she came back to her $4.00 cell, and perhaps changed her clothes and went to a picture, or sat in the grill or on the roof and dined alone and wished there were someone for her to dance with when the orchestra played Here Am I.

After her solitary dinner or the pictures, she probably went to bed and read the confessions of John Gilbert and Rudy Vallée until she fell asleep.

It was a shame, thought Booth, that the conventions and his arduous work kept him from calling her up and perhaps taking her to dinner or a show, or merely carrying on friendly conversations with her so she would not be quite so homesick.

Wasted Sympathy

He fell asleep and was awakened by the telephone at half past two.

"Listen," said the voice of Mr. Rose, "we've got a show if we find a curtain for that second act. They liked everything but that tonight. You fellas have got to dig up a curtain by tomorrow."

"I think I've got an idea."

"Well, I hope it's good."

Booth began to hum different people's tunes to himself. Tunes lots of times suggest words; it's customary and much more satisfactory to get the tune first—

He looked across the court once more. The lights were on, only the thin shade was down, and he could see a man in shirt sleeves standing in the middle of the room.

"Well," thought Booth, "she's married and I've been wasting all my sympathy. A girl that's married may not be having a good time, but at least she isn't alone."

For some reason, however, he felt resentful and the drink he took was three times as big as its predecessors. So, she was married—

Suddenly there flashed into his head one of the prettiest tunes he had ever heard. He grabbed a piece of music manuscript paper and wrote a lead sheet of half the refrain.

"It will be all the better," he thought, "if I can get some silly, incongruous words to such a pretty melody as this."

He set down what he considered an amusing line and was at work on a second when the telephone rang again.

"This is Rose. I was thinking maybe you'd better tell me something about your idea for a curtain."

"It's a song. I've got it half done."

"You might just as well quit working on it. We can't drop on a song. It's got to be a gag."

"But suppose the song is a gag—"

"No, I tell you we can't ring down on a song. We've got too many of them. This is no musical. Just forget that idea and work on another."

Booth tried to answer, but Mr. Rose had hung up.

"Whether we ring down on it or not," Booth said to the bottle, "we can use it somewhere."

But in the middle of the third line of the lyric a terrible hunch came to him. He had heard the tune before. Where? Why, back at home in the Episcopal church choir. Only there it had been in nine-eight or something, and now it was four-four. "The strife is o'er, the battle done."

"I won't give up till I'm sure," he said to himself.

There was one composer in town who, chances were, would be up at this time of night, five or ten minutes past three. It was quite a job to grab hold of the telephone, but Booth finally managed it.

"Well, whistle it or hum it, but do it quick because I'm working," said Mr. Youmans.

Booth whistled the refrain, though whistling was difficult.

"I like it very much," said Mr. Youmans.

"But isn't it a hymn? I seem to have heard it in church."

"It's a hymn all right," said Mr. Youmans, "but I don't think you heard it in church. I'm sure I never did."

"No. I can imagine that."

"But I can tell you where you did hear it."

"Where?"

"Do you remember the morning you came to my Great Day rehearsal? That's where you heard it. It's the Negroes' hymn that opens the second act."

Booth tore up his sheet of music paper and looked across the court. Clearly visible was the silhouette of the gentleman putting on his coat and hat.

Booth lunged for the telephone again. "I'll call her up," he thought. "I'll tell her I'm sorry her husband has to go to work so early."

The operator answered in a voice as thick and sleepy as his own.

"Listen," he said, "what's the number of the room right across the court from me?"

"I don't know, and if I did I wouldn't tell you."

"But I've got something important to say."

"You sound like it. Anyway, you tell it to me and I'll deliver the message."

"All right," said Booth. "You tell her I've been in my room alone all evening, trying to think up a second-act curtain. And I can't think of one."

At seven in the morning he was aroused by strange noises that issued forth from the telephone receiver, which was off the hook, and the cord of which was looped around his neck.

Detected!

"Will you please hang up your receiver?" said the operator.

"I will if you'll send me the house detective."

"All right."

A house detective appeared before Booth had a chance to get back to sleep.

"Officer," said the latter, "there was somebody in this room last night."

"It looks it."

"When I came in, I brought a full bottle of pretty good stuff. I had my dinner, I worked a little and read a little, and then I went to sleep. Ten minutes ago I woke up to find the bottle empty and the telephone cord twisted around my neck as if someone had tried to strangle me."

"Go back to sleep," said the detective, "and give me time to run down clues. I think we will find that both crimes—the emptying of the bottle and the displacement of the telephone receiver—were the work of one man."

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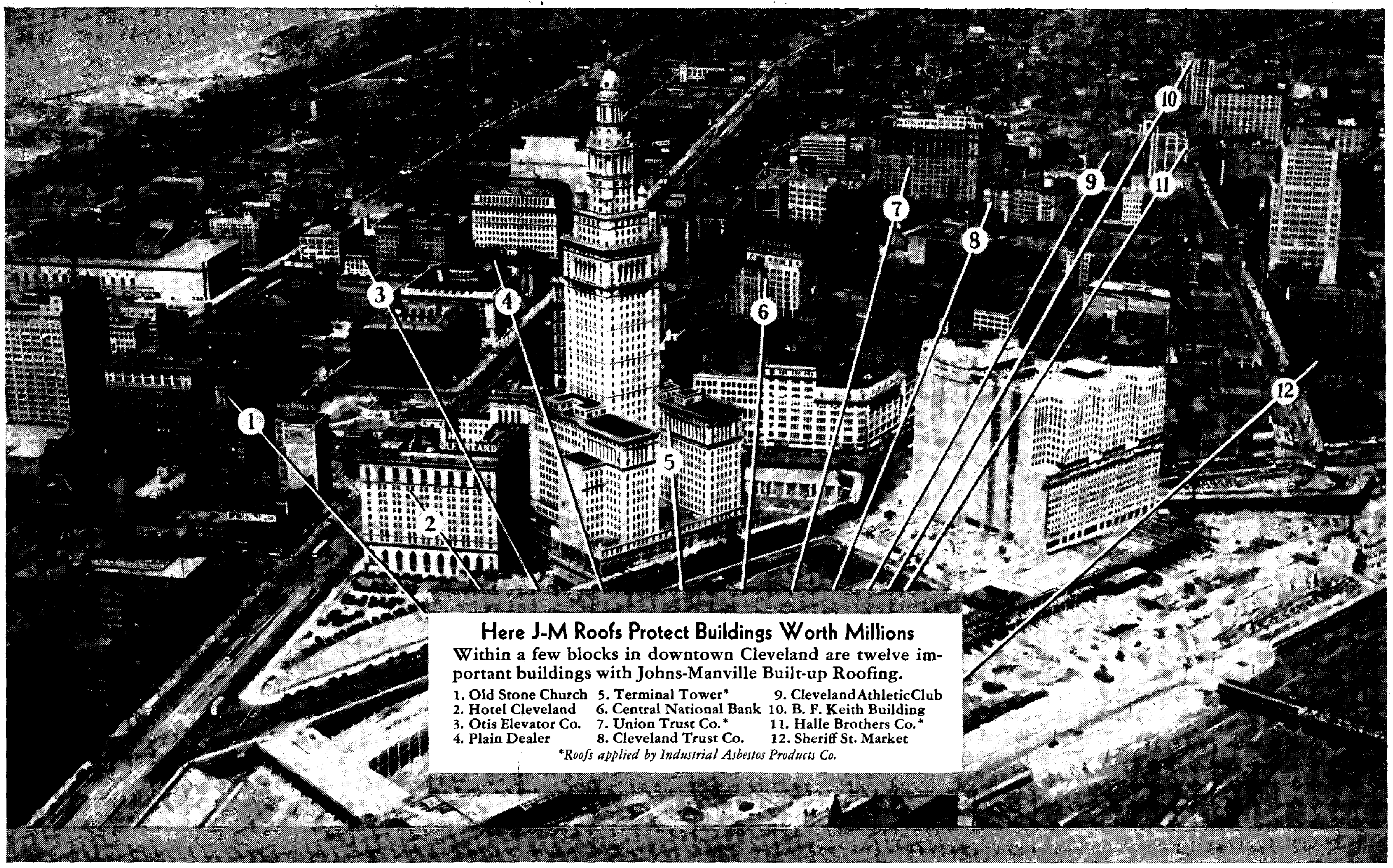

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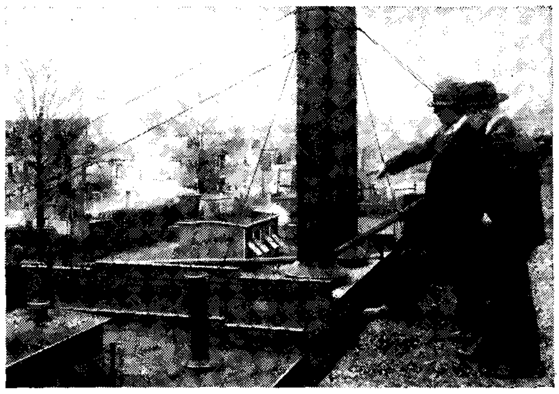

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Grandeur and Misery of Victory

Continued from page 21

tain, for future development, the consolidation of powers making for moderation which by winning the war had just set bounds to the audacious conquest of Europe by Germany. I will tell how the formula for the military consolidation of the victory of the three Allied and Associate nations was accepted on the proposal of England, only to be rejected without explanation by the American Senate, then quietly dropped by England, and left in oblivion by the French Government itself, without a word of protest.

Not a word was uttered to recall that we had given our best blood, and that after seeking for security in a better frontier we had given up this strategical guarantee in exchange for the promise of Anglo-American military aid, which had been offered us as an exchange, and which was taken from us without compensation.

Lloyd George or Wilson?

It is only those whose intelligence and will are weak who think they can do without a substratum of effective guarantees mutually confirmed. Nobody up to the present has ever been able to rely entirely upon violence. Military leaders have the excuse that they are carried away by their profession; civil leaders that of a want of coördinate plans which sometimes goes so far as to destroy their individualities. And the sheeplike populace pays with its blood for the incapacity of the leaders it happens to follow through its own inability to will clearly and unswervingly and continuously itself.

Were we to remain with Mr. Lloyd George under the domination of the *"traditional British policy,"* which consists in keeping the continent of Europe divided for the benefit of the islander, which had led to the present conditions of anarchy, and threatened to engulf us in them? Or were we to follow President Wilson, the upholder of an ideology that aimed at nothing less than the establishment of a system of international law that should be more efficient than common law? Alas! could we be satisfied with vain discussions of this law when we were faced with the unsolvable problem of making it a living thing without investing it with any *executive power?* Mr. Wilson did not understand Europe, and his obstinate resistance to the insignificant concessions that were asked from him at Washington show his knowledge even of America to have been insufficient. He was a doctrinarian in the finest sense of the word; a man with excellent intentions, but with rigidly fixed and crystallized emotions.

A Parliament of super-parliamentarians *without any instrument of authority,* that is the talisman we received in order to give full play to our weaknesses. Nothing could have been more in harmony with our wordy apathy. When the Treaty was rejected by a majority of six votes in the American Senate, Great Britain and France each gave the other the spectacle of the wild rout of armed victors before the disarmed vanquished. Never before had there been seen such a collapse of the paramount powers of the day before a defeated nation, which, simply by the recovery of its energy, threw confusion among her suddenly paralyzed conquerors.

For centuries France and Great Britain have disputed the possession of both the civilized continents and of those yet to be civilized. The history of England has been a stupendous account of lasting conquests, now nearly exhausted, so it seems, by the rivalry between those very centers of independence which she has created, fed, and developed on every hand.

One day in Paris, at the foot of the statue of Washington, where the first American troops had just marched past, Mr. Lloyd George, who until that moment had been very reserved, said to me in a low voice, "Do you know that you have just made me salute one of England's greatest defeats?"

There was no question as yet of Mr. Macdonald's visit to Washington.

"There have been plenty of victories and defeats between us," I replied. "But at the Front, for all that, I salute your flag in the mêlée with all my heart. It is pretty obvious that today you could never govern America from London. Already some of your Dominions are asking you for a reckoning. India is becoming burdensome. The conqueror is a prisoner to his conquest; that is the revenge of conquered nations."

We had waged war as allies within the setting, which was constantly going askew, of the unified command. We could not avoid making peace as allies. I offer all my apologies to the memory of Attila and his congeners, but the art of arranging how men are to live is even more complex than that of massacring them. The real task—and an absolutely new one—was the attempt to make definitely a *Europe founded on right.* In spite of some people's lack of understanding, to have attempted this will be the glory of the Treaty of Versailles. It is for future Governments to work at this task by some method other than that of eternally giving in. The realization of a *Europe founded upon right* was the greatest victory of all, the victory that neither Napoleon nor Foch wished to gain, and which required something more than successful strokes of strategy.

The Guarantee Pact

The House of Commons, which has never pledged its military help in advance to any people, readily grasped the fact that a new situation called for decisions of a new character. The Guarantee Treaty was accordingly passed by a *unanimous* vote without a debate. France will never forget this. On the other hand, by a majority of six votes, the American Senate refused Mr. Wilson—who had been suffering for many long months from a fell disease—the consent he had asked for. Article 2, which provided for the *"simultaneous"* coming into force of the two treaties, could not take effect. Such are the risks that democracies run with their frail parliaments. For France, who lent such powerful aid to the great achievement of American Independence, this enshrines a pretty lesson in history to ponder over. I have often heard it said that there were more Frenchmen than Americans in the little army that made Lord Cornwallis capitulate at Yorktown. Those were the great days of American liberation. From New York to San Francisco who thinks of it today?

Matters thus did not take the course that was looked for. We know that Washington, in 1796, recommended his compatriots not to become entangled in European alliances. There were at that time many reasons for this. But can it be said that circumstances may not change? Is there a man on the face of the earth capable of devising a recommendation in foreign policy for all eternity? Who made the proposal of a *guarantee pact* but the official spokesman of the American people, following Mr. Lloyd George? Who considered the German menace to be directed as much against the United States as against France and England? Who proposed to us a *"war association"?* The whole thing is there!

The Guarantee Pact gave us what was nothing less than the ultimate sanction of the Peace Treaty. At the cost of heroic efforts we had attempted to establish equitable groupings of national powers—which had come into being as the result of a compromise between racial affinities and historic acts of violence which by long standing seemed to have acquired validity. Frederick II, Catherine, Maria Theresa, left behind them a tradition of brigandage which shows no signs of dying out. An act of rapine takes but a little time. Centuries are not always enough for reparation.

Had France been actuated by dreams of conquest, as certain Americans have cast in her teeth, she would certainly have taken a stubborn stand in claiming territories linked to her by historic memories, in spite of the danger of basing the peace of the New Europe on an Alsace-Lorraine situation the other way round.

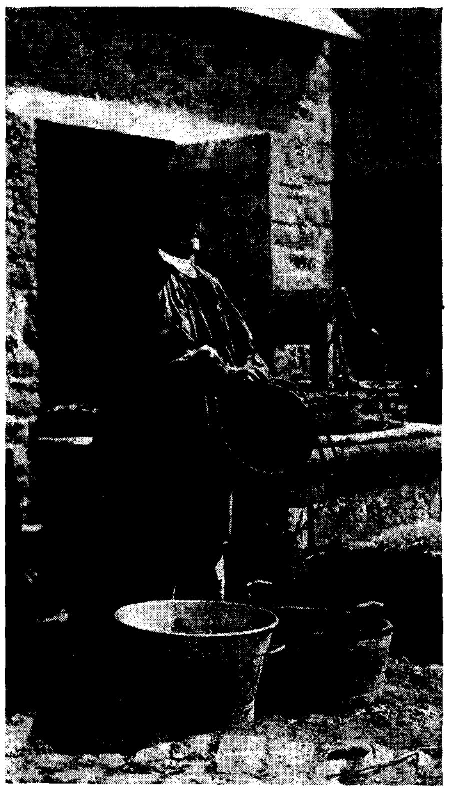
"The Frontier of Liberty"

On the contrary, the negotiators thought that the Allies, who had just worked together so brilliantly for victory, could not be met with a refusal when they proposed to carry over into the peace the policy which had led them to come into the War. When the Lloyd George-Wilson proposal fell to the ground it came to be generally thought that the only means of preventing war was to be found in the ideology of the League of Nations, which gave much more scope to parliamentary intrigues and flights of eloquence than the silent but effective will of the Allied governments to secure the continuance of peace. The Guarantee Pact was sufficient to rule out the possibility of war, as Lord Curzon recognized. But if America, caring only about her own prosperity, declined to take a share in either scheme, there was nothing left to us but uncertainty.

After telling us that *the frontier of liberty was in France* America had forgotten it all too soon. When she left not only France, but the whole of a Europe founded upon right exposed to the dangers of a new outbreak of war, America will be judged by history to have too quickly turned a deaf ear to the call of her destiny. She lost fifty thousand men, and we a million and a half, with more than seven hundred thousand disabled. She has become fabulously rich, and we are about to count out to her, dollar by dollar, the marks that Germany owes us by way of reparations.

That France and Europe should not wholly have shaken off the feelings engendered by the casual way in which the public powers of the United States refused to discuss a state of solidarity which would have prevented Germany from starting an armaments' race, we have a right to regret for America's sake as much as for our own. It was in her power to put a stop to the prolongation of this terrible tragedy. Not merely did she make no effort at all to follow the (unanimous) example of our British allies, but she contemptuously brushed the question aside without discussion. She had set her feet on the slippery slope. This was obvious when this unfortunate lapse was followed by her attempt to make us pay the additional

(*Continued on page 70*)



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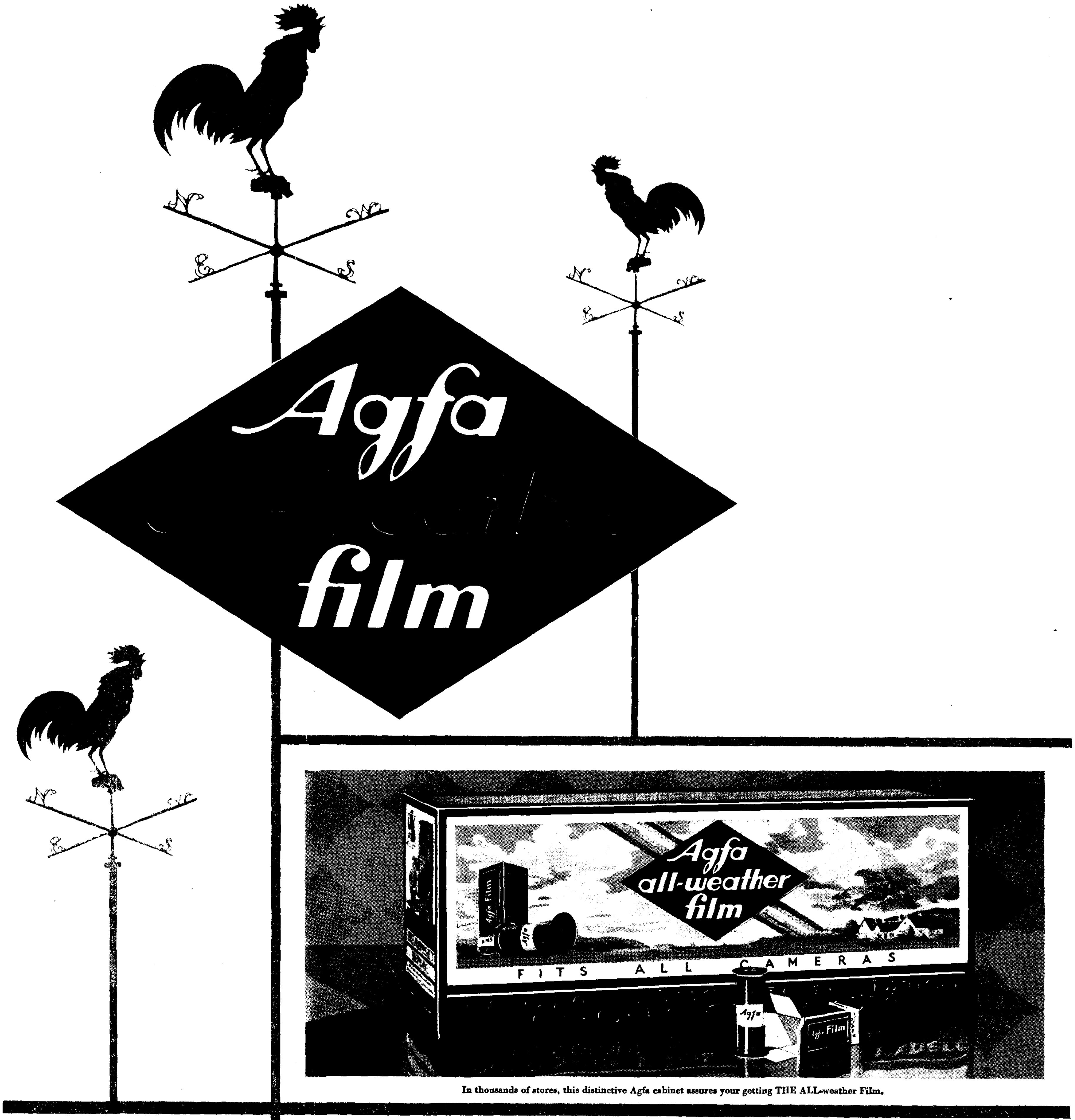

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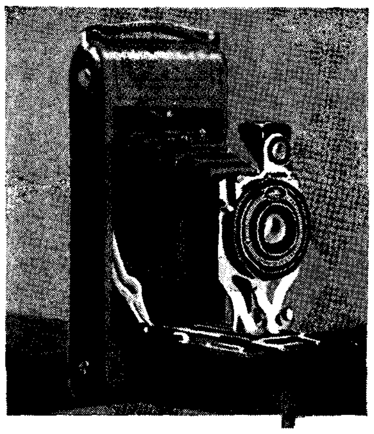

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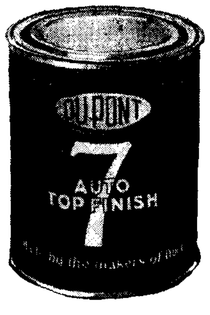

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Grandeur and Misery of Victory

Continued from page 68

damage inflicted on us through the delay in her preparations.

We shall be pardoned for saying that this was a painful surprise to us. Especially when determined efforts are being made, with ends in view that cannot but be disturbing, to make us enter, for a period of over sixty years, into financial engagements which everyone knows we shall not be able to fulfill. And even that is not enough to satisfy the American appetite. We are not allowed to set up any connection between the payments to come from Germany and the alleged debts due to the American Government, which is not content to accept payments from us in proportion to the sums we receive from Germany in reparations. Let the German payments for any reason come to an end and America intends that the account of her profits shall be added, as though to give us the coup de grâce, to the account of the damage done to us by the enemy.

All peoples have neighbors, and we would desire our neighbors to be our friends, for therein lies true security, while friendship cannot be won by violence, in any shape or form. International security guaranteed by our allies was offered to us, and we accepted it. It was not made effective through the lack of understanding of a few weak minds. For all that, France nobly abode by her historic rôle. She may take to herself the saying of the great potter Bernard Palissy, who, when his king advised him to change his religion to avoid torture, replied, *"Sire, I know how to die."* But France will not die, because mankind has need of her for the fulfillment of heroic ends, for acts of altruism.

The history of the treaty of separate peace between the United States and Germany is not less strange than the sequence of events that led up to it.

After much trouble the Allies agreed, on May 15, 1920, to decree the cessation of the state of war between the United States and Germany, with the proviso that America, although not having ratified the Treaty of Versailles, was not called on to surrender any of the *"advantages, privileges, indemnities, reparations, or rights"* claimed by her nationals in virtue of the terms of the armistice signed on November 11, 1918, or any extension or modification that, *in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles,* might be stipulated for to their advantage as one of the principal allied and associated nations.

President Wilson refused to sign this resolution.

After some passages of arms which do not interest us a treaty was voted during Mr. Harding's Presidency. It secured to the United States all the rights accorded to the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, *without any liability or obligation on the part of the American Republic.*

Mutilations of the Treaty

American comrades, you arrived on the battlefield when the War was nearing its end. But in the discussion of the Peace Treaty yours was a deciding share. It was the head of your Government who claimed to settle, in full accord with you, the results of the war. It was he who claimed to solve, and with the authority he derived from you, did solve, problems of the much-hoped-for stabilization of Europe, problems before which our statesmen were at a standstill in hesitation. Without you, I do not shrink from saying that in a certain number of points the Treaty would have been different. You determined to make, and you did make—and proclaimed it very loud and clear—a new Europe, in which you aimed at an equilibrium of pacification, the problems of which you were not afraid to tackle with mere phantoms of sanctions. It may be said that the undertaking was too bold. No one will dispute that, in the opinion of the combatants, it reflected the greatest honor on you. But all the cost of that honor fell upon us.

The Meaning of the Separate Peace

And now, after the work has been toilsomely accomplished, not merely do you smash it to pieces, of your own motion, but further, making on your own initiative a *separate peace*—that is, *an American mutilation*—you usurp the rights won by the soldiers of Europe on the battlefield during four interminable years to make defeated Germany recognize the *"advantages, privileges, indemnities, reparations, or rights,"* gained with our blood, after the destruction of our possessions. That was a high emprise of downright materialism the like of which had never been seen. Never did a peace based upon a breaking up of solidarity, upon a disassociation of interests, so strongly deserve the title of *separate peace,* since you propose to secure the profits of it, after puffing into thin air the advantages your own President had proffered to us in your name. And what am I to add when you present us with an account on which to these profits of *yours* are added *our* losses, for which you request us to indemnify you!

How this *separate peace* can be reconciled with the promises made to us, *from the very tribune of the French Chamber,* on February 3, 1919, by the President of the great American Republic—without our having asked for anything—is something I cannot undertake to explain.

> *America discharged her debt of gratitude to France by sending her sons to fight on the soil of France. She did more. She helped to bring together the forces of the world, so that France should never again feel her isolation, so that France should feel that her peril was not a solitary one, and so that she should never again have to ask herself who would come to her aid. . . .*

These were the words of the President of the United States, words elicited by no questioning, words that aroused no protest from his country. And all this to end in the rejection, without discussion, of the Guarantee Pact! Is it surprising that many simple folk have been deeply wounded by it, especially when there is added the unexpected burden of a sum to be paid with compound interest, which *more than doubles* the total of a debt that has itself no sufficient justification?

If this American peace is not a *separate peace* I wonder what description can possibly be applied to it. We entered into this world battle with the support of Belgium, England, and Russia. Italy and some other Powers lent us, in the course of the struggle, their splendid coöperation. America too—pretty late in the day, alas!—with a gallantry to which I have never failed to pay homage, but in such an unprepared state that she could never even have taken the field without equipment from us.

Round the conference table I saw all the combatant nations assembled, in

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Most Amazing Radio Value Ever Offered!!!

A NEW Screen Grid, Neutrodyne Circuit, Power Speaker, A.C. Electric, Low Utility Console Model at an Unheard of Low Price!!!

Newly Designed Low Utility Console Cabinets

The cabinets of wood, illustrated here in the Chum, Playmate and Comrade models are distinct innovations in radio cabinet design and construction. They serve many purposes in the home other than as mere containers for radio receiving sets and speakers, readily lending themselves to use as end tables, bedside tables and occasional tables. They are easily moved from place to place in the home due to their lowness and light weight. The cabinet of the Buddy model, being only 24¼ inches high, 17¾ inches wide and 11¼ inches deep, is in harmony with any room interior, whether used out in the room, against the wall, or in any of the other ways suggested.

Improved Dynacone and Dynacoil Speakers

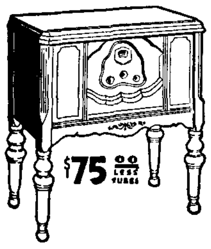
Improved speakers of two types give a diffused non-directional grand piano effect. In the Buddy and Chum the improved and refined Crosley Dynacone power speaker is used. The Playmate and Comrade incorporate the perfected Type "M" Crosley Dynacoil power speaker. In all cases the speakers are mounted on or in the bottoms of the cabinets, diffusing the sound into the room instead of blasting it into the faces of the listeners. This mounting of the speakers makes possible better looking and lower cabinets. It eliminates the disfiguring speaker opening in the front and, in the Playmate and Comrade models, makes it possible to keep the doors closed when the sets are in use.

Tone-Tested by the World's Leading Musicians

Much of the beautiful tone of these new Crosley "Companionship" Models can be attributed to the suggestion and help of such noted artists as Alma Gluck, Edith Mason, Efrem Zimbalist, Jose Mojica, George Gershwin, and others equally famous. With Crosley sets in their homes these artists "listen in", comment, advise, and give Crosley engineers the invaluable benefit of their opinions. In this manner, the tone quality of Crosley radio is developed and constantly improved to a richness, color and naturalness that mechanical tests alone could never attain. And this beautiful tone is exclusive with Crosley.

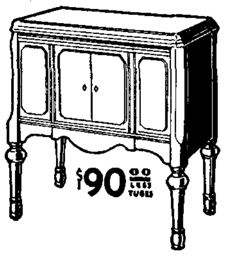
"Companionship" Series Models in Low Utility Wood Consoles

The CHUM



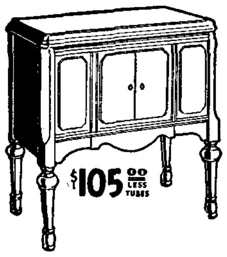
This model is a useful, beautiful, inconspicuous low table for use anywhere. It is constructed of 3 and 5-ply walnut veneer with matched Australian laurel front panels. The center panel is of rich golden maple with recessed dial panel showing through in burl walnut finish. The heavy top and molding set off the cabinet. The set uses six tubes, two of which are Screen Grid. A Crosley Dynacone power speaker is mounted in the bottom of the cabinet. Dimensions: 28½ inches high, 27¾ inches long, 14 inches deep. Amazingly low priced at only $75, less tubes.

The PLAYMATE



This handsome wood model is built of two-tone walnut veneer, the swing doors being of diagonal matched veneer. The heavy top and molding add to the beauty of the cabinet. The doors open to reveal the recessed dial panel of burl walnut finish. The set is the refined Crosley seven-tube Monotrad using two Screen Grid tubes. The power speaker is the Crosley Type "M" Dynacoil and is mounted in the bottom of the cabinet. Dimensions: 29¼ inches high, 28¾ inches long, 16¼ inches deep. No radio value has ever approached this model at only $90, less tubes.

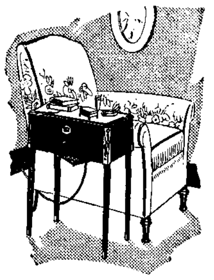
The COMRADE



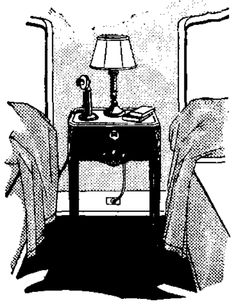
This set is enclosed in the same cabinet as the Playmate but incorporates the refined Crosley Unitrad eight-tube chassis, giving somewhat greater sensitivity and performance due to the use of three Screen Grid tubes instead of two. You've never seen so much value in radio for only $105, less tubes.

With the perfection and presentation of the new Crosley Buddy and the new Crosley "Companionship" Series there was ushered in a new era in the development of radio receiving sets for the home. In the sensationally popular Buddy is offered, for the first time in radio history, a radio receiving set, complete in a magnificent new low, utility console with improved power speaker built in, using Screen Grid tubes, employing the highly sensitive Neutrodyne circuit, and operating from an electric light socket, at a price so low that every home can afford to have one or more in it.

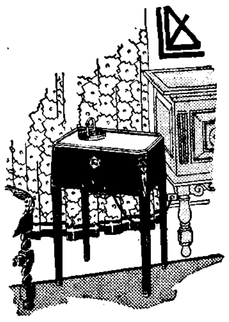
For more than eight years it has been the Crosley policy to provide the people with reliable and dependable radio reception at the lowest possible cost. Every effort has been devoted to find ways to give you greater and greater value at no added cost—often at a lowered cost, as in the case of the new Crosley "Companionship" Series. The great popularity of Crosley radio has made possible the big Crosley plant and the quantity production methods by which the cost of manufacturing radio receiving sets has been reduced to bed-rock. These savings come to you in lowered prices and better performance.



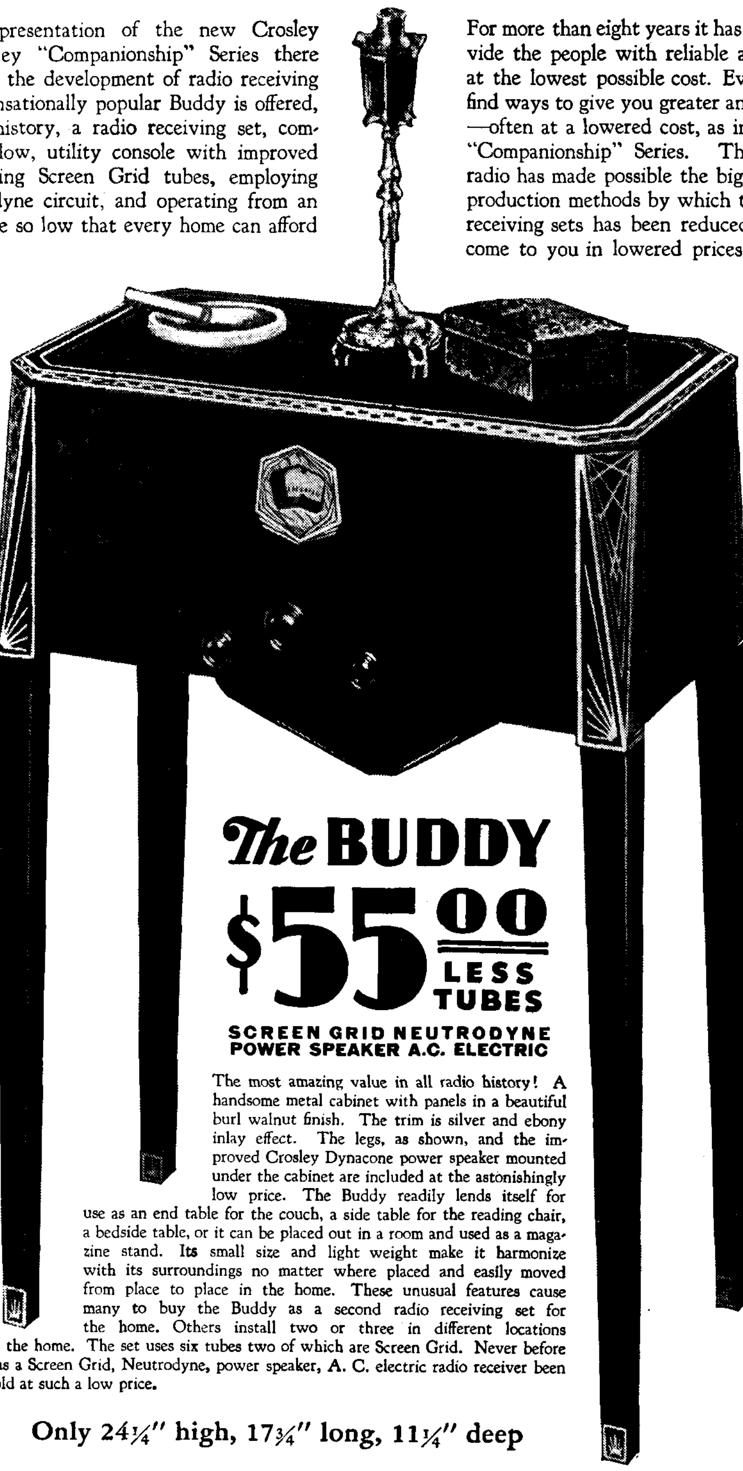
As an End Table
the Buddy serves as a convenient resting place for books, magazines, ash tray, etc.



As a Bedside Table
the Buddy provides ample space for night light, a book or two, telephone, etc.



In the Dining Room
the Buddy provides entertainment and amusement and serves as a temporary resting place for many things.



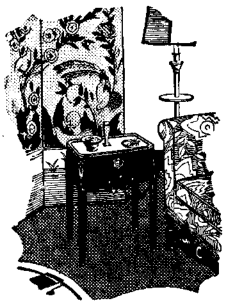
The BUDDY

$55.00 LESS TUBES

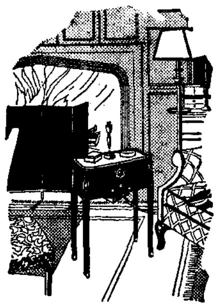
SCREEN GRID NEUTRODYNE POWER SPEAKER A.C. ELECTRIC

The most amazing value in all radio history! A handsome metal cabinet with panels in a beautiful burl walnut finish. The trim is silver and ebony inlay effect. The legs, as shown, and the improved Crosley Dynacone power speaker mounted under the cabinet are included at the astonishingly low price. The Buddy readily lends itself for use as an end table for the couch, a side table for the reading chair, a bedside table, or it can be placed out in a room and used as a magazine stand. Its small size and light weight make it harmonize with its surroundings no matter where placed and easily moved from place to place in the home. These unusual features cause many to buy the Buddy as a second radio receiving set for the home. Others install two or three in different locations in the home. The set uses six tubes two of which are Screen Grid. Never before has a Screen Grid, Neutrodyne, power speaker, A. C. electric radio receiver been sold at such a low price.

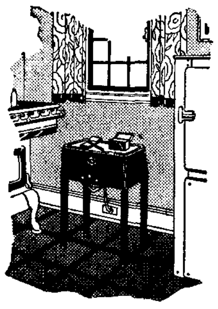
Only 24¼" high, 17¾" long, 11¼" deep



As an Occasional Table
the Buddy will become a real companion providing ample space for nut bowl, candy dish, etc.



In the Library
the Buddy will enhance the enjoyment of any book by providing smoking materials at your finger tips.



In the Kitchen
the Buddy brings in cooking and baking lectures and provides a place for note book in which to jot down recipes.

All Models Screen Grid Neutrodyne A. C. Electric

All Crosley "Companionship" radio sets incorporate Screen Grid radio frequency amplification. Screen Grid tubes give amplification of fifty times per stage, while the older type of tubes cannot be relied upon to give amplification greater than eight to twelve times per stage. Crosley radio sets are built under the Neutrodyne patents and incorporate the advantages of the Neutrodyne circuits.

Most Amazing Radio Values Ever Offered

Just look at the illustrations of the new Crosley "Companionship" Series shown here—read the descriptions of sets, speakers and cabinets—visit your nearest Crosley dealer today—hear the marvelous tone, examine the cabinets, compare these models in every way with other sets—then determine for yourself whether or not they represent the most amazing radio values ever offered.

Western Prices on All Models Slightly Higher

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Home of WLW—"*The Nation's Station*"

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Grandeur and Misery of Victory

Continued from page 70

harmony, to trace frontiers for states and to settle theoretical guarantees. The President of the American Republic did us the honor of coming to take his place among us, and, if it was not in his power to bring to our aid military support more powerful than what he did actually furnish, his help in dollars at least was unstinted up to the very day of that victory in the field which put to the test all efforts to achieve solidarity, all impulses of unselfishness. Thus, as soon as the American soldier appeared on the battlefield, heralding the speedy arrival of a whole nation in arms, the German understood that the battle was lost. Out of the battle that the enemy had lost it remained for us to make a victory won by the common solidarity of our coalition.

Victims of American Policy

No one will be surprised at the peculiar authority with which President Wilson succeeded, in the name of the American people, in imposing certain of his views in the Peace Conference debates. The end was that he believed he had found in his League of Nations the key to universal peace, and that the American Congress, on this vital point, chose to abide by the Monroe Doctrine of isolation. Consequently, the man who had contributed more than any other to make his ideas predominate in the Peace Treaty found himself actually in the position of being dispossessed of his authority. And so the day came when he had to relinquish his interest in his own pact, while the American Government that succeeded him treated, BY ITSELF ALONE, SEPARATELY, with Germany, taking care—the irony of it—*to secure for itself the advantages of the battles that it had never fought.* I repeat, if that is not a *separate peace* then there is no meaning in words.

In this respect, indeed, may we not say that we are victims of the American policy, since it is that policy that led us to the gulf down which the sanctions embodied in the Guarantee Pact crashed to ruin? This is so evident that it would be superfluous to set it down, were we not faced with the last great disappointment of hearing America claim from us the price of the blood we shed in her place because we took the field before her.

It is very necessary for me to recall this piece of history, since the facts force us to do so. I claim, nevertheless, to preserve an undimmed memory of such a noble display of friendship. A thing that is a matter of life or death to my country makes me openly express my regret that the desire to help us is too keenly accompanied in our associates by a natural eagerness to turn everything to profit. We are now paying sacrifices we made without counting the cost. I only hope, my formidable friends, that you will not, without heeding what you do, so act as to make them heavier still.

One thing more.

You have rid yourselves of the ties of solidarity with Europe in which the War had involved you (and the claims of which you possibly fear), and you have saved your Monroe Doctrine, to which we have no objection, but which, as Mr. Coolidge has expounded it to the Cubans, makes you the kings of what amounts to an American solidarity. You have amassed too vast a profit on undertakings which will complete our ruin, unless it is open to us to discuss German reparations—which you do not even agree to discuss with us. You are still in the bloom and heyday of a young civilization. You make us act the part of those graybeards that are the laughingstocks of the stage but who had their great days—without which you would never have been what you are. Do not despise Europe. Your judgments might prove double-edged. Do not treat us too badly. No one knows what fate history has in store for you. A weaker brother is often useful in time of need.

Above all, do not be so ingenuous as to believe that you will disarm, by methods of persuasion, the powers who see you strengthening against every eventuality your means of defense, which might turn into means of aggression. The newspapers inform us that, following England's lead, you are going to demand the abolition of submarines. It is almost as if the second-class naval powers were demanding the abolition of battleships.

You have discovered the secret of how to "reduce" the liberty of others with regard to armaments and build warships yourselves. But do you not think that the general break-up of solidarity that you have vociferously let loose may one day, in Europe or in the Far East, bring us all once again to dangerous straits?

Bled white by the Great War, her strength completely sapped by the "peace" of her "associates," what have you done to France, whom the cause of right will for long ages continue to need? When Colonel Stanton, arriving to join the fight, hastened with all speed to the graveyard of Picpus to utter the far-reaching cry, "*La Fayette, we are here!*" it was a sword he brandished in the sunlight, and not a schedule of payments.

* * *

And now, Unknown Warrior of France, what of it all? Yes! Thou, modest and noble creation of the mind of a whole people, forever silent under the flagstone of the tomb, 'tis thou I am fain to question and consult. 'Tis not Foch's gossip that haunts me, but the future of France, which at this moment is at stake while we look on, a future too uncertain in our sight grown weary with too much of the unforeseen.

Paris has seen them go by in funeral pomp, the soul-moving obsequies of the soldier chief, on his way to eternity. I had brought him the homage of my farewell.

Our summary judgments lead us to class man as either good or bad. The truth would lie in seeing him as good *and* bad—together. We should then have no need of so many fictions to create for ourselves a figure designed to our own vanity.

What Can It Matter Today?

The Spaniards say of a soldier, "He was brave on such a day," leaving the rest to the chances of the unknown. Foch was good and very good at the Marne, on the Yser, at Doullens, and that is already much. He had no love for me, which is easily to be understood, while, for my part, I had a weakness for him that was not hard to understand. Today perhaps many will find me harsh. Yet to everything in which he was concerned I always brought an uncommon amount of good will. Ordinary decency would have been enough to make him glad to show the same.

In him there were elements of a chief and even of a hero, as I have already said. He lacked only those elements that raise man above personal and accidental considerations. We pulled in the same collar, and glad would I be to add, with the same heart, if I was not contradicted by the facts themselves.

Above all, I owe him a grudge for not having allowed me to end my days in the modest self-respect and silence in which I had set my chief inward bliss. And now that I have made my reply, I find myself asking whether I should not have done better to remain present but mute, even as thou, Unknown Warrior, made greater by silence.

What can it matter today that Foch or I one day said this, did that? Things for discussing by idlers staring from a window in quest of passing shows. But if, in the turmoil of men and things, we turn to look for better results for times to come, casting beyond the man who knows nothing of himself, I think we must look higher to see farther.

Let us accept the fact of our human condition, with its greatness and its failings; let us try to criticize only for the sake of learning—that is to say, of making progress in the direction of the truth.

And here there presents itself the main obstacle to the right knowledge of things, and also to the right lesson we ought to derive from them: the disturbing sense of *personality* to which we refer every event that offers itself to our judgment. And it is here, great Unknown Warrior of France, that thou dost so masterfully recover thy advantage over whoso reduces all questions concerning man to aspects of himself. For the supreme virtue of thy vast epic lies in *impersonality*. In the battle Foch was, and in history remains, thy chief forever. Since he is human, he must needs have had his fallings short, defects of personality through which in his worser moments we shall have the advantage of him, to leave him the glorious revenge of his great days.

What a sharp contrast of feelings between 1871 and 1919 for the Germans, come back to Versailles, again in that same Hall of Mirrors, to put their own seal to the downfall of that same Germanic Empire yesterday proclaimed in that same place, amid the theatrical bedizenment of warlike uniforms, the cries of *Hoch!* the clicking boot-heels, the cheers of victory, the clink of gold and steel!

Half a century for the total collapse of a *kolossal* dream, dissipated in the murderous incoherencies of an imperial degenerate!

Yesterday the head of their delegation, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, came to ask us for our draft treaty. The German, standing in stiffest insolence, read us out a sheet beginning like this: "So you are at last about to slake your hatred. . . ." Mr. Lloyd George whispered to me, "What are you going to reply?" To which I answered, "I am going to stick my paper under his nose and say, 'Here is what you have to sign.'"

And even so it was done.

The Witnesses

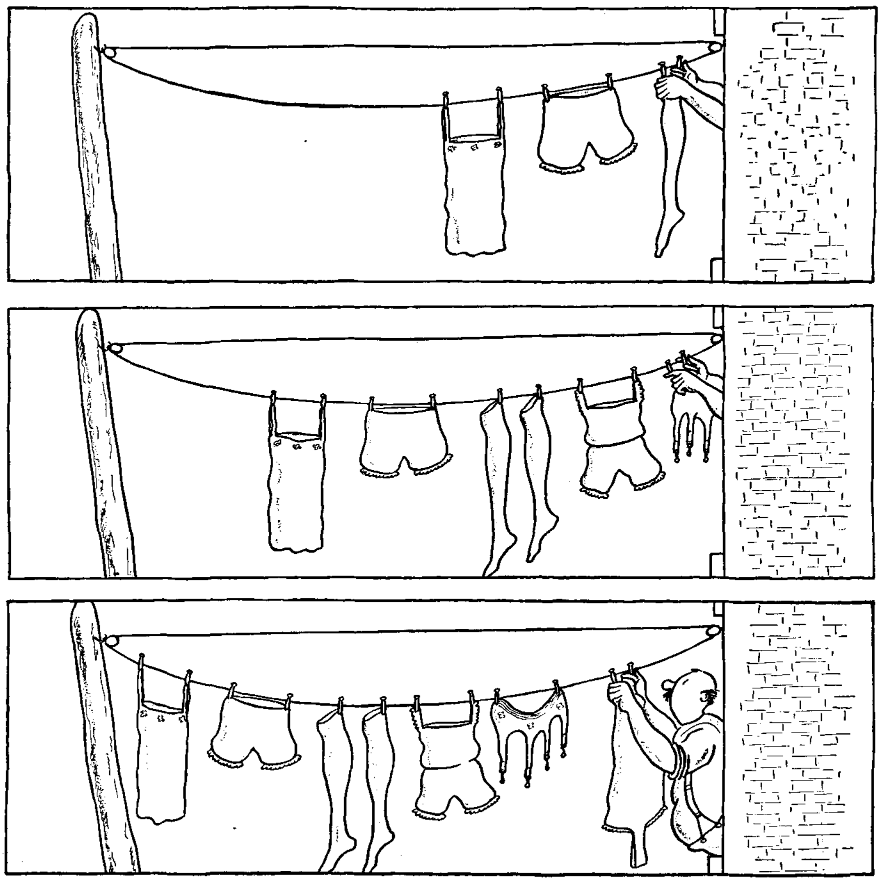
Less arrogance on the day of the signing, when the great king's mirrors now sent back nothing but the will-o'-the-wisps of the big round spectacles like crowns about the administrative skulls, whose sour, set faces belied the vague gestures of a frigid courtesy. A tragic silence.

Suddenly there was a stir among the silent throng. Upon a velvet-covered bench between two windows there had been placed in full view three ghastly masks of the hellish tragedy, with eyes unsocketed, with twisted jaws, with faces plowed with scars—three grievously wounded men, invited to the place of honor, a reminder of hideous torments heroically borne.

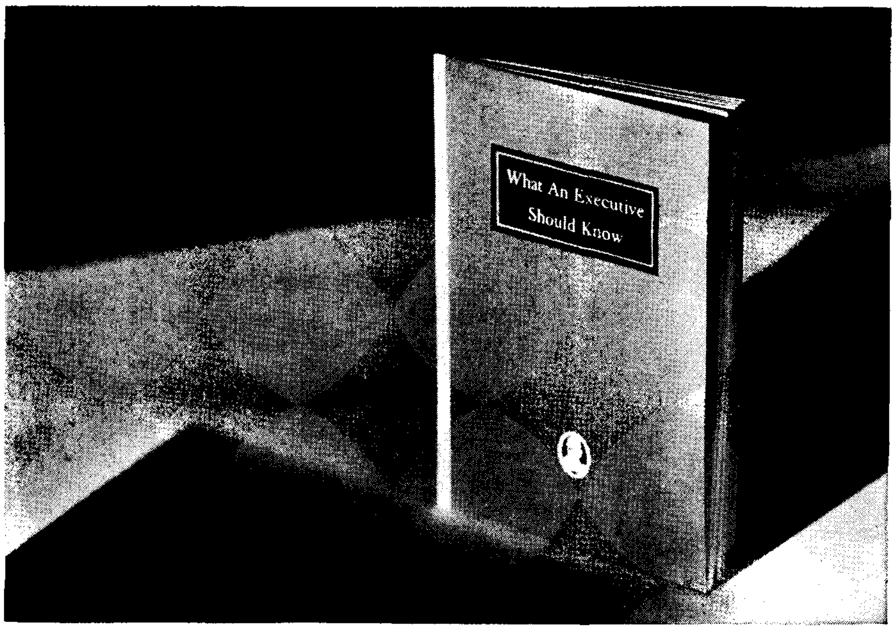
Heroic friends, we salute you, you who in the agony of surviving come hither to set forth the sublimest of lessons. It is not you who appear before us to revive and accentuate the contrasts of the tragedy that through you was glorious. It is we who present ourselves at your judgment-seat for a verdict of true equity, which will not withhold indulgence, but which will proclaim in no uncertain tone that to win a war equal and the same obedience is required of all.

Speak, great scar-branded witnesses made judges by the battle, and tell us what would have come to pass if you had disobeyed!

Beyond even this dolorous teaching is the lesson of the Unknown Warrior, who has paid more than his debt in sacrificing even the remembrance of his very name, and has asked for naught; not even the tomb ye have given him for your own instruction.



The distribution of the booklet pictured below is restricted. It will not interest those who are merely curious. It is offered only to mature men who are seriously interested in their own business progress. If you are not such a man, *please do not write.*



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Business Address...

Business Position............................Type of Business...........................

A Petition for Pardon

Continued from page 9

"In short, Your Excellency, this young man was so busy looking after himself as he should appear in the eyes of the woman whom he no doubt still hoped to win that there was no place in his thought for the welfare of anyone else. Indeed, not even much thought for the welfare of his ladylove. He knew that Mrs. Ferguson was not distinguished for her wisdom. She was distinguished for her beauty, and, in my estimation, next to her beauty, she was distinguished for her stupidity; also for her selfishness.

"OLD Tom Ferguson did not trick her into that marriage. He knew that he was no Romeo. He offered what he had and gave her everything he offered. The one glaring deficiency in what he had to offer was absolutely apparent. I refer to his age. However, I do not consider a man of forty-seven necessarily a doddering old wreck. Mrs. Ferguson accepted the contract after due deliberation and after consultation with her friends and family. She entered into it and, according to her own statement, she broke it flagrantly by offering to become the mistress of Burton F. Carey. Not long thereafter she did become the mistress of Snell, whose character could easily have been ascertained and actually was more or less known to Carey. Nothing of this danger was known to Ferguson. And Carey never told him a word that might warn him.

"Under the circumstances I do not feel that Carey did his full duty. That is a matter of opinion but I am here to utter opinions. The facts are known. Moreover, I do not feel that Carey was entirely fair in failing to protest against the removal of those jewels. The firm was hard pressed and that, of course, means that so were the partners. Ferguson had given those jewels to his wife. She was now about to go away with another man. Were they still her jewels? I don't think so.

"When the theft was finally discovered Carey was the only man who had a clue, and by failing to disclose such a pertinent clue he became morally, and I think legally, an accessory after the fact. If he had acted promptly that money might have been recovered.

"Now, let us see what his generosity accomplished. Beyond question he gave at least one person a few brief months of happiness. The firm failed and some hundreds of persons were promptly out of work. He pleaded guilty and, according to Judge Wilkinson, his motive was to protect his mother and aunt and nurse from the unhappy ordeal of giving testimony that would necessarily be subject to suspicion.

"Judge Wilkinson neglected to say where these three women are today, so I must supply that fact. All three are dead. They had been in reasonably good health, considering their ages, up to the time of the disaster, but they did not survive this hero's protection. His confession of crime brought their honorable lives to a close. But the worst sufferers were Street and Ferguson. They were acquainted with hardship from youth and had no reason to fear bankruptcy. They had faced it before and started again. But this was a new kind of bankruptcy—caused by treachery. They did try to start again but the thing he had done to them was much more dreadful than to strip them of their funds. He had destroyed their faith.

"Street and Ferguson had been remarkably successful borrowers of large sums during all the years I have known them. They were confident executives. They had faith in each other. But this time, when they started anew, they couldn't borrow. Something had happened to their faith. And so they had nothing to build on. Presently they became very humble employees. Ferguson was a skillful bookkeeper when I first knew him and he now became a bookkeeper again. He nearly lost his job last month.

"The night watchman found him prowling through the corridors of the office building where he works, and took him into custody under suspicion. It developed that he suffers from nightmares—nightmares in which he sees burglars taking money out of the safe and altering his books so that he will be accused of the crime. These nightmares are so real that they drive him to his office and he prowls through the corridors protecting the safe against the phantoms of his stricken mind. His memory is failing. There are considerable periods of time that he barely remembers. He recalls very little about his wife and he is now entirely willing to give her a divorce. She has renewed the request because she expects that Your Excellency will pardon Mr. Carey, and she assumes that they will be married.

"Mr. Street was a skilled salesman when I first met him, and he tried to become a salesman again after the disaster. But you can't sell things while cancer and vitriol eat your heart. I shall apply, very shortly, to some suitable institution that might take care of Mr. Street. He had a temporary fit of insanity not long ago and tried to commit suicide. He burned his mouth with acid so badly that he has now about lost the power of speech, and that, of course, settles permanently the question as to whether he can ever again become a salesman.

"THERE is only one ground upon which this pardon might be granted, and that is the legal technicality that Burton F. Carey is not guilty of the crime for which he stands convicted. He is serving a term for grand larceny. He did not commit grand larceny. He is guilty only as an accessory before and after the fact. For that offense the term would be about the same.

"Your Excellency can correct that technical error by granting him a pardon and having him prosecuted under the proper statute. But Your Excellency knows, as well as I do, that if this pardon is granted he will not be prosecuted at all. It was with this idea in mind—and in order to lay the full facts before Your Excellency—that I came here today to speak in opposition to this petition, and I now thank you sincerely and gratefully for your patient hearing."

JUDGE KENT bowed and sat down.

Jimmy Monahan tiptoed to the governor's chair and said, "Step up to the microphone, Governor, and say a few words. You know . . . tell them about how you are moved by this heart-searching story of the modern Galahad. Get me? Just a few words, Governor."

"Jimmy, if it were left to me I should tell them to take that nut back to the penitentiary and lock him up and throw away the key."

"What?"

"Didn't you hear Kent's speech, Jimmy?"

"Just the tail end of it, Governor. No, I didn't hear it. They called me just as he was finishing so that I could come in and speak to you. They've turned on the juice in the microphone again, now, so that you can be heard."

"Well, wasn't Judge Kent on the air?"

"No, Governor, he wasn't on the air. They decided at the last minute not to put him on the air. Only Wilkinson was on the air and then they filled in with music from the studio for a few minutes while you're supposed to be considering Wilkinson's speech. Now you are to state your decision."

"Well, Jimmy, that's a break. Believe me, Kent made hash of that young fool."

"Hurry up, Governor. Just a few words."

The governor rose and as he walked toward the microphone whispered, "If Kent's speech had gone on the air, Jimmy, I could take this thing under consideration for quite a little while. But he's got to be pardoned anyway. It's all right. There really is a technicality there. It's all right. It certainly is a break for that tabloid sheet, because without that technicality, I'm damned if I'd pardon him."

Jimmy raised both hands above his head signaling to the crowd for silence. The governor stepped closer to the microphone:

"It is my duty as governor of all of the people of this great state to grant—"

"Are you going to feed him *bones* and *all?*"

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SQUEEZING in the pantry isn't done any more, William! Leads to such a muss! When you want fresh orange juice today, you get the world's finest in the brilliant jet bottle of Orange Crush-Dry. You pour, don't squeeze!

By a new and exclusive method the flatness of cooked juice is flung to the discard—now fresh, delicious juice of tree-ripened oranges, with champagne carbonation!

Retains the fresh fruit vitamines intact—the healthful qualities of orange juice—most refreshing at breakfast—children are delighted with it.

Dash of lemon and lime already added and a zippy flavor of the peel—an ambrosial blend ready for what have you—and what a drink by itself!

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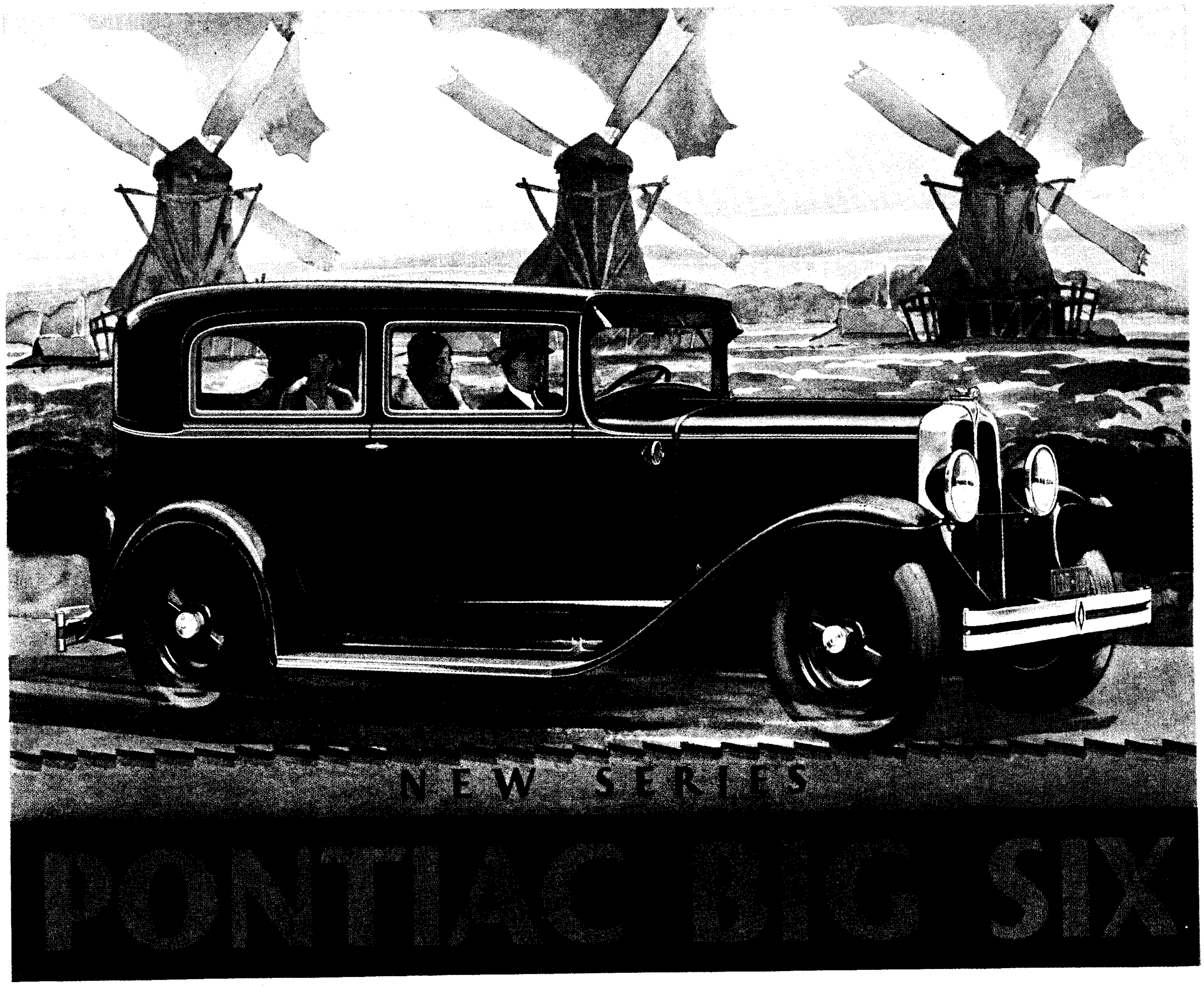
NEW SERIES
PONTIAC BIG SIX

Illustrated above: The 2-Door Sedan ◄ *Body by Fisher*

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BODIES by FISHER ⚜ ⚜ ⚜ Smartly Styled and Sturdily Built as Well . . .

It will take you but a few moments to discover why the New Series Pontiac Big Six is popular among those who admire smart, tailored beauty and insist upon sturdy, substantial construction as well. ☛ First you will observe that Fisher stylists have emphasized the car's streamline length and lowness with a long hood, a low roof line and a new unbroken sweep of belt moulding which encircles the body. You will note that they have achieved remarkable fluency and grace of contour by such pleasing details as flaring full-crown fenders, rounded rear quarter and a new sloping non-glare windshield. You will admire also the skillfully harmonized Duco colors, accented by generous areas of bright chrome-plate trim. ☛ Inside as you sink into the deep, cushioned seats, examine the smart tailoring of the mohair upholstery. Take hold of the slim, sturdy door handle, whose grace and strength are duplicated in all the other fittings. Notice the trimly carpeted floor. ☛ And all the while, remember that the composite wood and steel construction of this body by Fisher makes it exceptionally safe. That steel bracing, wherever strain occurs, adds years to its life. That a heavy layer of felt between wood and steel intercepts and absorbs annoying sounds. ☛ Visit the nearest Oakland-Pontiac showroom, where you can learn in addition about Pontiac's smoother, 60-horsepower engine, new roller bearing steering system and many other advanced features. Ask to be shown why the Pontiac is so economical to own. Then arrange to drive the car. Find out in this way how much all-round satisfaction you get for surprisingly little money when you select the New Series Pontiac Big Six. ☛ Seven body types. All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich. plus delivery charges. . . . Oakland Motor Car Co.

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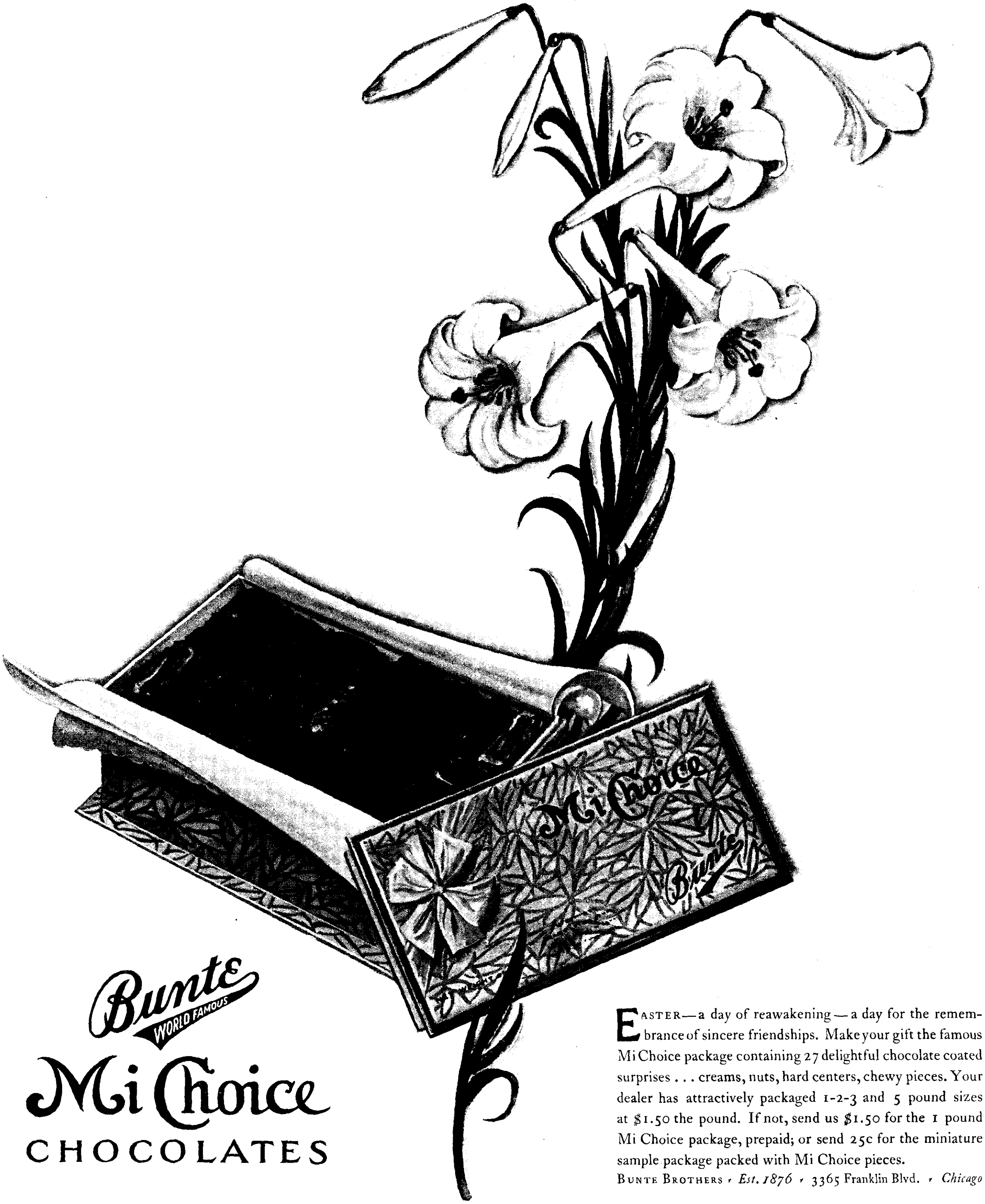

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BUNTE BROTHERS · *Est. 1876* · 3365 Franklin Blvd. · *Chicago*

One More Fight

Continued from page 25

The promoter was in Oakman's dressing-room.

"Here's Coogan, Mr. Roush," said the stout man.

"Wanta substitute, Coogan?" said Roush briskly.

"Who, me? What for?"

"Harper's sick. The Doc won't let him go on. Oakman says it's all right by him if you want the bout."

A lump clogged Coogan's throat. He swallowed and said hoarsely:

"Sure. I'll fight anybody."

"What shape you in?"

"O. K.," said Tim.

"Let the Doc look at you."

Coogan started to strip.

"Not in here," said Bernstein angrily.

"Go in the next room," said Roush.

Halfway to the door Coogan paused.

"What do I get, Mr. Roush?"

"Five hundred," said the promoter.

"One grand," said Coogan, starting to put on his coat.

"All right," said Roush. "You ain't worth it, but this crowd's too big to call off a bout and there's nobody else around. But if you don't make a fight of it, Coogan, you don't get one cent."

COOGAN didn't bother to answer. He couldn't get undressed fast enough.

He came out onto the field and saw the white funnel of light pouring down on the ring and a little fat man waving a short arm and talking into a microphone. He paused for a moment, clutching the bathrobe about his bulky shoulders, and listened to the harsh voice dropping out of the amplifiers. . . . "A boy you all know, a boy who has fought the best of them and always given his best . . . making a comeback . . . on short notice . . . while we regret . . . I mean Tim Coogan. . . ."

A roar, that began with hooting and catcalls, changed slowly to applause. The crowd was in a good humor from the three knockouts in the preliminary bouts. They hadn't seen Coogan for a long time. He was a tough baby and would give the Cowboy something to work on.

He swung his weight on the ropes, scuffed his feet in the resin box, and heard the howling accompaniment as the Cowboy climbed into the ring. Turning, he crossed to the corner where Oakman stood, sullen and angry.

"Hello, Cowboy," he said.

Oakman stared at him from pale eyes. He was insulted by the substitution. Runnin' in a palooka like this on *him!*

"I'm gonna give you a sockin'," he said.

Coogan grinned. He'd heard talk like that before. The referee was mumbling his formula. Coogan didn't listen. He was anxious to start. He felt swell. He'd never felt better in his life. His whole body was light and flexible and strong. Returning to his corner, he heard Bozo's husky voice: "Git in close. He don't like to be socked in the belly," and then the bell rang.

Oakman was a clever boxer, and he could hit; his right cross was a beautiful and deadly punch. But he used it only twice. Each time it landed under Coogan's heart and the thud of the glove could be heard in the upper tiers of the pavilion. The expression on Coogan's battered face never changed. Toward the end of the round a few drops of blood fell from his nose. He hit Oakman only once, a partially blocked left hook high up on the ribs.

Between rounds Bozo said: "Can't you get away from some of them jabs?"

"What for?" Coogan answered. "He can't hurt me."

The second round might have been a replica of the first; Oakman jabbing and retreating, Coogan advancing. The Cowboy used his right hand a little oftener and a wide pink spot appeared on Coogan's side. His nose began to drip steadily but he never hesitated. Why this guy couldn't hurt him! Nobody could hurt him! He could take a left hook from Dempsey and not feel it! Just before the bell he caught the Cowboy on the ropes. His heavy arms swept from left and right in quick, short arcs. Oakman grunted and clinched. In the clinch he brought his shoulder up under Coogan's chin. The referee saw him.

"Lay off that, Cowboy," he said.

"Watch them low hooks, then," snarled Oakman.

"I'm watchin'," said the referee. "They're O. K."

AT THE finish of the fifth round Coogan's nose and mouth were bleeding steadily and from the edge of his trunks upward both sides of his body were a deep crimson. Bozo looked at him with a tinge of anxiety. What a beating this baby was taking!

"How's the legs?" he said.

"Swell," said Coogan. He leaned back while Bozo held his trunks away from his waist and let the reviving breath descend to the bottom of his lungs. The referee came over and peered down at him.

"How do you feel?" he said.

"Who, me?" Coogan answered in surprise. "What's eatin' you? I'm goin' great. That guy can't hurt me."

When he came out Oakman snarled: "I'm gonna finish you this round, you dumb boob."

COOGAN laughed and saw the pale eyes widen with surprise and rage. The Cowboy set to work in a cold fury. He was a straight puncher, standing upright and well away, shooting his lean left arm forward in a jab of incredible rapidity and viciousness, and crossing his right in short stabs that began at his heel, rippled across his powerful back and ended in a punch that broke with explosive force on Coogan's raw body. For the first time Tim hesitated. His eyes were swelling and the steady blows drained his vitality.

He dropped his left elbow and immediately Oakman's fist crashed on his unprotected jaw. A tremor of sick fatigue ran shudderingly down into his legs, and he sagged, caught desperately at the blurred outline of the Cowboy, and hung on. Far off a great roaring commenced, rose above him in successive waves of sound, beat down and added to the confusion in his head. Someone was tugging at his arms; he saw the referee's flushed face thrust close, and, beyond, Oakman's alert, gray eyes watching, watching. . . . The bell rang.

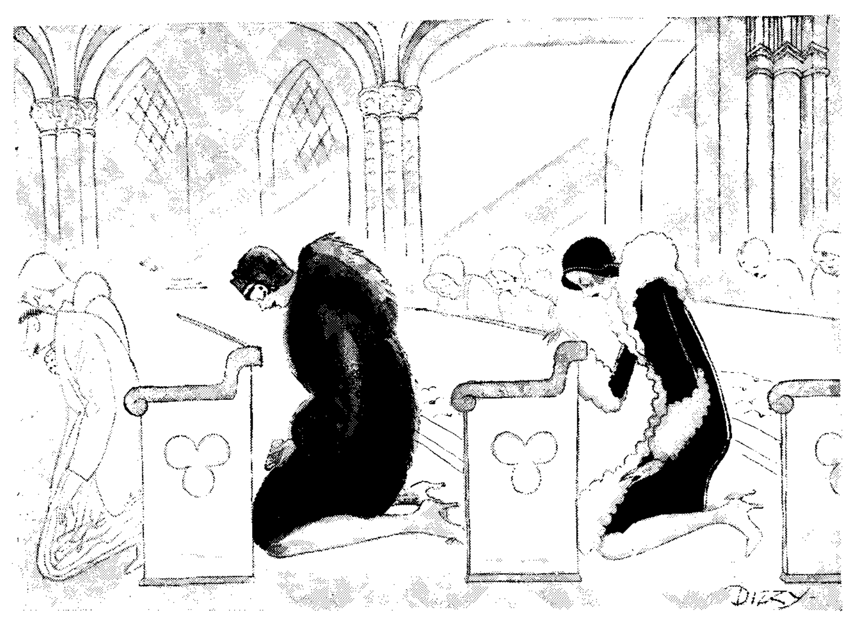
He went to his corner sobbing for air. A cold sponge spattered over his throbbing eyes, and the water felt grateful running down his chest and into his trunks. Frantic hands kneaded his legs. Things were fading away. He set his teeth and groaned. Again the cold water doused his head, and his mind cleared a bit. Someone dragged at the stool. Bozo yanked him erect. "Get in close an' hang on." Who said that? The lights were bright again. He was fighting somebody. The Cowboy! His mouth opened in amazement. Why, the Cowboy was expected to take Walker. So they'd tricked him into a fight with the Cowboy. Just to get him beaten up.

He lashed out in a frenzy of rage, felt the solid impact of the blow and saw a tumbling white shape falling awkwardly away from him. For a moment there was absolute silence. An enormous sigh arose from the dark; he could hear the bells of trolley cars and motor horns wailing, those new horns of three or four mellow muted notes. A voice, at some indefinite distance, said clearly: "Gawd amighty!"

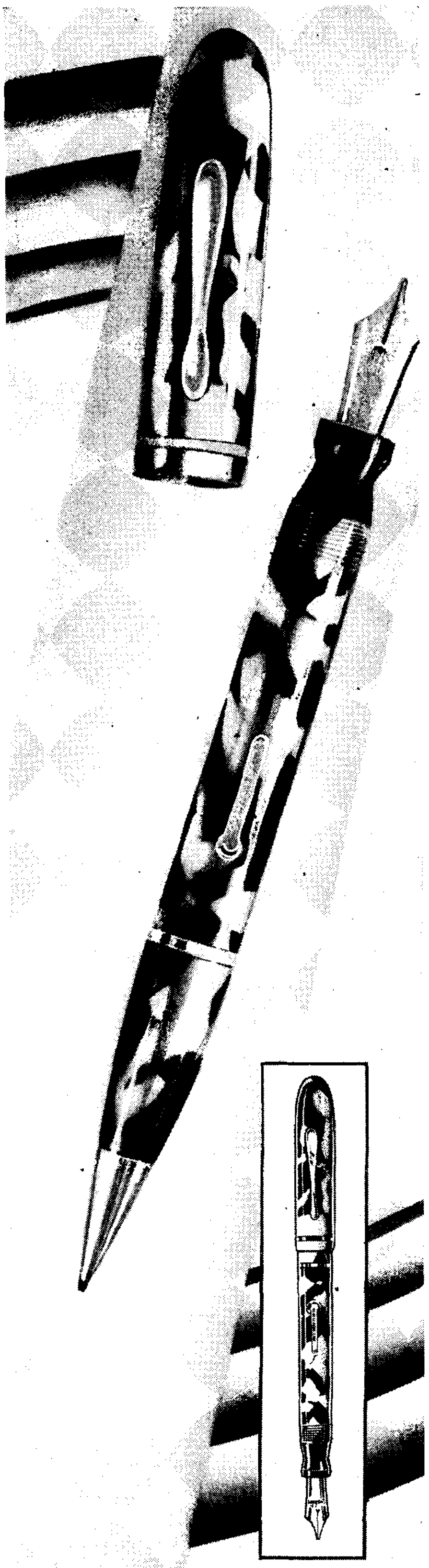
THEN the quiet was rent by a tumult of sound, and everything returned clean-cut, ordinary. But not exactly ordinary. The Cowboy was sprawled on his hands and knees, his head hanging and shaking stupidly from side to side. Above him, the referee swung his arm; his mouth opened and shut as he bellowed the count, but the words were lost in the uproar.

In Oakman's corner his dapper manager was hanging over the ropes, his face purple with shouting, his eyes protruding with terror and amazement. Coogan rubbed the back of his glove across his bleeding mouth. At his elbow a shrill voice howled, "Atta boy! Take him! Take the big stiff!" He glanced down into the distended eyes of a familiar face. Oh, that was Bozo's face. Take who? The referee's arm

(*Continued on page 80*)



"Well—if that's a sable coat I'm a lion tamer. Amen!"



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(Continued from page 79)

rose in a hesitant arc. From some depth Coogan recognized that momentary pause. Nine, he thought, and lifted his hands warily.

Like a lean white cat the recumbent figure leaped upward and forward. Coogan expected a blow but the Cowboy wound his arms about him and hung close, head buried. Coogan pawed at him clumsily but his gloves slid over the glistening sweaty back. The referee separated them. Coogan moved forward, his fists poised for a punch, but Oakman was going away. Both boxers were dazed, Oakman from the blow, Coogan by the unexpected happening. He tried to think what he should do. Half a dozen punches beat harmlessly upon empty air.

It was all too sudden. The bedlam about the ring paralyzed his mind. He had never considered the possibility of winning. All he had wanted to do was to make one good fight and get his money. He knew he'd never fight again, he didn't care to; he wanted the interest in Stout's Pool Room, and to marry Amy. The Cowboy whirled and thrust out his left. Coogan's head snapped back. The right crashed over his heart and all the strength ran out of his body. The bell rang.

His handlers worked frantically.

"You had him," Bozo said harshly. "The ref stalled on you. He give 'im a slow count. The dirty bum. How d'yu feel?"

"Rotten," said Coogan wearily.

"Stick close to him. Don't let him get set that way."

"What round is it?"

"Nine," said Bozo.

The labored breathing eased a little. Coogan felt strength returning. Nine! Six minutes more. His head was light and funny; his body aching and worn. He could think of nothing but Stout's Pool Room and Amy. Roush was right. He was through. "The hell I'm through," thought Coogan fiercely. "I said I got one good fight left and this is it." The ten-second whistle blew. He stood up. He wasn't no lousy set-up. Nobody had never put him down and nobody never would. The bell rang. Ah! . . . Oakman's pale eyes stared at him over the dull brown curve of his glove; colorless, unwinking eyes, but there was a new look in them, something Coogan had not seen before. Suddenly he thought: "He's scared of me. He's yellow. *He can't take it!*" He stared into Oakman's drawn face and laughed. He felt alert and confident, strong again. He stepped in, hooking with both hands, and Oakman dropped heavily.

THE crowd went suddenly mad. Without lifting his eyes Coogan could sense the frantic squirming thousands writhing in a dark insanity about the ring. The shouting became one continuous explosion. The referee was counting slowly. Coogan noticed the dragging count but he didn't care. Every second was one closer to the end, to a thousand dollars and Amy. He was jubilant, careless with anticipation. Come back for one raring good fight and then quit, leaving them talking about you. Oakman drew one knee under him; at nine he arose, jabbed frantically, clinched and buried his chin in Coogan's neck.

"Listen, Coogan!" His voice rasped in Tim's ear. "Take a dive and you get five hundred."

He wrestled Tim onto the ropes, where it was difficult for the referee to separate them. The words sank heavily into Coogan's slow mind. Five hundred!

"Come on," grunted the referee. "Break it! Let go, Coogan. Break it up, boys."

The referee dragged them apart. They stood fiddling and waiting, while the crowd broke chairs, threw hats and papers and cushions. Coogan could read the question in Oakman's eyes but he couldn't decide upon the answer. A house, Atlantic City, take a dive; the ideas struggling in his mind dazed him. The Cowboy jabbed at him lightly. He ducked stupidly into the punch. He'd never thrown a fight. For no particular reason, except that he'd just been a square-shooter and he'd gone on being one. But now. . . . He hesitated, perplexed, angered by this unexpected necessity of decision. Unconsciously his hands sagged. Fifteen hundred! Nobody would know, or care much. He was done. Oakman was coming. . . . Again the Cowboy's glove spatted smartly on his bruised face. Something in the blow decided him. No! This was his last fight and he was going to make it. . . . Too late he saw the Cowboy's wild lunge, the incredible flash of his right hand. The blow landed squarely on his unprotected jaw. . . .

The cutting odor of ammonia brought him back to consciousness. Across the ring he saw the referee holding Oakman's arm aloft. Dark figures of men were climbing over the ropes. Bozo stood with his hands on his hips, a look of incredulity upon his harsh face. The Cowboy came over and leaned down, smiling at him.

"You're a good boy, Coogan," he said patronizingly.

Coogan's swollen lips twisted into a grin.

"You ain't no good, Cowboy," he said. "Walker will take you easy."

Oakman stared at him in astonishment and walked away.

AN HOUR later Coogan stood outside the ball park waiting for a southbound trolley. He fingered a billfold in an inside pocket of his coat and felt a surge of contentment revive his weary body. He thought reluctantly that it might just as well have been fifteen hundred as ten, and the recollection of Oakman catching him asleep that way twisted his face into a grimace of anger. Still it didn't matter. He was done. He'd put up a good scrap, even Roush said so. Roush had offered him another fight, but he had turned it down. The car came into view and he leaned back against an iron pole. A man came up and spoke to him. Tim recognized him as one of Oakman's handlers. He handed a letter to Coogan.

"The Cowboy says for to give you this," he said.

"What's that for?" asked Tim in surprise.

"I don't know. He just says, 'Give this to Coogan.' I see you standin' here, so I do. Maybe it's a mash note."

"Maybe it is," said Coogan.

HE PUT the envelope into his pocket and got into the trolley. After riding for a block or two, he opened the flap of the envelope and peered in. He began to chuckle.

"A mash note," he thought. "Yea, maybe it is. The poor sap! Jees, guys as dumb as him oughtn't to be allowed to have money. The dirty crook—he oughta get gypped good. Well, everybody happy? I'll say."

When he rang the bell of the Gibbons' house, Amy came to the door. In the glow from the vestibule light she saw his battered face and lifted her tiny hands in a gesture of pity and dismay.

"Oh, Timmy!"

"Hello!" he said.

She put her slender arms around him and wept a little.

"You smell of medicine," she said presently.

"Arnica," said Tim.

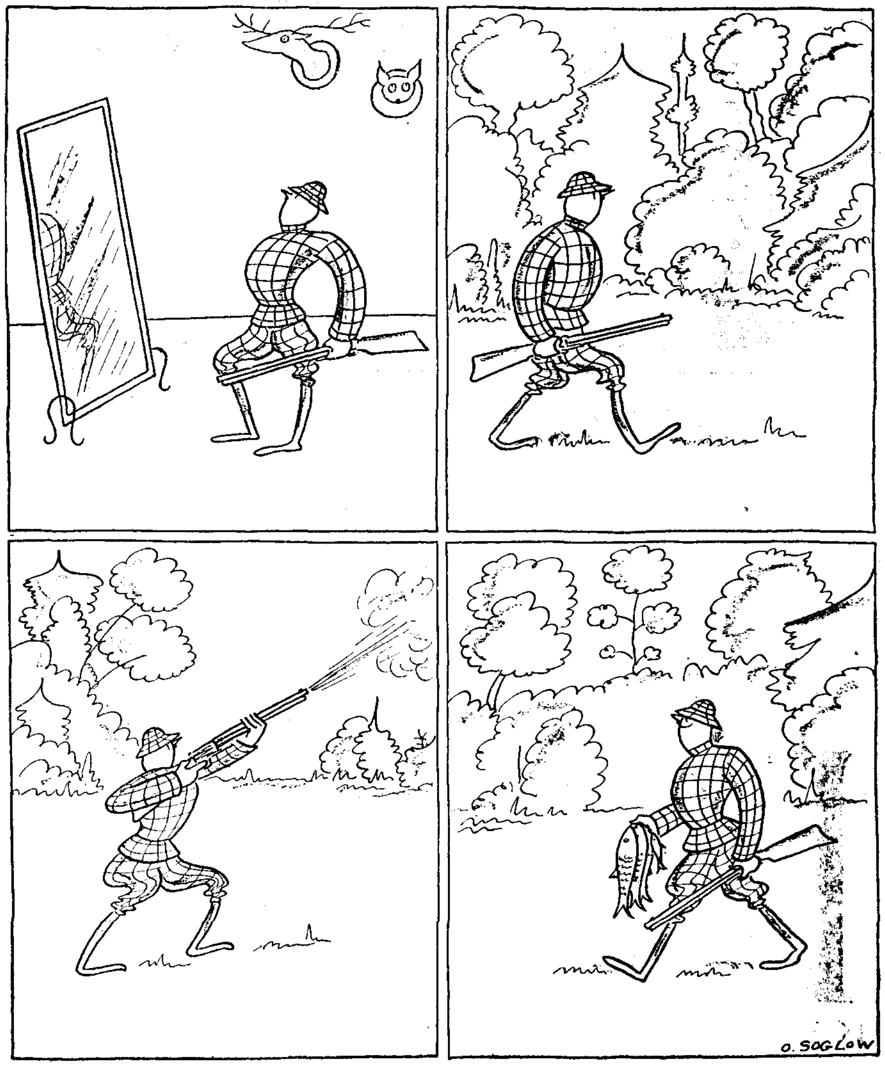
They went into the parlor where Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons were listening to the Slumber Hour from WJZ. Mr. Gibbons extended his hand.

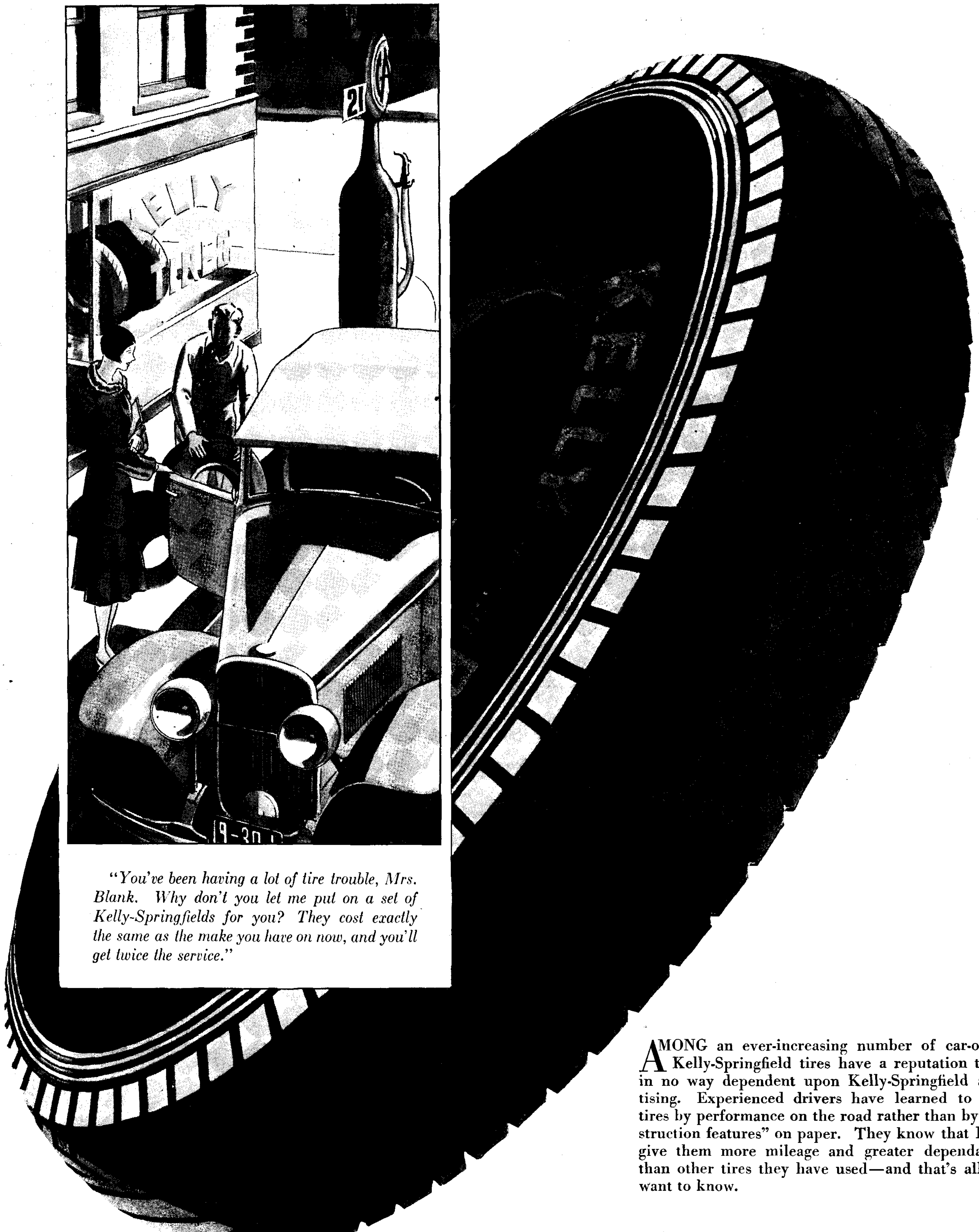
"Too bad, Tim," he said. "I thought you had him."

"I don't care," said Coogan. "I'd a had to fight again. Roush was right. I'm through. Besides . . ."

He took out a packet of fresh bills and spread them on the table.

"Fifteen hunnerd," he said. "We can go to Atlantic City for a trip, maybe."





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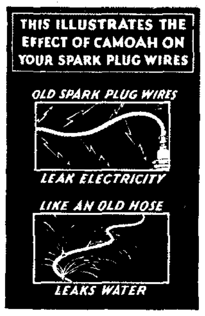

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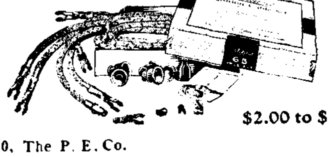

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Packard Lac-kard
SPARK PLUG WIRES
For Full Electrical Punch

Good Scout

Continued from page 13

Of course, Teddy felt terrible, but there was nothing he could do except take his horse and go home, where Mrs. Deadeye, the landlady, wasn't a bit cordial about welcoming him. So in the end Teddy had to park Chieftain in a garage around the corner, because, of course, there wasn't anything like a stable within miles and the horse had to sleep. I guess he would have taken his new pet back to the studio next day to keep him from being lonesome, only it had got around who the horse was and Teddy was afraid of being kidded, especially by Hunk Robbins. Hunk and Teddy were old enemies, and it was funny that they should both turn up working in the lab at Revelation, because they had been at school together back home, and it seems that Hunk was the school bully.

Originally these two had worked in the same section and Hunk had made Teddy's life a misery. But when the sound stuff swept the country, Hunk got put in charge of one of the sound wagons that get the newsreel stuff. You've seen 'em, Mr. Jackson? No? Well, they look like a medium-sized furniture-moving van, only more compact. They carry the whole works for shooting sound stuff out of doors, and a crew of three; an electrician, a sound-photographer and a chief. The great feature of them is they can go practically any place, and they carry as much as twelve thousand feet of film. The chief of such a wagon is an important feller, for he's practically his own boss, reporting to the studio when he's got a wagonful of red-hot stuff and not until; and Hunk, while I didn't like the guy, was good at it. I ought to know, because I was the operator on his wagon.

Of course, as a rule we were off on the road some place, but at the time when Teddy Pinkney bought Bill West's old horse the wagon happened to be in for repairs, and so both Hunk and I were loafing around the lot and I knew that aside from wanting to marry Rosie, and grow some hair on his chest, Teddy's greatest dream in life was to get back at Hunk for all he'd suffered at that big slob's hands.

IT WAS a relief to all when Teddy's two weeks' vacation came around. Incidentally, Rosie Cary's vacation came at the same date, and so did the annual two weeks' camping of Teddy's Boy Scouts. Teddy was to take the kids off into the wilds, and something told him that a nice woodsy spot about half a mile from where Rosie's folks had their vacation cottage was as wild as was really necessary.

Well, Mr. Jackson, do you know the El Dorado oasis? It's right on the edge of the desert and there's a half-baked Indian village the far side, but a few folks have built vacation cottages in among the palm trees. One of these shacks was where Pa Cary did his experimenting on the stuff he made for his barber business.

There were mighty few other cottages because when the wind came from that direction, well, you know what an Indian village smells like, and this village was the real thing, made up of sore-head Navajos that had worked in pictures during the old days when Westerns were popular. They were a mean lot.

Well, the Scouts started out as arranged, Teddy in his get-up of khaki, two-quart hat, red handkerchief and all, squeaking at his army of youngsters with a great air of importance. But the most impressive member of the whole gang was the horse, Chieftain.

It sure was a sight to see 'em march away, old Chieftain tossing his head and pretending to prance. As I watched 'em go, honest I couldn't laugh, even at Teddy in his short pants. And darned if there wasn't kind of a mist in my eyes when I turned away and set out for the studio.

Well, once inside the gates there, I got a surprise. The noise wagon, which had been in the shop, was finished and O. K.'d and Hunk Robbins was roaring around the lot looking for me and wanting to know where the so-and-so I'd been. Somebody had phoned in to the chief about some sort of an Indian uprising at El Dorado, and the orders were to be the first newsreel outfit on the ground.

Well, of course with our high-powered motor we traveled fast, and the result was that we struck El Dorado about two hours earlier than Teddy Pinkney and his voluntary orphans did. By the time they led the old horse into the live-oak grove they had chosen for a camp I'd discovered that the Indians were all busy reading mail-order catalogues, and Hunk Robbins had acquired one of the quiet jags he sometimes indulged in and gone off to sleep. Pinkney was real glad to find me there, and in no time at all the boys had made a peach of a camp, the fire was lit, the kettle boiling, and then, Mr. Jackson, they missed the horse, which had wandered away.

Teddy dropped the frying-pan he was getting out and immediately started to organize a search party.

Well, to tell the truth, Chieftain had left plenty of evidence behind him, and his tracks were as big as the new iron shoes he wore. But Teddy and the boys went through all the motions of a tiger-hunt, and say, I had all I could do not to laugh. But when we finally came to a little clearing in the palmettos and caught sight of our quarry, I didn't laugh, Mr. Jackson, I was dumfounded.

There was a little cottage in the clearing and the sunset lit it up like a stage set. All pink glow and that sort of thing. And in front of the cottage stood a tall lean man, past middle age, with a furrowed, hatchet face that was familiar. And believe it or not, there was the old horse, Chieftain, nuzzling up to this guy, who was kissing him on the nose and talking to him in a broken voice.

"Chieftain!" he says incredulously. "Chieftain, old pal! By God, we'll never part, old pal, will we, old pal?"

It was Bill West himself, and his horse had found him like a homing pigeon or something, Mr. Jackson.

Well, when we'd all calmed down a little, we found out where Bill West owned this little camp, see, and he'd come down there so's to be able to look out over the desert, and maybe indulge in a few memories of how it was practically him who had made the desert famous. The shack itself was a mess, because as a housekeeper old Bill was a swell actor, and this situation sure gave the boys a real good deed a day to do for the next two weeks. They done everything for Bill from cooking to rolling his cigarettes. And Bill was worth waiting on and did his bit by looking the part, to please the boys. For their benefit he took to wearing his chaps and his guns and all that, and maybe the youngsters weren't crazy over it! And before very long Bill West had another recruit as well. Yeh, I mean Rosie Cary.

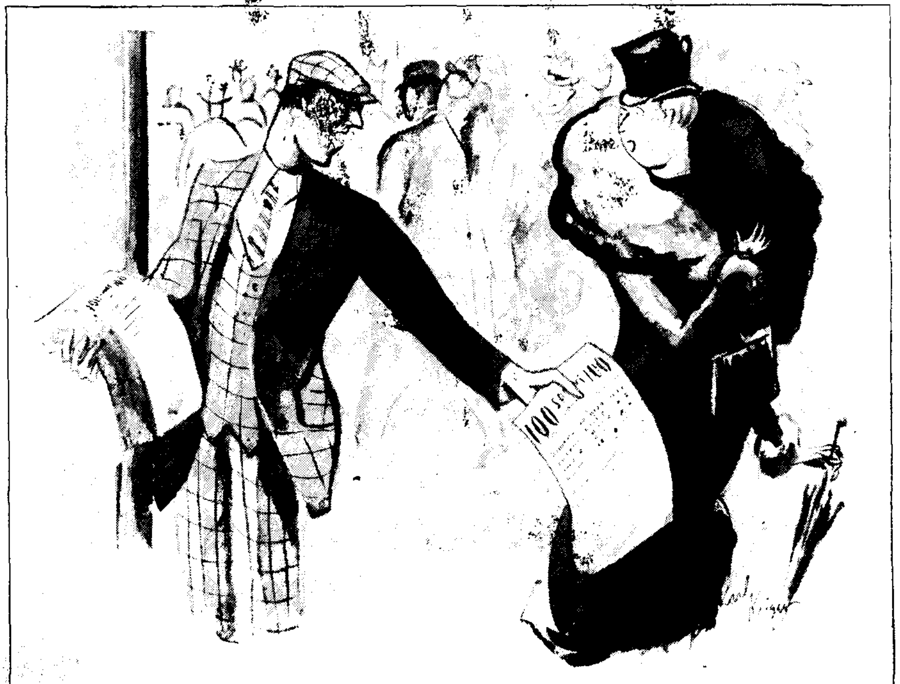
YOU know, Mr. Jackson, I mentioned where Rosie was down there, living in a little camp where her father had his experimental lab. Of course we hadn't been on the oasis twenty-four hours before Rosie had us spotted and came over, and when she saw Teddy Pinkney wasn't she sore, just! She come bounding through the palmettos in her theatrical camping outfit of riding pants and boyish shirt, six Mexican hairless pups frisking at her heels about as cute as plucked chickens, and yapping their disapproval.

"Of all the nerve!" she says to poor Teddy. "Who told you that you could follow me down here?"

"I didn't know you were here," says Teddy, who could lie like a man on occasion even if he did have only five hairs on his chest. "But I can't say I'm sorry to find you. What are the animals and why, may I ask as a humane Scout, did you shave them?"

"They're that way naturally!" she says, looking at the shivering little Mexican pups. "Father's making up a

(*Continued on page 84*)



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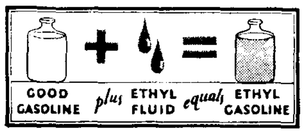
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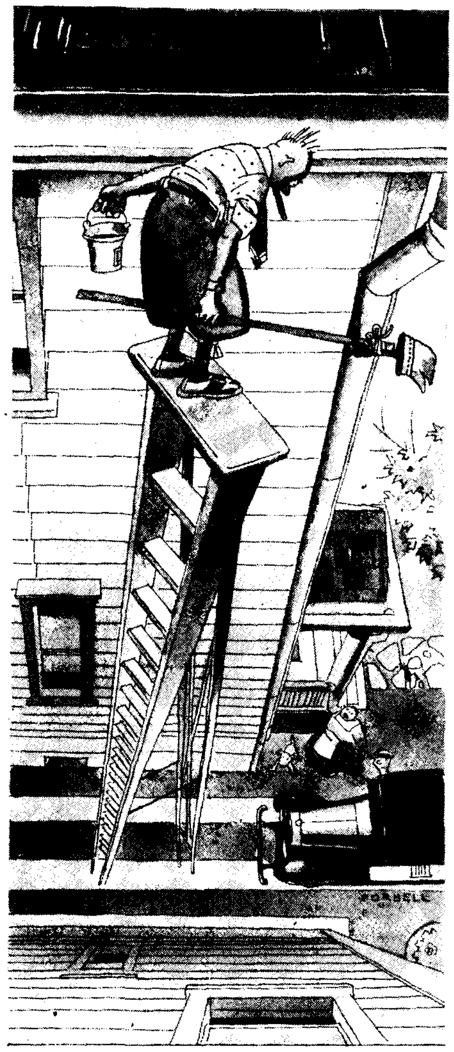

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ÆTNA·IZE

Good Scout

Continued from page 82

tonic that he claims will grow hair on anything and these are here to prove it for him. But why you had to butt into our peace and quiet is more than I can see!"

"It's a free camping-ground!" says Teddy stiffly. "And beside I am here with my friend Bill West. He and his famous horse are living over there in the cottage." Rosie's eyes softened a little at that.

"So that's who the handsome stranger is!" she breathed. "Bill West! Think of his being a friend of yours! There's a he-man for you! Why, he's even got hair on his chaps!"

WELL, the first three days we were in El Dorado, Hunk Robbins had pretty well loafed. Meantime I'd been working on the sound wagon some, even though there was no Indian uprising as yet. I'd set up the extra mikes around the little grass plot in front of it and was showing Teddy how they worked. He and I were in the wagon, when down a sunny path who should come but Rosie Cary, wearing one of these new long dresses all of white ruffles and looking as pretty as a picture!

"Go ahead and shoot her!" I whispered excitedly. "It's a marvelous shot!" And so Teddy pressed the button. On came Rosie with no idea, of course, that she was being filmed, but humming a little tune and swinging a basket of flowers. And then when she stepped into the clearing, Hunk Robbins came into the picture. As usual, he was a little tight, and he began to get fresh with her. Teddy give a jump and started to speak, but I clapped my hand over his mouth in time and switched the button for a medium shot. Oh, boy, the way that Hunk talked to her! Just like an old-fashioned melo!

"I've had my eye on you a long while, girlie!" he says. "And now I've got you alone!"

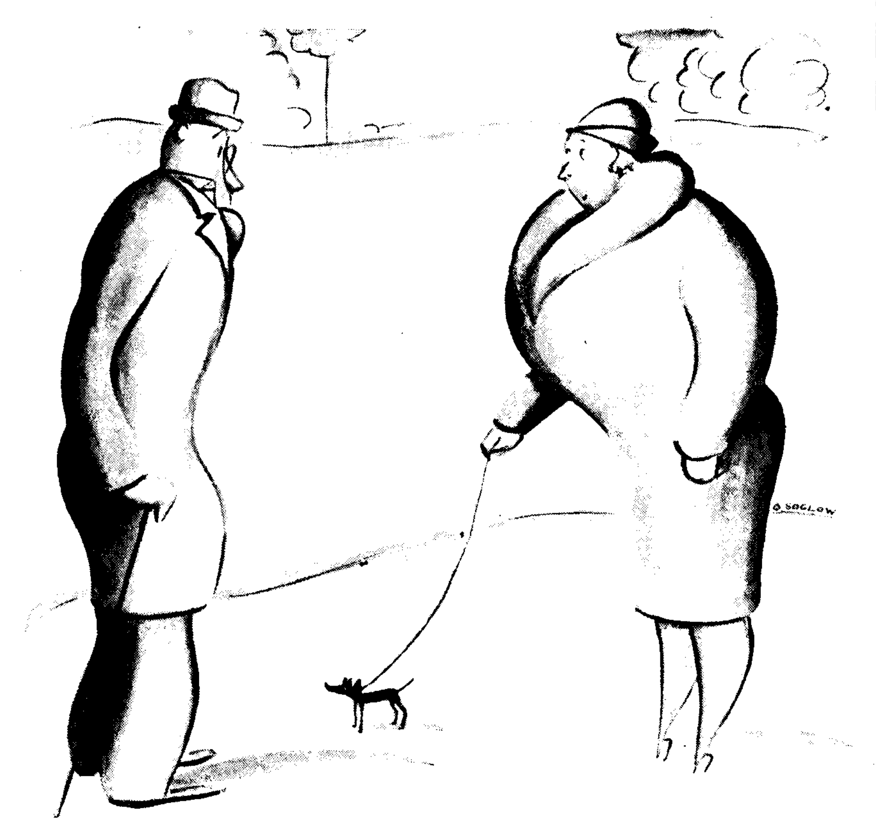
"How dare you!" says Rosie, registering disgust. "Keep your hands off me, you brute!" Gee, it was hot stuff! And it went on for a good two or three minutes. I signaled Teddy to do nothing and made him understand we were getting evidence. And then Hunk, not to be put off, made an actual grab for Rosie. He caught her in his arms, kissed her in spite of her struggle, which was a swell one, and although by that time I had to keep a jiujitsu hold on Teddy to keep him from dashing out, it was a good thing I'd put it on, for at the exact right moment Bill West appeared on the edge of the clearing, in the costume he wore to please the kids. At sight of what was going on he stopped dead a second and whipped out his gun.

"Unhand that lady, you swine," he said in his strong clear voice, "or I'll shoot you like the dog that you are!"

In sheer surprise Hunk let Rosie go. She staggered back against a tree, her dress torn, and covering her face with her hands. Bill threw his gun back into its holster and went for Hunk with his hands. Gosh, it was a swell fight, Mr. Jackson, one of the best I shall ever direct! And when it was finished and Hunk had slunk out of the picture, Bill went over to Rosie, put his arm around her respectfully and pulled a peach of a line about "never mind, little woman, I will protect you!" Oh, a wow! And the camera had it all!

Well, Mr. Jackson, the very next day we got the Indian uprising that the company had sent us out to cover. Of course we hadn't any idea until it was all over that the two kids, Snook Thompson and Fat Green, had sneaked over to the village, made friends with old Chief Fireface, and got him to promise to show the boys how his warriors used to act in the movies.

Oh, boy, the shots I got of that scene! And the best part of all was when the Chief recognized Bill West, in a lot of whose pictures he'd played in the old days, and did him homage. Through the camera it looked exactly like a good old-fashioned single-handed capture. And afterward, darned if old Chief Fireface didn't insist on a powwow, with a big circle of 'em smoking



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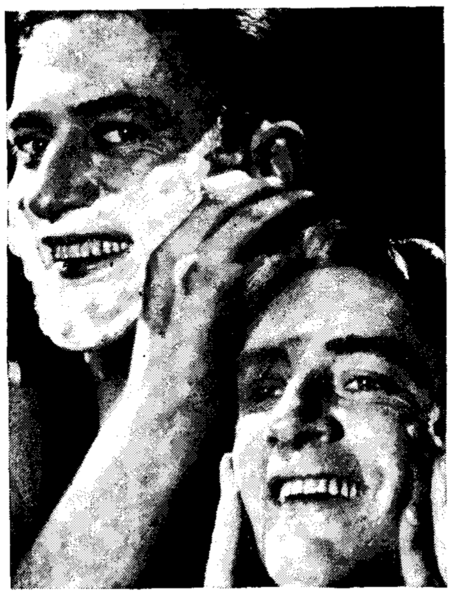

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a pipe of peace with Bill in the place of honor, smoking with 'em!

Well, Mr. Jackson, it was that night that Teddy Pinkney and I decided on our fatal course. You see, the situation was too good to lose even if we went to jail for it later. Here was Bill West acting wonderful, the horse Chieftain, a flock of Indians, the desert, a pretty girl, and even a heavy villain in the person of Hunk Robbins. Not to mention a director, meaning myself, who had only been kept from his true vocation by personal jealousy and inside politics on the Revelation lot. The chance to make the first real sound Western was right in our lap, and when we looked at each other, the deed was as good as done.

"But how about a story?" gasped Teddy. "We've got to have a story!"

"Huh!" says I. "Maybe I haven't got a story I wrote myself! It's about a girl and a feller, see, but the father wants the girl to marry the heavy, because the heavy has a strangle hold on the father's claim on some gold in them thar mountains, stranger!"

"But who will play the father?" says Teddy.

"You," I says quickly. "I'll fix you up with a beard!"

SO WE went ahead, our one difficulty being Hunk Robbins. Well, there was just exactly one thing to do with Hunk: get him out of our way as soon as possible. And before we did that I managed to sneak several useful sorts of long shots of him. After which we promptly did him dirt. Bill West told old Chief Fireface that Hunk was in reality a government agent who was trying to force the Indians to go back to the Reservation, and that Hunk was there spying on them. This seemed to Fireface a darned good reason for taking Hunk captive. Yes, sir, that's how we got that sequence.

We helped stage the capture, and then photographed the whole darned thing, with Hunk raging, but gagged so's his language wouldn't ruin the shot. And then we let him stay over in the Indian village, the Indians having promised Bill not to hurt him, but to keep him prisoner until the picture was finished.

And the rest of the stuff went fine. We got the big blond beard for Teddy, who played the father, and Teddy, who couldn't hardly grow a hair for himself, got so stuck on that beard that he wore it all the time. He even slept in it. And I guess he had a sneaking hope that Rosie would think it was real. And as a matter of fact Rosie was so tickled at acting in a picture that she never even kidded him about the whiskers. And then all of a sudden something went wrong. Somehow or another it got out that the Indians had made an attack on our camp and carried off our chief operator, meaning of course Hunk Robbins. And first thing we knew state troops had been sent for. But what a lucky break that turned out to be!

When they arrived, we had everything set. Bill West rode out to meet 'em on Chieftain, offered to show 'em the way, and I shot 'em as they went, Bill galloping in the lead, and the state furnishing us with one of the prettiest to-the-rescue shots you could ask for. And of course when the troops reached old Fireface's hogan they didn't find any Hunk. Because the Boy Scouts had done their good deed for the day by removing him to a San Diego hospital one hour earlier, Hunk having been beat up worse than we thought the day we made a captive out of him.

When the troops left, we shot the end of the picture, which was my original idea. I had Bill, with Rosie in his arms, riding away over the desert on Chieftain, into the sunset and the happy future, see? And it wasn't until the picture was complete and ready for the cutting-room that we began to understand what is really meant by cold feet. And while we were laying around the camp hesitating, but with Teddy obliged to leave next day on account of having to take his Boy Scouts home, a terrible thing happened.

For the first time since we commenced to make the picture the sound wagon with its precious load of finished film got left unguarded. Naturally as a rule somebody always had an eye on it. But this last day the electrician had been sent down to San Diego to see was Hunk Robbins still in the hospital, and the entire flock of boys were over to Bill West's shack where Bill was givin' 'em a last lesson in lariat throwing. To tell the truth, I was asleep, and Teddy Pinkney was supposed to be nursing our super-production. But he didn't stay on the job, and believe me, Mr. Jackson, I had a tough time getting out of him how he come to sneak off, because he hated to admit it.

You know I mentioned where Rosie Cary's father had several of them shivery little miserable excuses for doghood hanging around to experiment on with his hair-grower. And this afternoon the critters were playing about near the sound wagon that Teddy was guarding when suddenly he noticed that one of 'em was covered with fuzz! Well, so he claimed, Mr. Jackson. When Teddy saw that fuzzy Mex he could scarcely believe his eyes, so he called the pooch, but no luck, it was bashful, so Teddy commenced to chase it.

He followed it clear through the palmetto scrub, and all the ways over to the Carys' house and into the old man's lab. And there on a table in the middle of the deserted room was a bottle marked hair-grower. So he slipped the bottle into his jeans and beat it, and when he got back to the camp the sound wagon was gone!

Well, Mr. Jackson, I guess I needn't go into any details over the riot that created. It was a holy horror. We looked all over, and Bill rode Chieftain around for miles, but Chieftain was only a horse, and the sound wagon was a high-powered motor. Gosh, it was awful! Here, we'd not only misused the company's film, and got ourselves a sure-fire rain-check for our jobs, but the work of art which the whole lot of us had sweated over was gone, and there didn't seem to be a thing we could do about it.

Of course we thought right away of Hunk but we couldn't be sure it was him. And man! I'm telling you we were a pretty distressed lot when we broke camp next day and headed home. And so, the Carys having left the night before, we shook hands sorrowfully with Bill West, and marched on off to the nearest interurban line, leaving Bill and Chieftain in their little home on the fringe of the desert.

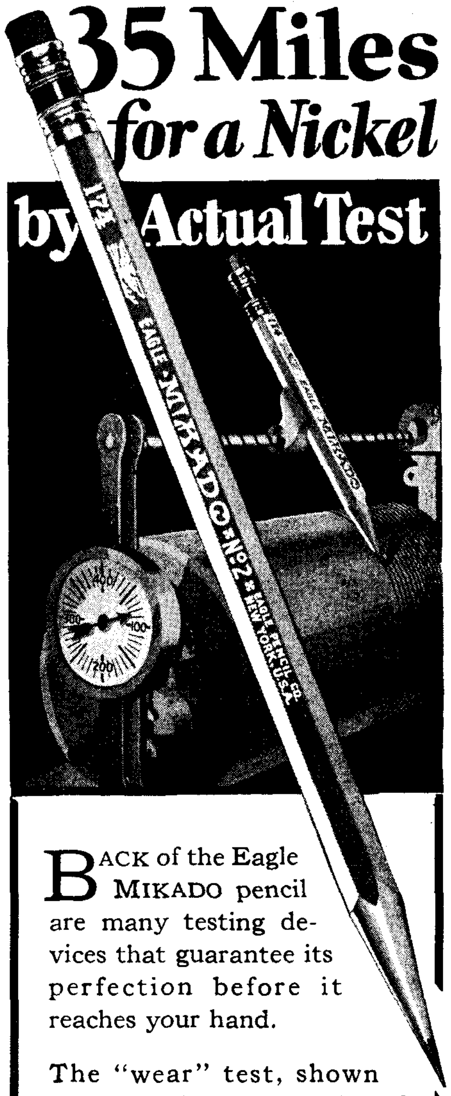
WE HIT town around five o'clock the same day, and when Teddy Pinkney has dismissed the kids, there was still time to go over to the studio and take our breaks. So, without even waiting to wash up or anything, we headed straight for the Revelation lot, and it wasn't until we were actually at the gate that I realized Teddy was still wearing the big blond beard which he'd got to play the father in, and which had never come off since.

"Hey!" I says, "better remove the disguise or they may not let you in!"

"What?" says he absently. "Oh, the hirsute embellishment! Of course, of course!" And he peeled it off.

So in we went, then, some of the paste still sticking to Teddy's chin, but he never noticing. And no sooner had we

(*Continued on page 86*)



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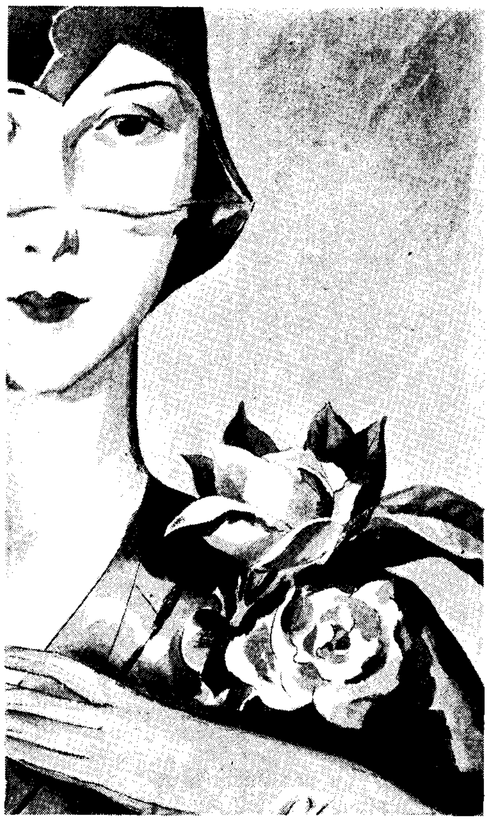

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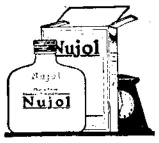

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(Continued from page 85)

sneaked up to the lab entrance, trembling in our size elevens, than out pounced Thork, the head cutter. He grabbed Teddy by the shoulder and began yelling like a loon.

"For the love of Mike where have you been?" he hollered. "There's a heap of work that's got to be rushed!"

"Well," began Teddy, "I—I—"

"Don't I—I—me!" says Thork. "Get on upstairs and get busy. Number four news wagon has just brought in a new Western that's got to be cut quick. The chief saw the stuff last night and says it's a knockout—a Bill West feature that's a scream. They claim it's something new, like the revival of After Dark or the Black Crook. Kind of a parody on the old Westerns, see, in sound. The big egg is wild over it."

Teddy and me, we looked at each other and swallowed a couple of times. But Thork went on talking.

"Funny part of it is," he says, "nobody knows who made it. Wangle is looking all over the place for Bill West, but can't locate him. They want to sign him up, quick, for a series of the same sort of comedy. Somebody stole the wagon to make the stuff, and when the crew located it and brought it back, they had no idea what was on board. But the big egg insists that we locate the girl and the man who actually made the picture, and work with the same outfit. You fellows must know something about this—go in and report!"

"And where is Hunk Robbins?" says Teddy in a hollow voice. "Is he fired for losing the wagon?"

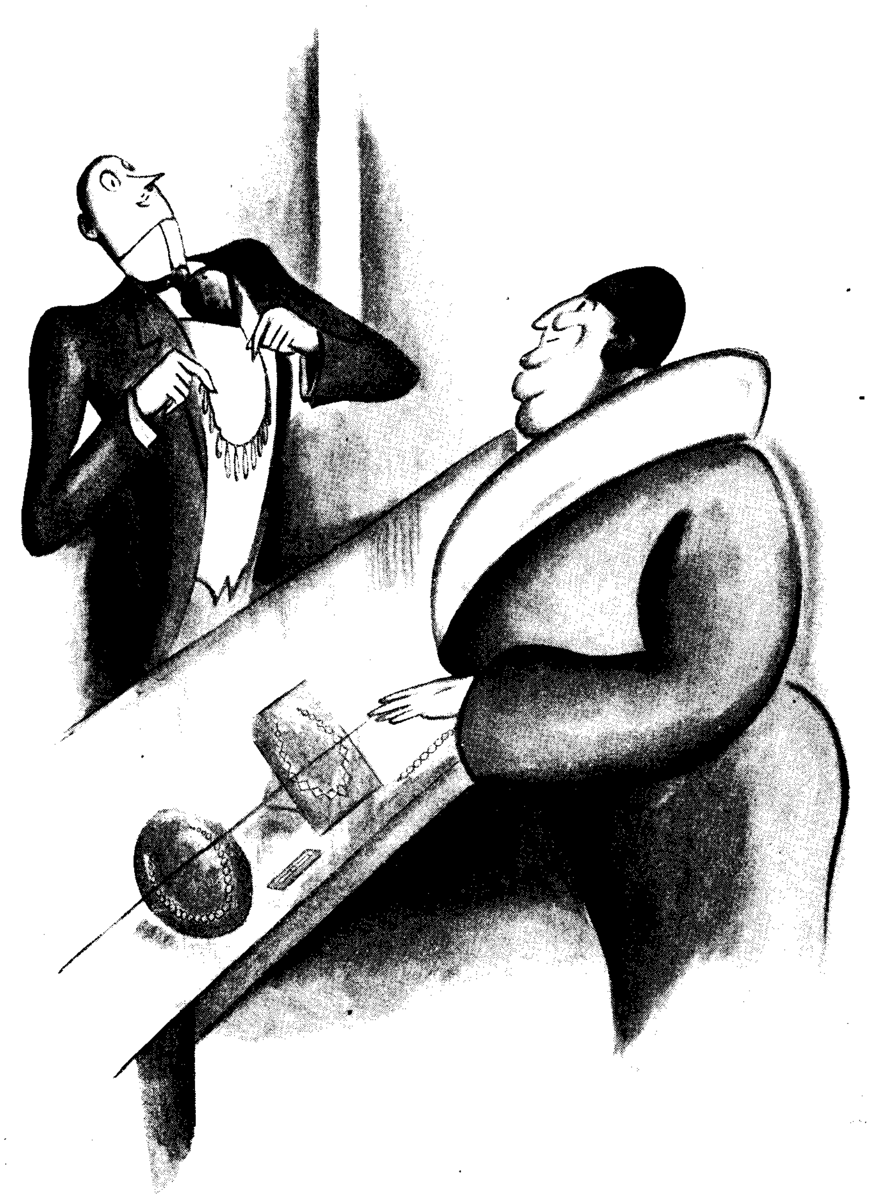
"Not much!" says Thork. "Funny thing, he's in the picture, and I hear they want to sign him on for the heavy in the next one, his acting is so natural."

Well, Mr. Jackson, I guess that is about all the dope on Revelation Reels' new million-dollar Western comedy series. So please give us a good story in your magazine about how Mr. Rausch, the head of Revelation, thought of this original parody series his own personal self and spent millions to produce the first one; how he always knew Bill West could make a wow of a comeback. And how the discovery of the great new comedy scenarist, that's me, and the promising director Teddy Pinkney, and the pretty young comedy actress Rosie Cary, are all Mr. Rausch's private finds. Yeh! Go on, it's your living, you got to eat, the same as the rest of us! What's that? The hair tonic? Hey, I nearly forgot that.

WELL, that brings us to Rosie Cary. She blew into the studio late that same night, was grabbed and signed up by the company, and then grabbed and signed up by Teddy. I happened to be in the outer office when they met. Teddy had been working like a fiend, cutting our picture, and he looked a mess when Rosie found him. But she didn't care. She made one dive for him, and I looked away, but couldn't help hearing what she said—and I wish you could have seen his face!

"Oh, Teddy dear!" she murmured. "I do love you so! You actually got me into the pictures, my big, strong he-man."

And Teddy stood there in a sort of cock-eyed daze, with his arms around her. And as I stole quietly out of the office he was stroking her nose, and I could hear him murmuring: "We'll never part, old pal, will we, old pal?"



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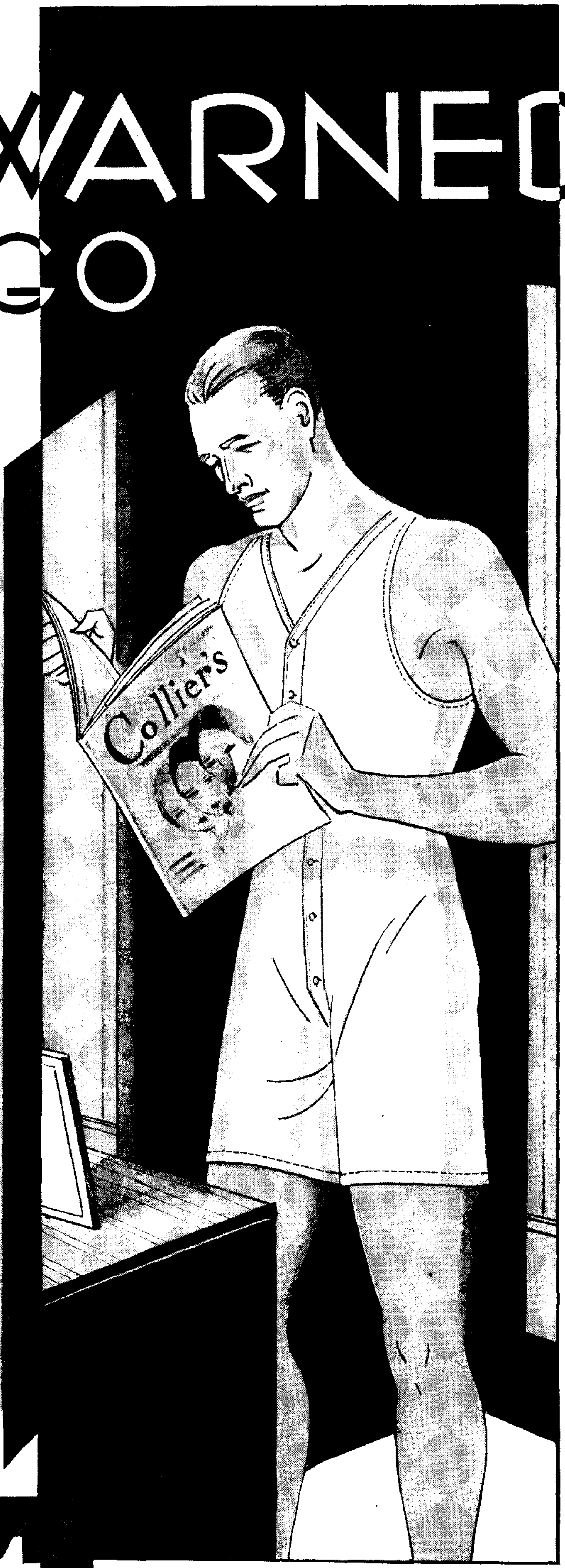

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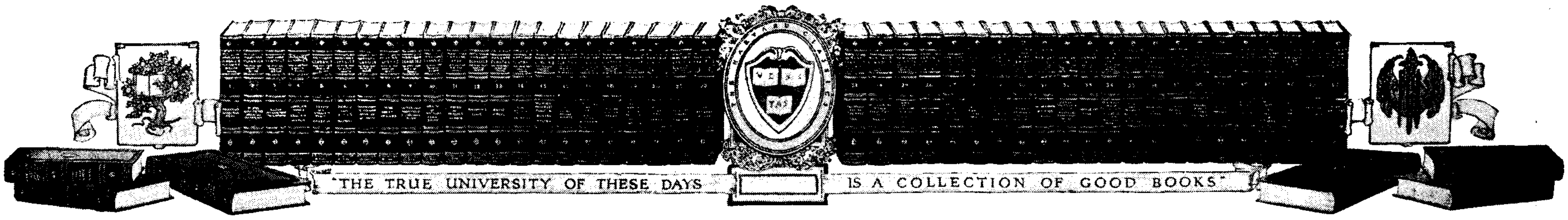
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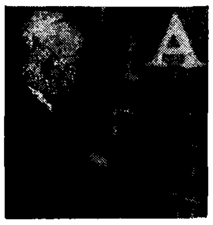

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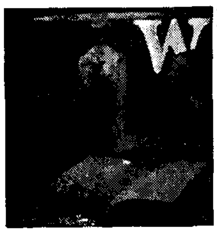

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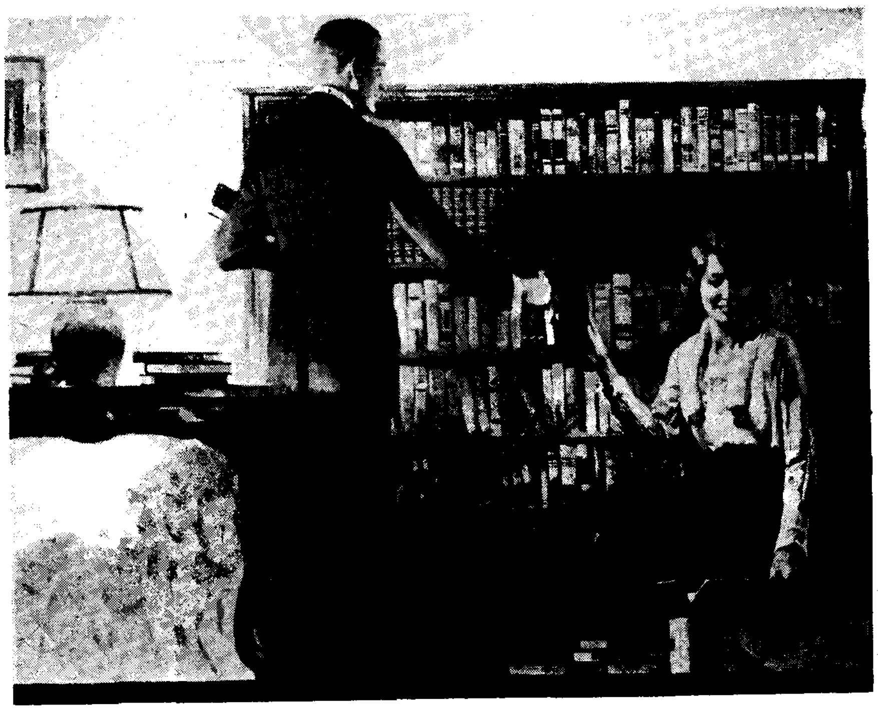

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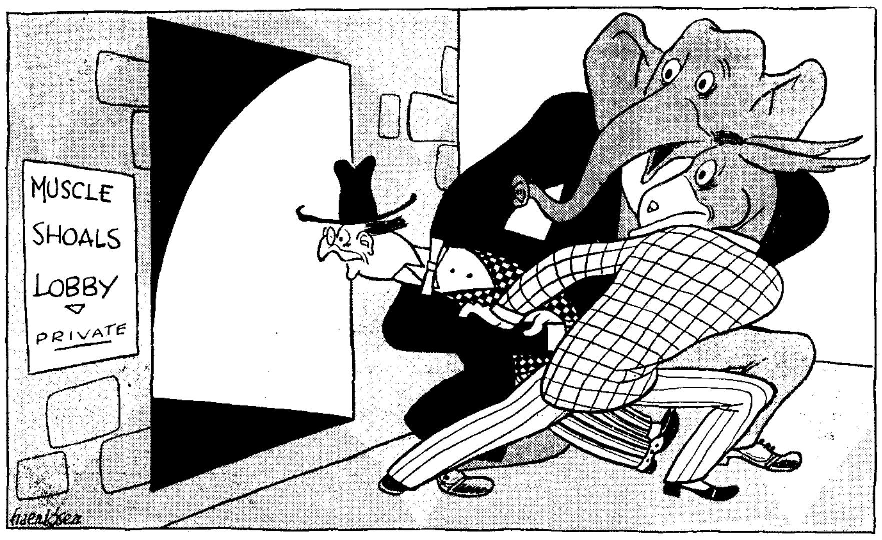

On the Shoals

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE wonders if the whole story of the Muscle Shoals scheming will come to light in the investigation, in progress at this writing, into the lobby concerning itself with the question of who is to run the power plant. It was a bipartisan affair. Mr. Claudius Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee, appears as the author of the Republican party plank on Muscle Shoals and as having a good deal to do with the authorship of the Democratic plank on the same subject.

It turns out that Mr. Huston had long been active in favor of leasing the government power plant specifically to the American Cyanamid Company—that even after Mr. Hoover became President Mr. Huston wrote a pamphlet to prove that the power plant should go to that company. When the lobby investigation began, a bipartisan effort was made to head the investigators away from the Muscle Shoals lobby.

I say bipartisan because Mr. Huston, by this time chairman of the Republican National Committee, was keenly interested, and because the busiest person trying to head the investigation away from Muscle Shoals was Mr. Huston's closest friend in the Senate, a Democratic senator who was at Mr. Huston's office in Republican headquarters more often than any Republican.

The Southern Democratic senators lent their support to the effort to protect the Muscle Shoals lobby from publicity on the ground that it would do no good to the South to have that lobby exposed—if on no more personal grounds.

Narrow Escape

One can see how the Cyanamid Company, if it had not been for what has been disclosed, might have got Muscle Shoals. Most of the conservative Republican senators, except those that are influenced by the power companies who are rival bidders against the Cyanamid Company, merely wish to get the power plant into some private company's hands. They don't care much whose. And there, as Republican chairman, was a man who, until recently at least, had been active in behalf of the Cyanamid Company. The first object of the Southern Democratic senators was to get the power plant leased—it made little difference to whom—for the influence its operation would have on the development of the South.

For good measure that company had the legislative agent of the organized farmers actively campaigning for it. This legislative agent was almost as prominent in Governor Smith's campaign as Mr. Huston was in Hoover's.

Claudius H. Huston is one of the most extraordinary figures that politics has ever brought to Washington. Originally a school teacher in Tennessee and then the adviser of a patent-medicine maker there, he arrived in the capital with the Harding administration as Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

Man of Mystery

His appointment to that post put him at the elbow of the man who eight years later was to become President of the United States. Mr. Hoover at that time was as innocent as a babe in the woods about politics. Mr. Huston has the air of knowing a great deal about a great many things. So he became Mr. Hoover's first instructor in politics.

When the White House got tired of the good Dr. Work, Mr. Huston succeeded to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee.

When he came to Washington as chairman of the National Committee, it was with the reputation of being one of the shrewdest and most successful business men, one who had made millions in oil in the six or seven years since he had been a $6,500 a year assistant in the Department of Commerce.

A certain romance hung around him because no one knew anything about him except his fabulous business success and his quickly accumulated fortune. Something of the Coal Oil Johnny inhered in the stories that were told about him. He would cut cards for $1,000 a cut. He would play golf for $1,000 a hole. I am quoting stories that reached everybody's ears.

It is easy to believe anything about a man of mystery like Mr. Huston, who slips in and out of town without being observed, who is elusive as a flea, who could not be seen walking across a street without arousing a notion in beholders that they were witnessing the inception of something extraordinarily secret.

He lived in Washington the part of a successful business man, housed himself well, entertained generously. So one morning Washington was astonished to read that he had been sued for $88,000 "loaned" to him. The suit disappeared from the press almost as quickly and mysteriously as it appeared in it. Washington would listen to no explanation of the suit less romantic and absurd than that it was for a debt incurred in golf at $1,000 a hole and wondered why its Crœsus should let an issue like that get into print.

If it hadn't been for that suit and the dimming of a glittering reputation, there might never have been any light thrown on the Muscle Shoals lobby.

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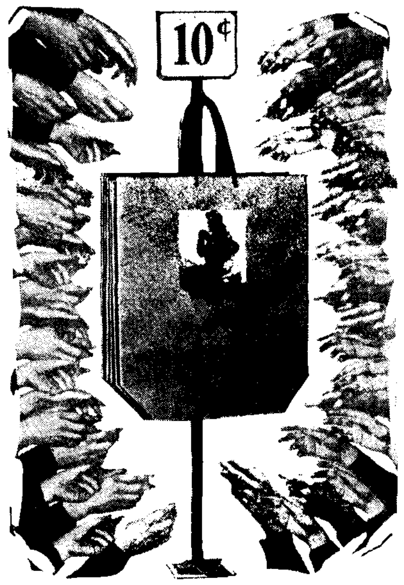

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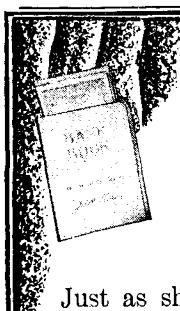

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WORD HUNT

In the English language there are only seventeen words (each having just twelve letters) that begin with the letters R-E-G. One of them is REGENERATING. You supply the others.

1	R	E	G	E	N	E	R	A	T	I	N	G	(Theology) Causing to be reborn. Also, reproducing; giving new life to.
2	R	E	G										Having power to renew.
3	R	E	G										(Rare) A female regenerator.
4	R	E	G										Heedlessly; carelessly; without regard.
5	R	E	G										Pertaining to that which belongs to, or which concerns, a regiment.
6	R	E	G										Variant of REGISTRABLE, capable of being registered.
7	R	E	G										Wearing regimentals, military dress.
8	R	E	G										(Theology) The entering into a new and spiritual life. (Botany and Zoölogy) The regrowth of a part which has been lost or destroyed. (Electricity) Amplification with electron tubes. (Physiology) Renewal of tissues, cells, etc.
9	R	E	G										(Rare) Regular.
10	R	E	G										Registrarship, office or profession of a registrar.
11	R	E	G										Retrogressively; retroactively.
12	R	E	G										Thrown or poured back; gushed, rushed or surged back.
13	R	E	G										An advocate of reglementation.
14	R	E	G										With regret, concern, misgiving.
15	R	E	G										In a manner tending to regulate.
16	R	E	G										Of or pertaining to regeneration. In electricity, pertaining to a method of amplification.
17	R	E	G										Act or fact of registering. A recording; entry in a register. In music, art of combining stops or registers of an organ.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Sprain
2. Sprang
3. Spruce
4. Spreed
5. Sprout
6. Sprint
7. Sprunt
8. Sprush
9. Sprawl
10. Sprong
11. Spread
12. Sprede
13. Spring
14. Sprewl
15. Sprung
16. Sprose
17. Sprier
18. Spryer
19. Sprite
20. Sprack
21. Spruit
22. Sproot
23. Sproil

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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 32

meet Miss Beaufort from Virginia again—traveling."

"Child," said Westward, "have you ever seen death?"

"I've seen a man shot in the street."

"This will be different: will you be afraid?"

"Of him? Why, no. Not now."

Again at that admission Westward repented for all men. "I'll wait here in the hall; I'm here," he assured her, as Oscar, pale and badly scared, led her from him. She and Oscar looked at each other sadly, like friends equally bereaved. "He looks very handsome, Mr. Wittheimer does," said Oscar in a grievous, hushed voice. "It's nice of you to come and pay your respects."

"Oscar," she said, equally hushed, "do you know who will have all this?"

"I do not. I know nothing. Mr. Wittheimer left me a trifle. That he has told me himself."

So she did not enlighten Oscar's ignorance. The newspapers would duly do all that, Westward had assured her; and she wanted to escape very quietly from the clamor that he had warned her would rise about her. She wanted to escape into a new world, where no one knew of the shams and the old deceits, and the cheap "good times" she had snatched at, like other girls. For this new world she had, all blindly, yet trustfully, prepared herself with all her exercise in self-culture; and now it was as if Fate were patting her very kindly on the head and saying to the good child: "See; your industry and your ambition are rewarded, my dear."

YES. She felt—in spite of a myriad tiny shames, and the outrage her parents had perpetrated, and all her shocked sadness—just like a child who has learned her hard lessons, and received the prize.

She had bought flowers, spending two of Westward's ten-dollar bills. And Oscar glanced at them.

"You're a sweet girl to spend your money on them," he said with his kindly familiarity—and why should he not be familiar, knowing what he knew about all the little ladies who had shared old Wittheimer's leisure? "There won't be many of his lady friends who'll waste that much on him now he's gone. But it's a thing you won't regret—depriving yourself."

Now they were before a closed door—a door she knew, that of the dining-room proper, that she had passed a score of times on her way to the gilded elevator, and yet looking heavier, more portentous and somber than it had seemed before. She quailed a second, but Oscar opened the door, and she walked in. "I'll be here," said Oscar, just as Westward had done.

She was alone with Old Frank. He looked at once enormous and shrunken; his stillness was the most tremendous thing she had ever dreamed of. And his face was the face almost of a young man. There was a white bandage about his head. . . .

"Old Tiger," she sobbed, touching his hands folded on his vast chest.

Then she disposed of her flowers—the only flowers as yet, though no doubt some florist would soon attend to that. She laid white lilies and roses on either side of him, and a great bunch on his breast. And she thought how foolish it had been to dread this moment, as she had dreaded it in the cab, in spite of her denial. He was so harmless now; his brain could scheme no more; his eyes under those closed lids could never curdle her blood again. No more heart-shattering ironies would ever issue from those lips.

There was nothing to be afraid of; but she was there such a long time that Westward came to look for her, and when they opened the door, she was lying near it in a dead faint, and they carried her out.

AS SHE sat up in bed in her Paris house, on that first morning, she began definitely to recover her spirit. To the very end of his duties as escort—self-appointed and punctilious—Westward had not ceased to instruct her. The end of those duties came quickly since she found herself in a suite on a transatlantic liner within thirty-six hours of Old Frank's firing that shot, and the instructions had been intensive. Westward had been all that a bewildered young heiress could expect to find in a lawyer.

A remarkable young man! Studious and wise; gay and cold. He understood her very thoughts, her very self-deceptions. He had installed her instantly in a quiet and select hotel suite; had seen to passport, steamer ticket, all the business; engaged an elderly French maid just discarded by one of his other clients; accompanied them to Bracey's, and footed the bill for the few clothes they chose there—"I shall ask your acceptance of the green velvet *Chanel*," young Mr. Bracey purred. "As a memento; as a toilette that was a happy augury. And when you visit us again . . ."

The elderly Frenchwoman had looked as if she sniffed.

"Where are you going, may I ask?" said young Mr. Bracey, agog for sensation.

"Miss Bowfor is going for a rest to relatives in Virginia," Westward answered promptly.

THERE had been the heart-tearing business of Aunty. "There's an old—an old—lady I owe a great deal to; I love her very much. I don't like to go without telling her—saying good-by—"

"The caretaker at the Poinsetters' house?"

"Oh, of course you remember!"

"A relative, Miss Bowfor?" said Westward quietly but inquisitorially. "You should tell me all you can."

She shook her head. "An old girlhood friend of Mother's—so Rose and I always understood. She's been wonderful to me ever since I was a baby. Of course I never told her anything about—home."

"It would have worried her?"

"Yes. She was always so anxious to think everything was right. I used to tell her life was grand."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"I'd like to give her a most wonderful present—"

"You can send that from Paris."

"But more than that, I just want to run and tell her everything. Only, if I do, it'll all come out, about home; and Mother; and she—she'll wonder why I've left them like this; and everything."

"When you are away from these old friends and relatives of yours, Miss Bowfor," said Westward with a worldly-wise smile, "these little hesitations and difficulties and quibbles will vanish. You'll see things in an entirely new perspective. The eyes of rich people are focused differently from the eyes of poor people. If I were a sentimentalist I'd say: 'Run and tell Aunty.' As your lawyer, considering all the cir-

(*Continued on page 92*)

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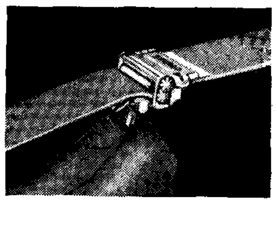

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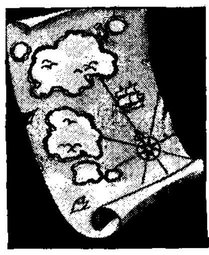

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(*Continued from page 91*)

cumstances, I say: 'Make a clean break.' You can be charitable—you can meet whatever obligations you feel you should meet, without embarrassing yourself."

"I'll send her a fur coat and a great big check from Paris."

"That meets the situation adequately," said Westward, watching her with his thin-lipped worldly-wise smile.

But the letter was difficult to write all the same: "Darling Aunty:

"Something so extraordinary has happened. I'm going abroad in such a nice way—and I'll write to you on the boat. I am going with such a *kind* woman—" Well, was not the French maid all kindness? "I felt I must write good-by to you, however briefly. All my love, darling, and you will hear again. I cannot stop to explain now. . . ."

Westward said: "Clients of mine now over here have a charming house in Paris, fully staffed. I have been in touch with them. I can take it for you for three months, or less. There will be no trouble. . . ."

Also he said, this wise, hard-faced young man: "Keep yourself to yourself on the boat. Don't be tempted to talk unwisely. Since all cosmopolitan ladies of fashion speak fluent French, you should spend a bit of time conversing with Helène in her own language."

So it had been a quiet voyage; and now, sitting up in bed, in Paris, with Helène bringing the chocolate and French rolls, she knew that she had come right into this new life.

"These people who have rented you the house are nice," Westward had added. "Some of their friends will call on you."

Westward had done something else, intuitive young man. He had persuaded his Paris client to write letters of introduction to one or two of the most exclusive dressmaking houses, and that first morning in Paris she was going to do what for a woman is a very big thing; she was going to cross one of those thresholds of inspiration for the first time.

PARIS was most kindly at her best that morning. Never could her spring sunshine have been more ecstatic, never could the early green of the budding trees have looked purer and clearer.

Ray took Helène with her in the car which had been rented with the house. That was Westward again! "You take your maid always when buying any kind of clothes." She was glad of Helène's reassuring company, so elderly and neat and black-and-white.

Helène approved the choice of Dukery—the great English dress designer. He was prominent, she said, in both English and French modern society. He was the youngest son of an earl and knew everybody. He had brains. He had the flair . . . but mademoiselle would see.

Dukery spent a whole morning on Ray Beaufort. He recognized her as that rare being so beloved by designers—a type; moreover, not a standardized type at all, but something almost original; with whom one might do positively anything. Whole hours went by, winged; but: "It will take me days," said Dukery, "to do you justice; and to do myself justice. You are going to be lovely; very lovely. You want my clothes for the London season, no doubt?"

"The London season?" she repeated slowly. "I hadn't thought. . . ."

He studied her swiftly with his clever eyes.

"Oh, but of course!"

"I decided—rather suddenly—to travel, you see. . . ."

"Oh, that's nothing! These things can be arranged so quickly if one sets about them in the right direction. Of course you want to be presented at the English Court. All American girls do! I will begin at once to think of your Court gown."

Her heart leaped. "It would be impossible—"

"You mean it's rather late? Well, yes. But, oh, nothing is really impossible!"

She did not consider whether it was too late, at all. What she had thought on the moment was that such a thing simply could not happen to her. But . . . why not? If he said so, why not? Was there no end to these delicious thrills that she could buy? She looked up at him, and did not know that all revelation was in that look.

He smiled at her wide eyes. "Are you engaged for luncheon? If not, please lunch with me. I have a few people coming to Fouquet's. You know it? Ah! you will like it there! You see, I want to study you—not in these rooms here, but just socially—to help me with your clothes. Besides, there is the matter of your presentation to be arranged . . ." he looked at the watch on his wrist. "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! it is almost one-thirty. We must go."

She sent Helène home in her car, and entered his gleaming motor.

They stopped before Fouquet's and went in. The foyer was crowded, and Dukery said: "If Lady Una has arrived, she'll be waiting for us at my table, I expect. She understands the exigencies of a dressmaker's life—a most sensible woman! Also the Delmonte couple: ah, yes, they are all there."

"Lady Una . . . ?"

"Lady Una Bridge."

Dukery had had Ray dressed in one of his models—little blue and white checked frock and cape gay as the spring. Hat matched; shoes matched; and bag. Outwardly she could meet those critical eyes, but that they would discover the rest of her swiftly, she was sadly sure. And now she was seating herself to the accompaniment of Dukery's casually spoken introductions, the two exquisitely groomed women at the table nodding their cold agreeable salutations. The Frenchman, Delmonte, rose and bowed profoundly, and with delight.

"My apologies, most humbly," was all that Dukery said lightly to extenuate his lateness. He called for cocktails, and while for a few moments he was with precise detail giving a new recipe of his own from which he wished them made Ray Beaufort sat silent, studying those two thin, elegant women.

Dukery was still standing; and young Madame Delmonte had murmured almost imperceptibly to Lady Una: "A new mannequin?"

BUT the murmur came plainly to Ray's sharpened senses. "They know," she thought. "Women like this always know." Then Dukery sat down between Ray and Una, and showed instantly, in spite of his preoccupation with cocktails, that he had caught the murmur too.

"A new mannequin?" he echoed with disdain, "Don't be absurd, my dears." They smiled at him, hard, impertinent, incorrigible little smiles. He turned confidentially to Ray, but spoke clearly: "You hear the great compliments these charming women pay you, Miss Beaufort? They are envious. They are aware that neither of them could display that new model half so expertly. . . . Miss Beaufort has just arrived from America, Una. She is a Virginian. Is 'Virginian' not a precious word, Céleste; isn't it, Antoine? I always love it. I am creating a frock for her called 'Virginian,' and it is not meant to be taken as the noun. You may consider that I have coined a new adjective in place of the old one."

Delmonte caught that, and laughed. In his laugh, Ray read all the old familiar things which she knew, and it heartened her under the women's casual uncaring eyes. The Frenchman was looking at her devoutly. The cocktails came, and Dukery raised his glass to her.

"Your health, Mademoiselle."

Delmonte said this, too, with his eyes. Una and Céleste smiled their careless, impertinent little smiles. Ray said to herself: "I don't care."

Under cover of the service Dukery now murmured to her: "You are too kind, my dear. You mustn't let these dear women be rude to you."

"I don't care."

Delmonte talked gaily with Lady Una.

"But, please! you must care," smiled Dukery, and his eyes were very clever. "You must care. I have brought you here, Miss Virginian, on purpose to care. Because of course you want to be presented at Court this season, and I am already, in my brain, making your gown."

"How will 'caring' affect all that?" asked Ray.

"Because Lady Una Bridge," said Dukery, "will arrange anything."

SHE realized that Dukery was quick and wise, and that she would, perhaps, put herself for a little while into his skillful hands.

Now Delmonte claimed her attention, and Dukery talked with the other two; and then presently, into the Frenchman's charming, teasing conversation, she heard a name spoken in Madame Delmonte's pretty halting accents: "Ah, so Lord Times is in Paris?"

"We're going to the Guitry thing tonight," Una was answering.

Then straight into their talk fell the voice of the newcomer from Virginia:

"Lord Times! Lord Times from England! I know Lord Times!"

And the two women paused, and gave her one of their incorrigibly smiling looks.

Dukery thought: "Little girl. She doesn't know." Delmonte thought the same. She just didn't know how to treat women; and in her eyes as she cried out Times' name was that which arrested all attention, malign or kind. Delmonte answered quickly: "Ah, the lucky Lord Times! What good fortune!" And Dukery took it up decisively:

"Ah, I expect you met him in New York? Yes? He came straight on here from Cherbourg, to see Lady Una. Did he not, Una?"

A flick of color came to Lady Una's cheek, and she lighted a cigarette carefully and slowly.

Recovering reasonably, then, from her betrayal of astonished joy, Ray went on:

"Yes. I met him in New York."

Lady Una addressed her first question to her.

"Oh? Where?"

Ray paused a moment. "At the Poinsetters'."

"Which Poinsetters?" Dukery inquired with interest.

"The Alfred Poinsetters," she said steadily, checking her tremors and trepidations.

"Ah," Dukery cried, "the charming fat Henriette! She comes to me!"

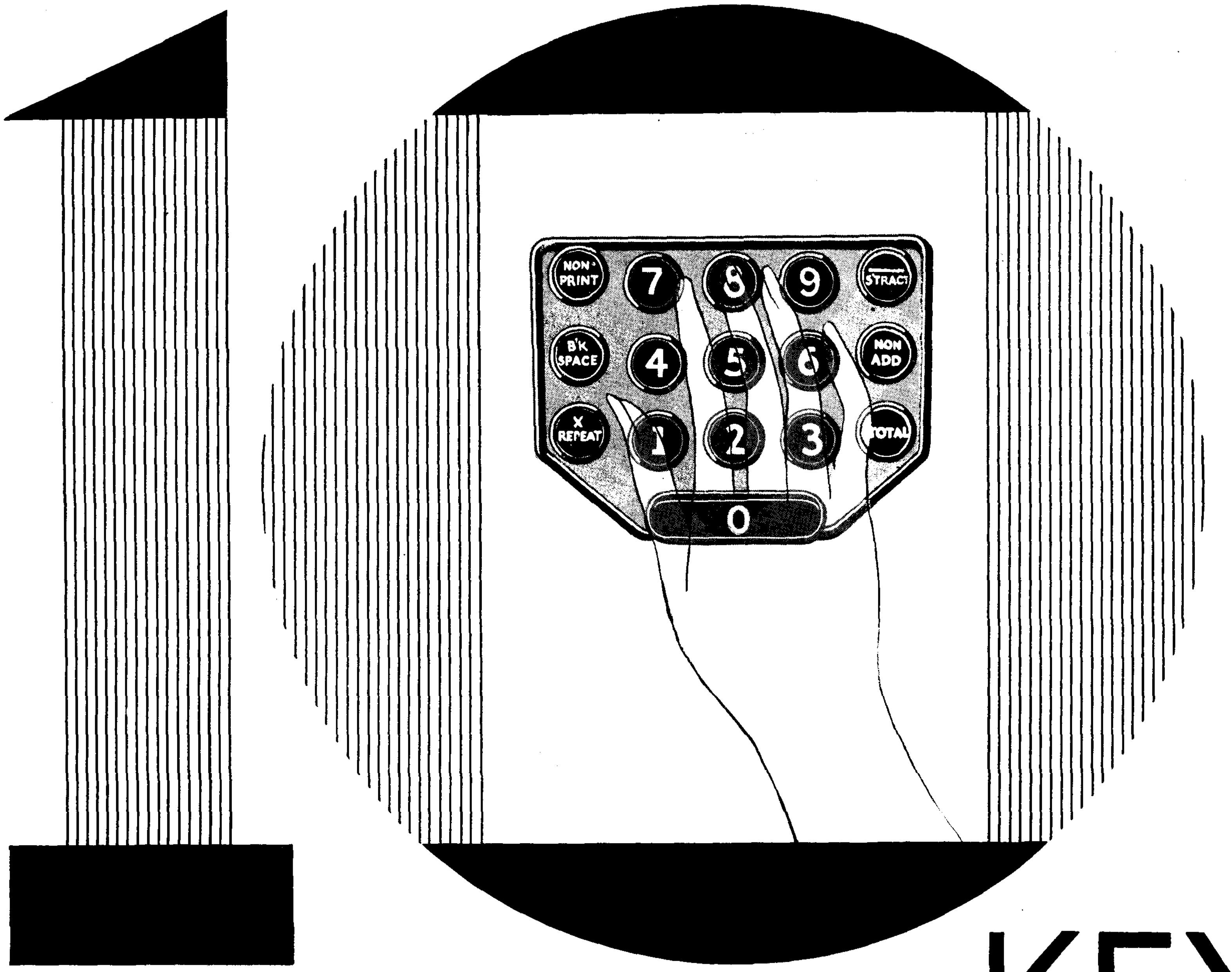
Deep-sea eyes looked a little desperately round the circle of faces. She might indeed have thought—have remembered—that she had heard Mrs. Poinsetter bought her clothes in Paris. If in Paris, why not from Dukery?

However, Henriette Poinsetter was in Florida now, and all was well.

"She's in Florida now," she said.

"How tensed the child is!" Dukery thought. "All about Times, one supposes."

(*Continued on page 94*)



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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 92

Lady Una spoke again agreeably: "Of ourse Lord Times will remember you—"

"But naturally!" Delmonte cried promptly and gaily.

"I expect he knows you're here?" Una pursued.

"Damn all cats!" Dukery thought.

"No," said Ray.

"Really?" Lady Una said. "I'll tell him tonight if I may. He's flying home tomorrow but he'll want to call you up or *something*." She spoke friendlily, with friendly eyes.

Ray believed that friendliness. "Oh, please tell him."

"I will," said Lady Una.

Madame Delmonte laughed.

Dukery said suddenly, looking at the watch on his wrist: "I must telephone. Forgive me for a moment. Antoine, take good care of Miss Virginian."

He went out, dapper and slim, here and there hailing friends and admirers at other tables. His brow looked smooth, untroubled by machinations behind it. But he knew Una: "She won't tell Times." And going to the telephone he called up Times' flat in the Place Victor Hugo, and left a message.

DUKERY had taken Ray back to her house after his little luncheon party. It would have been a better move if she had risen first of anyone, nodded the most casual adieux, and gone out as if her interest in them all had waned, and she had other engagements. But she had not yet grasped these artificialities.

Dukery was not surprised when he arrived at his establishment to find, awaiting him, Lady Una.

He handed his hat and stick to a page. "My dear?" he said to Lady Una. "But how nice!"

"You know, Dickie," she said, "I've simply got to have some things."

"I don't doubt it, my dear." His voice was one of sincere sympathy.

"I'm broke; and I owe you a fortune, don't I?"

Dukery always spoke frankly to those of his friends and clients who needed frankness.

"You do. Somewhere around ninety thousand francs."

"My maid has renovated and renovated—"

"So I see. That suit you have on—one of my little sports things of three years ago."

"If I could get really enough clothes to do the season decently—"

"Still, it is not only clothes you have come to gossip about."

"No. . . . How cunning you are, damn you! I was quite amused by your new little American."

"So I understood."

Her faint impertinent smile and stare!

"What made you bring her to lunch with us, Dickie?"

"For you to see."

"Oh?"

"Also because she is quite sweet and lovely. Didn't you find her so?"

"Really, I didn't very seriously consider her from any angle."

"That was foolish of you. Delmonte and I considered her from every angle," said Dukery gaily.

"All men are pigs."

"Sweet temper you are in, my dear. Now about these clothes. Why not have them?"

"How nice you are to me, Dickie."

"There will be a price."

"Not, by any chance, my honor?"

"God forbid! No, thank you. You are not my type at all, dear. My intentions are awfully, awfully honorable. You can have the clothes—a few things anyway—and we'll let your account run on. . . . You'll probably be marrying yourself off soon, I suppose? So silly to be a widow."

"Of course I shall marry myself off. Don't be ridiculous. I shall be able to bring it off wonderfully some time, and of course, *of course*, I shall always dress here."

"Mixed blessings. Thank you."

"Don't be naughty, angel. Tell me about this price."

"You saw my new American. She wants to do the London season; be presented. Will you take her in hand? It would naturally be very profitable."

"My dear! Really! I never do take young things about."

"You're a young thing yourself, of course. But need that be a drawback? Find her just the right kind of little house, the right servants, the right parties—everything."

"What is your interest, Dickie?"

"She is going to be wonderful to dress. I can do a great deal with her. And it is only fair that she should do me credit if I'm to take a lot of trouble. I want her properly launched upon London."

"Must I?"

"If you want my clothes, dear, on your present terms—"

"What would she pay?"

"Charge a thousand pounds for all your trouble. I won't ask for any of it."

"Angel."

"A bargain?"

"Why, of course, for *you*, Dickie—"

"For yourself. You want money. She has it. She wants introductions. You have them. Find a respectable middle-aged secretary for her. A lady. Pull yourself together, my dear. Step out lively, and get things started."

"Of course she's pretty in a rather underbred way—"

"Underbred be hanged! The girl is going to be a little sensation. And if she isn't, I'll dun you, Una."

"I suppose I'd better call on her, then?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. I'm seeing her tomorrow morning here, and I'll talk to her."

Una was thinking of Lord Times, and Dukery knew it. She was thinking that she wouldn't help him towards a meeting with this little Virginian in Paris, and Dukery knew it. She meant to be Lady Times before it was time for Deauville, and the dressmaker knew that too.

But also, as he talked clothes, he could see again the lighted lamps of Ray Beaufort's eyes as she had leaned forward at the restaurant table, crying: "I know Lord Times!"

Dukery thought petulantly: "I can help her to begin with; but after that the sweet thing must help herself."

TIMES came through the delicately scrolled old iron gates into the courtyard of her house, and saw the lilacs all blooming, under a sky as blue as yesterday's when Dukery had sent him that message. The lilacs' fragrance was in the air, and crocuses were underfoot in cracks of the moss-grown paving. He lingered a second, thinking: "Exactly the sort of house the child would have. Exactly right. Flowers and peace. She thinks of her old place in Virginia! A great clattering city like New York was all wrong for her."

As he pulled a doorbell, he heard the song of the gay little caged birds within.

He mounted to the big drawing-room on the first floor very eagerly, behind the politest of butlers; and there she was, in a room also right for her in all respects; rather big for her youth and smallness, but exquisite in every detail like herself. Dukery had put her into a little gown of lilac velvet—"just to begin with"—and there she sat by the hearth in a deep chair of silvery brocade, with the choicest of tea services on a low table beside her. Now he felt that he saw this charming thing exactly as she ought to be:

The thrill within him surprised even himself, as he came over to her quickly, saying: "Don't move at all; don't disturb that picture;" as he leaned down to her, and took both her hands, and stared thus for a moment, looking at her. It was only equaled by the thrill that ran all through her, from head to toes.

"How wonderful!" he said.

She smiled: "Yes. Isn't it?"

"How quickly you made up your mind, little lady! This wasn't planned at all when I left New York. And then you sail only a few days after!"

"I know. I—I'm terribly impulsive—"

"And you were meaning to do something with your summer? We must make this 'something' you have chosen to do most awfully nice for you."

He sat down near her.

"How did you find this attractive house?"

"I took it from some French people named d'Estell, who are in America now."

"It's adorable. Are you in Paris for long?"

"Not long. Just getting clothes. I'll be in London at the beginning of May."

"I know you are getting clothes," said Times, still continuing to look at her eagerly. "You're getting 'em from Dukery. It was he who told me you were here."

"Oh!"

"'Oh!'" he mimicked her. "Oh, yes. Good man, Dukery. He rang up my flat yesterday."

"Indeed?" she remembered Dukery's leaving the luncheon table yesterday to telephone. Yet this morning he had said nothing at all to her of Times.

"Your name was mentioned at lunch yesterday—at Fouquet's—and I said I'd met you."

"I must thank Dukery."

THERE was the loveliest blush on the child's face, a blush of sheer delight that Times enjoyed enormously. She looked down at the tea tray.

The voyage across had taught her a little about afternoon tea—she had taken it for the first time in her life on that ship—but not much. This delicacy and elaboration were different. She ran her eye over the equipment—such old, old silver, such transparent china, such dainties in an antique basket also of silver, fretted as fine as lace! And then Times, without knowing that she needed it, came to her help merely for the tender fussy pleasure of helping.

"I take lemon instead of cream in mine. I'll put it in, shall I? . . . What do you take?"

"Lemon, too."

It was easier to be alike. She poured the tea for them both.

"Lucky for me you happened to choose Dukery," Times smiled contentedly. "Now, out of all Paris, why did good fortune make you go to him?"

"Henriette Poinsetter dresses there."

"Ah, yes; I thought it would be some absurd little reason like that to which

(*Continued on page 96*)

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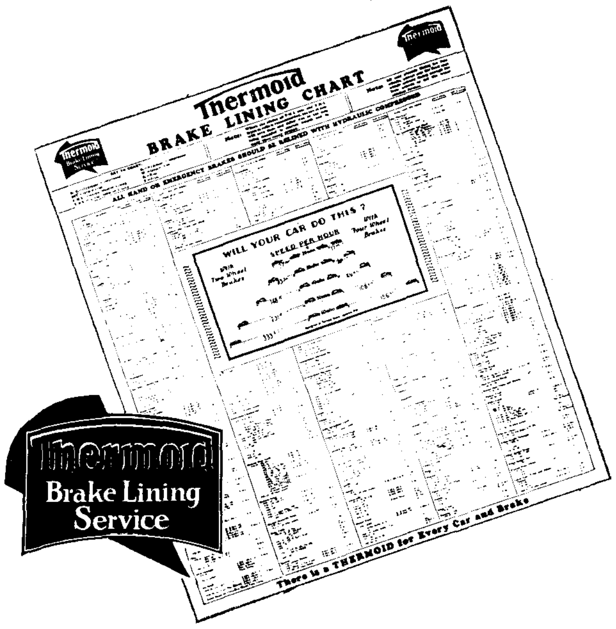
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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 94

I owe all this. What a fluke life is!"

She did not want to feel guilty of lying any more, especially with Times, and she did not dwell further on this happy chance.

She did not want people to remind her of the past. She wanted to bury all her dead; to live in the bright and flowery future.

"Tell me," she began, "is England very lovely in the spring?"

"Every country is lovely in the spring, don't you think? But yes; England perhaps the most of all."

"I HAVEN'T settled yet on my London house," she said for want of something else to say, and anxious to avoid any further reference to New York.

"Who is going to live with you?" he asked.

"I shall have a secretary." Dukery had, that morning, tactfully outlined her wisest plan to her.

"'M," said Times, musing.

And she remembered that he had said to her, "I am very stiff-necked about some things."

Was he going to disapprove?

It was no use telling herself that she cared neither for his approval nor disapproval. She cared terribly; poignantly. And she hazarded:

"You think we American girls are too independent?"

"I think so," he answered, "but I mustn't intrude those views on what is, after all, your own business."

"I've been alone so much, anyway," she added.

"You are going to have a wonderful season, you know; I'm sure of it," said Times, frowning a little. And he was thinking of whom he could implore to watch this child, of what nice shrewd hostess he could ask special favors for her; of how much his married elder sister might be prepared to do, when the door opened once more and the butler announced:

"Lady Una Bridge."

Una paused for an infinitesimal second while in her mind, schooled to a light derisive habit, the ferocity of her natural temper welled up. Times and Dukery's "Miss Virginian!" Together already!

Her crude mind in her ultra-civilized body registered: "Damnation!"

(To be continued next week)

See you in Church

Continued from page 26

pews would dampen the ardor of the most brilliant preacher. More than half the effectiveness of a sermon is contributed by the congregation.

Untrained or even badly coached choirs exact their toll. When it is impressed upon a pastor that the sensitive ears of his more critical members are being offended, he will hasten to ask the critics for more generous contributions to be devoted to the service's musical setting. And then, too, many of us clergy will be shocked to find that while the protests may cease, this is not followed by a noticeable increase in attendance. Obviously, the trouble can't have been with the music, bad as it was.

A pastor listens to other complaints of the same nature. If, he is told, there is more opportunity for congregational singing, there will be a greater number participating in his services. I confess to a certain sympathy with this. Congregational singing is, perhaps, to be encouraged. Yet here one braves the danger of offending the sensitive ears again. Not all voices are melodious. Making a joyful noise unto the Lord is commendable in the worshiper; but it is not always helpful to the devotions of his neighbor. No, the solution does not lie in this direction.

Nor is it to be found on investigation of the charges that this church or that is inhospitable to strangers. Personally, I know of no church where the stranger is not welcomed.

One gets nowhere by charging that churches would be better attended were creeds scrapped. A speaker at the last meeting of the National Education Association in Cleveland aroused much interest and received much publicity by saying: "Our churches are clinging to man-made creeds hundreds of years old, while their doors are closing, rather than devoting themselves to interpreting the times to a befuddled and bewildered multitude."

Alas for this theory! The official surveys reveal that the most pronounced decline and the greatest stagnation are to be found among those *liberal* sects which have no creeds. And the churches which show the largest attendance Sunday after Sunday are those which lay the greatest stress and insistence upon creeds.

We might go on enumerating these superficial reasons and profit not at all. I knew of a man who refused to attend church services because at a parish supper he found only two oysters in a dish of scalloped oysters!

The causes we seek and which we must treat are deeply rooted in vast social and economic changes and revolutions in human thought.

One of the outstanding features of our contemporary civilization is the week-end—the social week-end—when millions of us plan and execute an escape from the scenes wherein we toil for six days—or five days. The week-end has become our hunting ground for pleasure, for surcease, for recuperation of the body and mind. In more than twenty million motor cars we explore it. Our railroads are offering pretty inducements which, in our mounting prosperity, increasing numbers of us are as able as we are eager to accept.

We're Not Trained to Worship

It has become a generally accepted axiom among Protestants that Sunday is to be spent in recreation rather than in church attendance. Particularly is this true with that element of the population to which we look for the setting of examples and for the sturdiest material support of the Church. If you will observe closely you will discover, too, that the tendency of the masses to ignore the Church on Sunday increases with the financial ability of the masses to go somewhere else. The Protestant churches are not surviving secular competition.

The Protestant has never been taught that there is any sort of obligation binding him to the worship of God on Sunday. He has, perhaps, been taught that it is his duty to attend his church and that he may not escape certain moral

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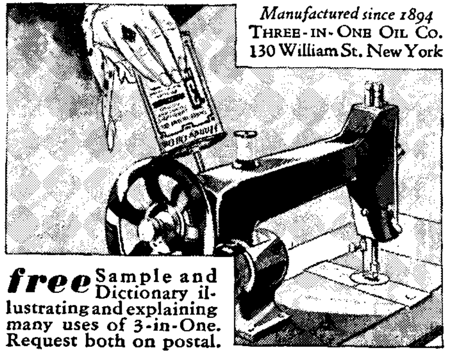

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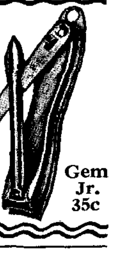

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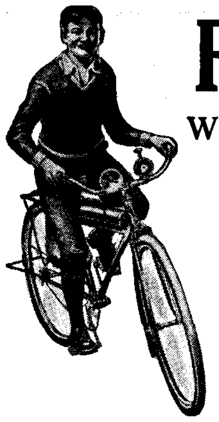

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penalties nor achieve certain spiritual rewards by ignoring church; but he recognizes no hard and fast obligation.

If the only reason for going to church is to listen to a sermon, as most Protestants believe, why take all the trouble if a sermon may be heard by radio while resting comfortably in one's living-room? This method has that sparkling advantage that one may switch off the radio if the sermon is dull or unsatisfactory. Even if the broadcast is listened to, the Church does not thrive on absentees, however religious they may be.

This conviction that the chief reason for Protestant church attendance is to hear a sermon, is the result of the substitution of preaching for the Mass by the reformers of the sixteenth century. It has proved most baneful in its effects.

Neither the week-end—the greatest menace to Protestant churches—nor the radio has affected attendance in the Catholic Church!

The Plight of the Protestant

The Catholic churches are crowded many times on Sunday morning because all Catholics realize that they are under obligation to go to Mass on Sunday. No such obligation is recognized by Protestants.

A clear reason for our empty churches and the growing weakness of Protestantism is that the children of most Protestant parents are receiving an entirely secular education. The average Sunday school is too careless and haphazard in method to give effective religious training. Therein the children are not taught the principles of worship, nor trained in putting these principles into practice. The children of the well-to-do rarely see the inside of a Sunday school. They are sent away from home as early as possible and turned over to proper boarding-schools where, perhaps, they may receive a smattering of instruction in the contents of the Bible, but where the greater emphasis is placed upon secular subjects and social conduct.

They receive little, if any, systematic development of the spiritual life. Their religious training is regarded as a matter for their parents to deal with. This is as Protestant parents will it; they either forbid our educators to teach their children formal religion, or ignore the whole subject.

Which leads (through the schoolroom) to yet another and exceedingly potent, reason for the failing strength of Protestantism and the progressive emptying of Protestant pews.

Skeptical Modernism is making startling headway among Protestantism's official teachers. Not that conservative Modernism which is loyal to the fundamentals of Christian faith and strives to make them intelligible to a modern world, but that departure from the conventional which asserts that the facts upon which the faith is based are at the same time true and untrue. These Modernists are swiftly increasing. What they teach is being taught attractively.

They deprecate a literal belief in such basic truths as the divinity of Christ, his miraculous conception, his birth of a virgin and his bodily resurrection. These historic facts, they say, are poetical allegories—symbols. I shall not go farther on this much-trod path. But these Modernists, of the radical school, must know that they may not eat their cake and have it too. They may not destroy what the Church is founded on and still have the Church. They are occupied with the interesting process of sawing off the bough on which they sit. They have ceased to believe in the historic Christian faith, but wish to retain their position as authorized teachers of that faith.

And then, unhappily, the only alternative, for most Protestants, to this skeptical Modernism appears to be an ignorant and blatant Fundamentalism!

Thus the forces of Protestantism are forever being torn by internecine conflict. If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.

The sooner a frank admission is made that the Protestant reformers committed an egregious blunder in substituting preaching for the worship of God, the better for Protestantism. We live in an age when mere preaching has lost its appeal. Too often oratory and strivings after oratorical effect leave little if any room for deep and fervent worship, or worship of any sort.

Why cannot the Protestant clergy arrange services at an early hour, without a sermon, in which worship is the predominant feature? I know many churches where this is being done with good results.

There are various forms of worship that could be used: the communion service, the fellowship of silence, or a short meditation, accompanied by prayers and devotional hymns, with quiet intervals. The prayers should be brief and couched in liturgical language. What must be avoided at all costs is the long, extemporaneous prayer which covers everything from the leaking roof to the League of Nations.

Something less amateurish than the Sunday school will have to be devised if our children are to receive systematic knowledge of the Christian faith, and become in their adult years enthusiastic or even conscientious churchgoers.

Weekday religious education, whereby public-school children are sent to their churches after school hours, would seem to be a step in the right direction. This movement has made considerable progress in the Middle West. In New York City there are 680,000 children receiving no such instruction, but 10,000 are getting it through the weekday religious education program, which has been effective in 135 churches.

These measures may have their effect in the rescue of our Protestant churches—may have, that is, if they are carried far enough.

We can't legislate or command people back to the pews they are deserting. We can't say to the radical Modernist: "You must not undermine people's faith." More heroic remedies are needed. If we discover that the foundations of the house we live in are being weakened by the irrigation schemes of our gardener, however well-intentioned, we can at least refuse to pay him wages if he persists after our protests.

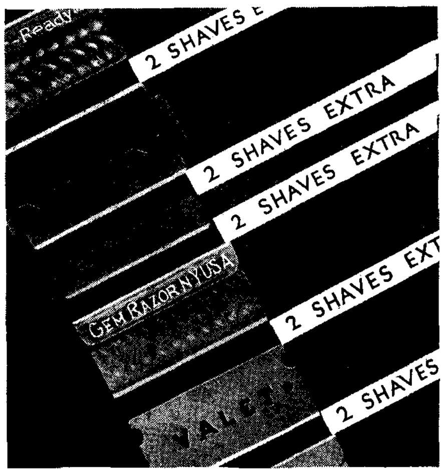
The Country-Club Church

If the members of city churches wish to spend Sunday in the country, why should not the churches follow them? My parish conducts, during the summer months, a home at the seashore with a well-appointed chapel, and many of our people spend their week-ends there. The chapel is so crowded that its congregations have already outgrown it.

If I had the money, I should establish a week-end country club for the rest of the congregation, with golf links and tennis courts, and with a club house in which there would be a beautiful chapel.

Or why not country churches with services at an early hour—if possible at more than one hour—to catch the stream of vacationists as they motor by?

If people will not come to church on Sunday because of our arbitrary programs of devotion and preaching, it seems clear that it is the Church's duty to accommodate itself to the people. The longer Protestantism stands where it is, the wider will be the gap between it and Protestants. And presently each will be lost to sight of the other.



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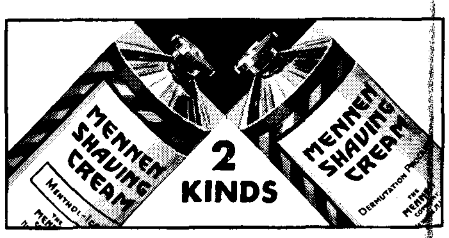

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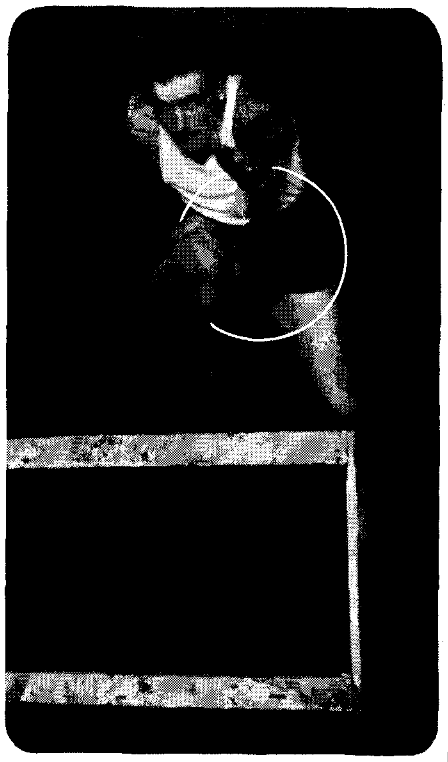

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Continued from page 15

was over. The youth did not relish such public attention, so certain to bring a policeman. He jumped into his car, quickly started the motor, and sped on his way up the highway.

The girl had got out when the trouble began. She stood by now, feeling rather sick with the gin she had drunk and the brawl she had somehow started.

A policeman appeared. Somebody volunteered the information that the "old guy" had beat up the "boy friend." This statement was greeted with laughter. The policeman abandoned his officious manner and elected, instead, to be funny.

"Now, look here," he began, "you're old enough to know better'n that, going around beating up your youngers! What's the big idea? Was he stealing your girl?" He ended rather lamely as he caught the glint in the cap'n's eyes.

"He was taking a lubberly advantage of this little lady, giving her gin without her knowing."

"He was!" roared the officer, trying to make up for his bantering words by a fervor of indignation. For the cap'n's voice had a quality to it which matched the glint in his eyes.

Now the policeman was glaring about as though he expected to find the culprit lurking among the crowd. Those who stood there became more somber. The girl began to sob.

"Now, now, little lady! I'll get you home. A little of this fresh breeze, and you'll soon be feeling better."

The cap'n bade the officer fetch a taxi. He helped her in, sat down beside her, and repeated her address to the driver. The policeman saluted as the cab drove off. The crowd, which might have been ribald about it, watched him leave with the pretty girl in respectful, staring silence.

After a while he asked how she felt.

"B-better, but sort of dizzy."

"You'll be all right with a little sleep." Cap'n Harper patted a slender hand. "Do you live with your mother?"

"My mother's dead. I've got a room. It's a boarding house," she added.

The girl's name was Charlotte—Charlotte Ross—and she worked in a printer's office. The young man she knew only as "Speedy"; that is what everyone called him at the party where Charlotte had met him.

"The girls all think he's grand. He's always got plenty of money to spend. I didn't care much about him myself. He's so stuck on himself and . . . well, I didn't much like him. But he kept asking and asking, and he's not bad looking. So I gave him a date this evening."

Cap'n Harper nodded.

"You want to watch out for Speedy. He's a mean one, and dirty yellow."

"Yes." The girl was drowsing.

The cap'n sat very still in the cab. Like a trusting child she had drooped her head on his shoulder. Her hat lay in her lap, and her thick brown hair was fragrant in Harper's nostrils. He sat very still and thought of Polly—poor little Polly, so long in her grave, who might have been just like Charlotte.

THERE was another friend the cap'n met as he wandered about the amusement park. It would have been difficult not to talk to this one, for he wore the uniform of the Coast Guard with the sleeve marks of a boatswain. The first time Harper saw him he was banging away at a flock of clay pigeons with a little target rifle.

"A point to starboard, bos'n, and you'd've had 'im."

"Your eyes that good?" grinned the other, looking around in mild surprise.

"Still pretty fair," said the cap'n. They took turns blazing at pigeons.

The boatswain's place was the little white life-saving station down by Golden Gate Park. Cap'n Harper became a frequent visitor, especially on days when the weather was bad and the amusement concessions deserted. He would sit in the back and yarn with the boys, his eyes fixed comfortably out on the sea which was framed by the open doorway.

"No, all alone," he replied to a question. "My wife died when I was tied up in Calcutta, loading a cargo of jute and hides. That was in '15, the year of the Fair. Then my daughter and little Polly . . . I was homebound that time in mid-Pacific. So I'm all alone now, except—" He hesitated. "Well, I've sort of adopted a grandchild, you might say, a little lady who hasn't any parents. We spread ourselves to a dinner sometimes, and then maybe we take in a show. She's a pleasant little lady," the cap'n brightened. "Reminds me a lot of Polly."

"THAT'S the trouble with following the sea," said the boatswain. "You're away from home most of the time, and anything's likely to happen. I'd hate to be married to a nice little girl and then see her only just once in a while."

The cap'n looked from one Coast Guardsman to the other, and then his gaze fixed on the boatswain. A nice fellow, Frank Bastian, with fine gray eyes in which was no trace of meanness. Now here sat a lad who would make a good husband for just the right little lady. A good husband for Polly, if she had lived. A good husband for little Charlotte.

But the cap'n soon found that making a match was not such a simple matter. At the start Charlotte Ross was polite enough while the boatswain was still a stranger. But first thing he knew she was speaking sharply, catching him up on this and that, for her tongue was much the nimbler. Frank would just smile, being slow and good-natured, and like as not she'd tell him then to take that foolish grin from his face and try not to look so stupid.

It was a great disappointment to Cap'n Harper—doubly so since Frank had told him that Charlotte was just about all right. He didn't seem to mind being sat on. A spunky young creature, he called her.

"I don't see what you're always picking on Frank for?"

"Cap'n Jim, you're a nice old dear and I'm crazy about you. But if I ever decide I want a husband I'll pick him out myself, if you don't mind."

The cap'n appeared astounded.

"A husband! I never said anything about a husband."

"You didn't have to," Charlotte laughed. His words seemed to strike her as funnier and funnier. "Little Cap'n Cupid!" she taunted him, pulling a weather-beaten old cheek. "Did he think he was getting away with something?"

"Well, I *did* think something might come of it. Frank would make a mighty fine husband."

"What do you know about husbands, mister?"

"I've seen a few in my day—good, bad and indifferent. A man like Frank, he's got the feel of the sea. Clean. Not like that bilge rat, Speedy, now. Frank's worth a whole litter of Speedies."

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"Oh, I don't know," she said with a smile. "Seems to me Frank could learn a thing or two even from Speedy."

The cap'n snorted.

"Dancing, for instance. He's just an impossible dancer."

"Dancing! What's dancing got to do with a husband?"

"Nothing, of course! A husband is somebody who comes home every night and takes off his collar and puts on his slippers. You cook him his dinner and do his washing; and sometimes, when you're all tired out, he takes you to a movie!"

"Well, I give up. But I was hoping—"

"Aw, don't get discouraged, Cap'n Jim. Haven't you any other candidates? The next one, maybe, will be just the thing. Suppose you find me a redhead."

So he quit as a matchmaker. The girl was right; what did he know about picking a husband? The cap'n chuckled about it later. She knew what she wanted, that little Charlotte. Had a mind of her own—like Polly.

HE PAID his dime at the ticket window and got aboard a chutes boat. He almost always took this ride when he was out at the park by the beach. There was something about it the cap'n fancied. You rode up and up a sharp incline, from the top of which you had a view of ocean and land and seashore; then zip! you were speeding down the chute to hit the water with a plunging splash. The same sensation he'd known in storms. Maybe that's why he liked it.

He was looking seaward, as usual, when the boat started down the incline. His eyes swept the water and suddenly focused upon a squat little vessel.

"By George, the Dutchman!"

He knew her instanter, that squat little tramp, by the rake of her masts, the unorthodox lines of her housing. Yes, there were the stripes upon her funnel, red and green in zigzag. Close in, nosing straight for the Golden Gate, she was passing Point Bonita.

As the chutes boat hit the water the cap'n remembered the vessel's name: Samarang, after a port in the Dutch East Indies. The Samarang . . . a dozen years must have gone their way since he'd seen her in China waters. The cap'n's heart beat faster.

"By George, I'll have to pay her a call."

He thought of his introduction to her that sultry day in August. First, just a haze of smoke in the lens. Then, drawing nearer at seventeen knots, the sea as smooth as a land-locked bay, he had seen that something was wrong with the boat. So he changed his course for a better look and found there was plenty the matter. For the Samarang had been seized by pirates—Chinese pirates, a vicious lot, who took deck passage for Kwang-chow-wan and stormed her bridge at a signal!

The cap'n didn't waste any time in being formal. The sea was so calm he just ran alongside and opened fire from the boat deck. Some of the Chinkies lowered the Samarang's launch, and when the mate led a boarding party those who were left dived into the sea. The Dutch skipper, released from the chains which bound him, had all but kissed the cap'n.

"Willem Heydstraat," he repeated now. "He'll be mighty glad to see me." Cap'n Harper knew a little pang. A skipper without a command, he was. He envied Captain Heydstraat.

He ate a bowl of chowder at the Isle of Luzon lunchroom. Then he sauntered around to the shooting gallery and took a few shots at the pigeons. He always paused here a while to chat with the woman who loaded the rifles.

"Did you see about your friend, Frank Bastian?"

"No, I didn't. What about him?"

"It's here in the paper, with a regular headline. They found him unconscious early this morning. He was hit with something. They don't know who done it. Hit over the head from behind, in the fog. He couldn't tell who done it."

The cap'n was indignant. He'd walk right down to the Coast Guard station and find out all about it. But he hadn't gone more than a score of steps when a frightened voice was in his ear:

"Cap'n Jim! Cap'n Jim!"

"Why, Charlotte! What you doing away from your job?"

"I had to see you. I called your boarding house. Cap'n Jim, I'm terribly worried."

She began to cry.

"It's about Speedy . . . and Frank. Frank's been hurt."

"I know. I just now heard about it."

"It was Speedy that hit him."

"How do you know?"

"He told me himself. He was waiting outside when I went to lunch. He showed me the paper and laughed. He did it; he told me so himself. He said . . . Cap'n Jim, he said the next time he'd *really* hit him. The next time Frank won't be just *unconscious*, unless I quit going out with him."

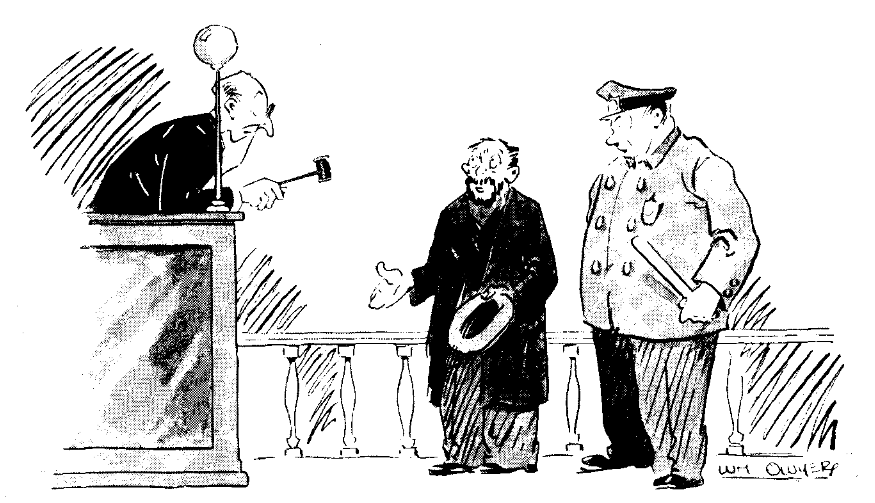
Cap'n Harper stood and stared at the girl.

"I've learned about Speedy from one of the girls. He's tough; he belongs to a bootleg gang. He doesn't care what he does, Cap'n Jim. Oh, I'm scared to death what he'll do to Frank."

Still Cap'n Harper stood there, staring, trying to comprehend this matter, for Charlotte looked so worried.

"But see here, if all you got to do is quit going out with Frank—! You don't care about him anyway."

(*Continued on page 100*)



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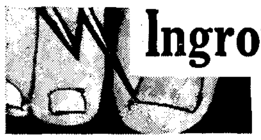

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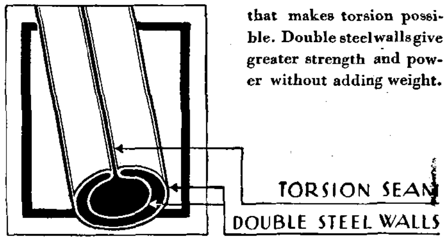

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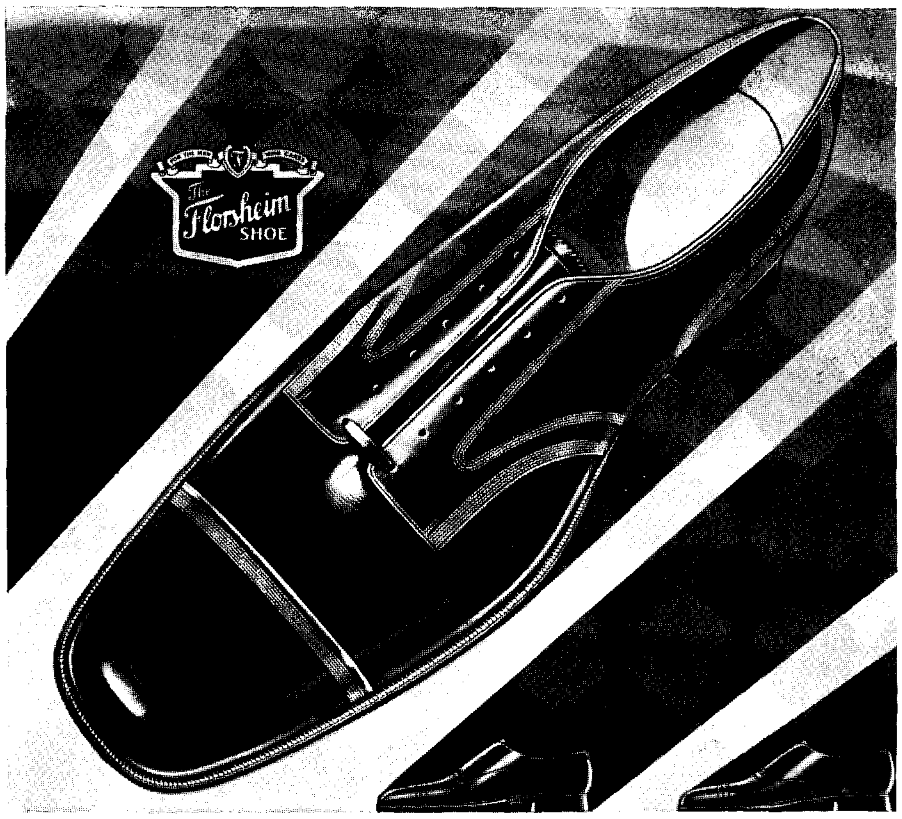

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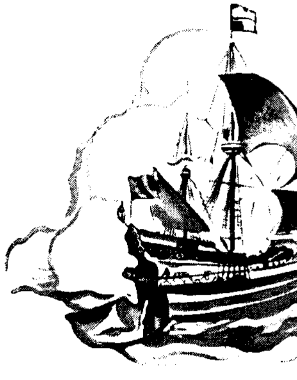

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Collier's Radio Hour
Every Sunday Evening

(*Continued from page 99*)

She stamped a foot in exasperation. “Don't talk so stupid. I'm crazy about him!”

“You're—!”

“I'm crazy about him,” she cried. “I love him. Oh, haven't you got any sense at all?”

“Crazy about him!” the cap'n murmured. “By George, who'd ever've thought it?”

It took him a while to swallow this fact, so amazing, albeit delightful. Now, wouldn't it be a woman's way to act so plagued contrary? But she wasn't fooling about it now; the cap'n had only to look at her face, so sick with worry, so tearful.

“Don't you get all stirred up,” he told her. “We'll just go around and see the police.”

“What good will that do? He's used to keeping out of their way. He said not to bother to tell the police. He's got friends who'll get Frank if he doesn't, he said. Then . . . Cap'n Jim, he laughed about it! He said the police are a bunch of saps. But if I told, Frank was as good as dead. That's exactly what he told me.”

The cap'n ripped out a splendid oath with the tang of the sea about it. So that was the way this Speedy talked! One of those fresh young landsmen.

“I've got to go out with him tonight.”

“With who?”

“With Speedy. He's not going to stand for any more fooling. He's not used to being stalled by girls. He says I better meet him.”

“You won't,” said the cap'n.

“I've got to,” sobbed Charlotte. “I'm frightened to death he'll do something to Frank. I promised I'd surely meet him.”

“Then you'll meet him with me.”

“Cap'n Jim, he'd kill you.”

“A rat like him! Humph! He hit Frank from behind—in the fog, to boot. A yellow, sneaking land rat! I'd as lief be afraid of a puff of breeze.”

He glanced at his watch.

“A quarter of three. You'd best be getting back to your work. I'll take you down, and you just forget to worry. Why, I wouldn't let that young pup plague you for all the gold in the ocean.”

“I'm not going back to the office,” Charlotte told him. “I'm going to Frank.”

Cap'n Harper beamed.

“That's right. That's proper. You go see Frank. But don't say a word about that Speedy—you understand, little lady?”

THE cap'n left her presently and went off to tend to business. One thing he was very particular about was getting a car and a driver. A large, fast car with plenty of power. A slap-bang, competent driver.

At eight o'clock Charlotte was due to meet the gangster. Fifteen minutes before then the cap'n arrived and took his place just around the corner. The motor was idling, the driver sat ready, and in the back two men were hunched, stolidly silent, waiting. From his place in the front seat Cap'n Harper could watch the rendezvous of the girl who made him think of Polly.

“Stand by,” he said, just as if he were on the bridge, warning his engineer through the tube. “That's the car over there, just stopping. . . . Ease off in her wake. Don't lose her.”

A slap-bang, competent driver. Speedy's style was to give her lots of gas and linger none in traffic. But this fellow sitting at Harper's left knew plenty about that business.

The roadster turned into Golden Gate Park, which extends for miles to the ocean. In its eastern part are spreading lawns, museums, statues, flower beds; but out towards the sea the park runs wild and at night is almost deserted.

In this part the roadster came to a halt. Its lights went out, and there it stood, a shadow dim in the darkness.

“Douse the lamps,” the cap'n ordered. “Cut across her bow and bring up sharp.”

He stepped down nimbly and strode toward the roadster. He heard Charlotte's voice: “Don't shoot! Don't shoot! It's Cap'n Jim”— and a vicious oath.

“The hell I won't shoot,” the gangster said. “Beat it, you, or I'll blow your damned old head off!”

But that was no way to talk to the cap'n. For thirty years he had strode his decks, the absolute master, his word the law. Once, when a mate, he had faced a mutinous crew with guns—faced them unarmed, and they landed in irons.

HARPER saw the pistol and promptly acted. His fist shot out, crashed on Speedy's face—the most startling, most unexpected thing in all that young man's swaggering life. He pulled the trigger, but the shot went wild. Then Harper knocked the gun from his hand. He'd handled worse ones than Speedy.

“Here, you men!”

“*Ja*,” a voice responded, and the two who sat in the back of the car came running up to the cap'n. Speedy was frantically trying to start the engine.

“Tie him up!” snapped the cap'n.

“*Ja*,” responded one of the men and translated the command for his fellow.

They went about their jobs with rough precision, lashing the gangster's wrists together, binding tight his ankles. Cap'n Harper watched and approved the knots—seamanlike knots and executed in a proper, seamanlike manner.

“Stow him in the car.”

“*Ja*.”

“Look here,” whimpered Speedy, “I didn't mean nothing. Where you taking me to? What you going to do?”

“Make a man out of you, if it's possible to. Come, Charlotte.” He held her cold hands in his. “We'll take you home, little lady.”

So he took her home . . . and two days later she left that house forever. It was the day of her marriage to Frank the boatswain. A simple affair, no frills about it; but the clergyman tied a seamanlike knot, and the cap'n himself gave the bride away.

Then the wedding party went out to the beach and shot some clay pigeons and drank lemonade and had a few spins on the roller coaster.

“You're going to make your home with us, Cap'n Jim.”

“Now, that's mighty nice to say so, but—”

Charlotte stamped her foot.

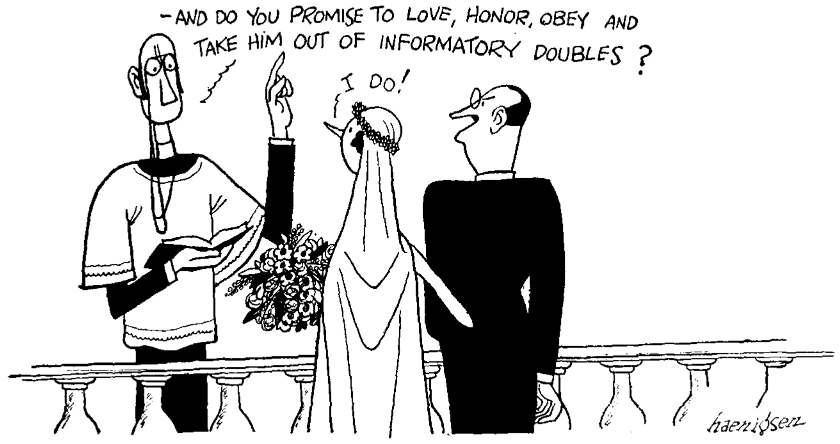
“No buts about it. You'll do as I say.”

Cap'n Harper chuckled as he purchased rides on the chutes boat. She was just like Polly, a born little tyrant, worse than a deep-sea skipper. Up and up the boat was pulled, and now he could see that sweep of ocean stretching out toward China.

A squat little tramp was plowing her way past the Point Bonita headlands. Red and green in zigzag were the stripes upon her funnel. The cap'n smiled as he viewed the boat. A tough old sea-dog, Willem Heydstraat. He'd make a man of a shanghaied lubber. His discipline would break a gangster. The sea might cure even Speedy.

“There goes the Dutchman, Batavia bound.”

But the couple in the seat ahead couldn't hear. They were leagues away, in a world of their own, laughing lightly, holding fast, as they took the plunge together.


—AND DO YOU PROMISE TO LOVE, HONOR, OBEY AND TAKE HIM OUT OF INFORMATORY DOUBLES ?
I DO!
haenigsen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-K-4
H. K-Q-8
D. 10-8-2
C. 10-5-4-3

West
S. 10-5-2
H. A-5-3
D. 7-5-3
C. K-8-6-2

East
S. Q-9-7-3
H. J-7-6-4-2
D. K-Q-6
C. 7

South
S. J-8-6
H. 10-9
D. A-J-9-4
C. A-Q-J-9

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played in a Duplicate Auction Bridge contest in which thirty tables participated. Most of the holders of the South hand bid one Club. All Wests passed, and all Norths bid one No Trump, which obtained the contract.

Had the hand been played in Contract Bridge, the Souths would have started in the same way, and the Norths would have bid two No Trumps. South, having more No Trump help than he had announced originally, then could have bid three No Trumps or three of the minor that he did not name originally. If the minor were named, North would bid three No Trumps; so at Contract, regardless of whether North or South made the final bid, North would be the Declarer, playing for a No Trump game.

The Play

At all the tables East started by leading his fourth best Heart. West won with the Ace and returned the five—the highest of his two remaining cards of partner's suit; North (closed hand) false-carded, winning with the King, and East played the Deuce. This marked East as having held exactly five Hearts; he must have three higher than the Four he led, and he cannot have the Trey or he would not have played the Deuce, so West must have the Trey. After that, twenty-seven Norths out of the thirty led the Ten of Clubs to trick 3 so as to keep the lead in the closed hand for a second finesse in case the first won. As closed hand had plenty of entries, there was no harm in giving up the Ten of Clubs. When the Ten was led and East played the Seven and South the Nine, West could appreciate that unless East was false-carding (which was unlikely) he had no more Clubs; as this would show up on the second round, there would be no point in holding up. So West won trick 3 with the King of Clubs and led a third round of Hearts. North won and now could count his tricks as three Clubs, two Spades, two Hearts and one Diamond; to make game he needed one more Diamond. Consequently he led a Diamond from the North hand, hoping that the adverse King and Queen were divided, or both held by West. East of course played an honor, and South had to win as Declarer could not afford to surrender the lead to East, who was marked with two long Hearts. The Declarer then ran his three good Clubs and one of his high Spades, after which he could do nothing but lead another Diamond. East of course won and saved game with his Hearts.

That was the way in which the majority of the Declarers handled their cards.

The Correct Play

One tenth of the Declarers, however, realized that with East's advertised holding of three more Hearts, if West had the King of Clubs (an even chance), and if East held both the King and Queen of Diamonds (improbable but nevertheless quite possible), game could not be made by playing in the way above described. If East held the two Diamond honors, they would be an entry; and if West held the King of Clubs he would clear the Hearts so East could use a Diamond entry to run them. With the key cards situated as they were, game would be probable by going after the Diamonds before surrendering North's commanding Heart.

When leading to trick 3, Declarer should have selected a Diamond instead of a Club, leading North's Ten or the Eight and letting South duck if East did not cover. If East did cover, South should win the trick and Declarer should continue the Diamonds, thus establishing three tricks in that suit. After that, he would be obliged to surrender his last stopper of the adverse Hearts, but would be in position to make up three Club tricks if West held the King, or four if East held it. If West then won a Club he would not have a Heart to lead, so the Declarer's losses probably would be limited to two Hearts, one Diamond and one Club. Of course if West held the King and Queen of Diamonds and the King of Clubs, this scheme might not work if West shifted to Spades after winning his first Diamond and if East held the Queen of Spades; but as West had another Heart, that shift was most improbable and in that event any other development of the hand promised to be equally unsuccessful.

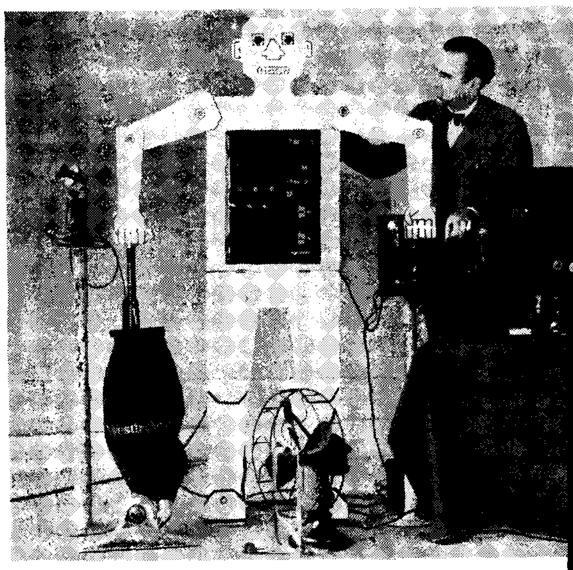
Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-J-2
H. 10-7-4
D. K-J-4-2
C. 7-6-3

East
S. 8-5-4
H. K-8-3
D. 8-6-5
C. K-10-9-8

West
S. K-10-7-6-3
H. 9-6-5-2
D. 9-7
C. 4-2

South
S. Q-9
H. A-Q-J
D. A-Q-10-3
C. A-Q-J-5



R. J. Wensley with his invention, "Mr. Televox," the Westinghouse mechanical man that obeys the command of a human voice

THE BUSINESS LEADERS of TODAY are the I. C. S. students of Yesterday

THERE is a curious experiment now in progress — an experiment to determine whether geniuses can be raised, like rare plants, by hothouse methods. In the meantime, men of genius have shown, and continue to show, a surprising ability to develop themselves.

Such a man is R. J. Wensley, electrical engineer in the field of automatic switching equipment, and internationally known inventor of the Westinghouse mechanical man, "Mr. Televox."

R. J. Wensley was born and brought up in Indianapolis. When he was sixteen he had to leave high school in the middle of his second year, in order to earn money. A poor start for a future electrical wizard? Perhaps.

He got a job as a wireman's helper with an electrical contracting firm. Every day he did a hard day's work, but his evenings were his own. And in his employment of those spare hours young Wensley gave evidence that he had ambition. He enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools for the Complete Electrical Engineering Course.

Concentrating on his studies night after night, the youth gave himself the training that was to open opportunity for him later on. Through a succession of jobs with other electric companies, Wensley came in 1916 to the great Westinghouse plant as an engineer.

He became a designer of switchboards. An interesting phase of his career was his work on the elaborate switching apparatus for the Muscle Shoals nitrate plant. One big idea occupied him—the elimination of labor by automatic equipment.

He invented devices for supervisory control at a distance. This apparatus, so uncannily human in its action, was given a man-shaped exterior and a name. Thus "Mr. Televox" was born. The electrical robot has been exhibited in almost every part of the United States and Canada, and has aroused tremendous public interest.

But marvelous as "Mr. Televox" undoubtedly is, the true importance of Wensley's work lies in the use of remote automatic control in industry—a field so vast in its possibilities that it fairly staggers the imagination.

Today, R. J. Wensley is performing special duties in connection with new developments by Westinghouse.

Genius is made up of two things—vision and concentration. The boy who saw into the future and trained himself by evenings of hard work under the study lamp had both.

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Let the Voters Decide

THE people of thirty-four states have at various times voted on prohibition. Twenty-six of these states gave dry majorities at the last popular referendums. Eight voted wet.

Yet, if all the state votes on prohibition are added up, we are surprised to find a large wet majority. Counting the last elections 14,153,817 votes were cast. Of these 7,680,859 were wet and 6,472,958 were dry.

This wet majority, of course, had no power to affect the law, since in national affairs votes are counted by states and not by popular majorities.

Nevertheless, in the present state of affairs, with the possibility of enforcing prohibition statutes being challenged, these election figures give a real clue to the difficulties experienced by the Federal authorities.

The table presented on this page shows the last vote taken on prohibition in thirty-four states. Several states have voted more than once on prohibition. In such states the most recent count is reported. Some of the referendums are quite old, and if new elections were held the results might be very different. Public opinion changes rapidly at times. Yet, insofar as people have had the opportunity to vote on prohibition as a governmental policy, this is their verdict.

The states which voted wet majorities are Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Montana, Nevada, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin. Other states such as Connecticut, New Jersey and Maryland have never had elections in which the popular will on prohibition was tested.

Not less significant than the large wet majorities in these states is the closeness of the vote in other states which gave dry majorities.

Taking the nation as a whole so far as these votes tell the story, public sentiment is very evenly divided. Even the wet states named in the table, however, ratified the Eighteenth Amendment when it was presented to their legislatures. New York's legislators helped to make the amendment a part of the Constitution. So did the legislators of Ohio and Illinois.

Clearly the drys exerted an influence among lawmakers disproportionate to their numbers. Many wet districts were represented by dry lawmakers. It is easier to pass a law, however, than to enforce it.

Still, the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted by due process of law. The Constitution makes no provision for a popular referendum upon any subject. At the time of the adoption of the Constitution, as a matter of history, not more than three per cent of the people voted and the Fathers gave very little consideration to the sentiments of the masses.

The Eighteenth Amendment is duly adopted law all right, but it is not self-enforcing and so far no President has been able to enforce it.

The reason is simple enough. Prohibition is a new kind of Federal law. Through it the national government is attempting to change the personal drinking customs of millions of people. Customs are hard to change. Some very wise men, including George Washington, have said that the law ought to go hand in hand with custom. In this affair the law has tried to lead and custom is stubbornly laggard.

The failure to enforce prohibition has created an extraordinary situation which requires extraordinary remedies.

The first and most vital necessity is to ascertain the public will. Drys say that the election of President Hoover was a prohibition referendum and the vote was dry.

Obviously this is not true. New York and Wisconsin, among other states, voted for Hoover and voted wet. Too many issues are tied into a Presidential election to make the verdict on any single question unmistakably clear.

At the first possible moment, referendums on prohibition should be conducted in all the states. The question submitted should be thoughtfully worded so that a fair picture of the public mind may be obtained.

If the people of thirteen of the states want to retain Federal prohibition the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed. On the other hand, if an impressive majority votes for the repeal, Congress would perforce throw the matter back to the states, where it belongs.

As things now stand the law can neither be repealed nor enforced until, in plain words, the will of the people is made manifest.

After all, legally or otherwise, the people will decide.

Popular Vote on PROHIBITION

STATE	DATE OF ELECTION	DRY	WET
Arizona	1914	25,887	22,743
Arkansas	1916	109,697	58,064
California	1926	565,875	502,258
Colorado	1926	154,672	107,749
Florida	1918	21,851	13,609
Idaho	1916	90,576	35,456
Illinois	1926	556,592	840,631
Iowa	1917	214,963	215,625
Kansas	1880	92,302	84,304
Kentucky	1919	208,905	198,671
Maine	1911	60,853	60,095
Massachusetts	1928	422,655	707,352
Michigan	1919	530,123	322,603
Minnesota	1918	189,614	173,685
Missouri	1926	569,931	294,388
Montana	1928	68,431	80,619
Nebraska	1916	146,574	117,132
Nevada	1926	5,352	18,131
New Mexico	1917	28,732	12,146
New York	1926	598,484	1,763,070
North Carolina	1908	113,612	69,416
North Dakota	1928	103,706	96,838
Ohio	1927	438,458	916,016
Oklahoma	1910	126,118	105,041
Oregon	1914	136,842	100,363
South Carolina	1915	41,735	16,809
South Dakota	1916	64,867	53,362
Texas	1919	159,723	140,099
Utah	1918	42,691	15,780
Virginia	1914	94,251	63,886
Washington	1918	96,100	41,778
West Virginia	1912	164,945	72,603
Wisconsin	1929	196,402	350,337
Wyoming	1918	31,439	10,200
		6,472,958	7,680,859

Wet Majority, **1,207,901**

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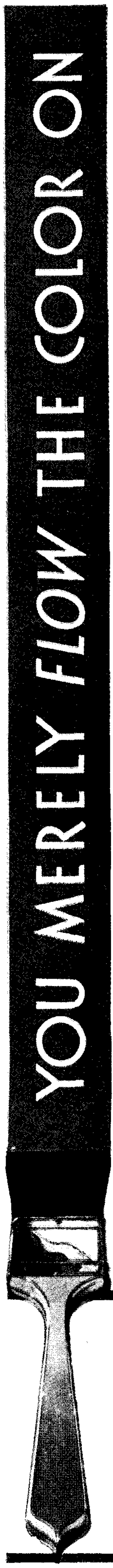
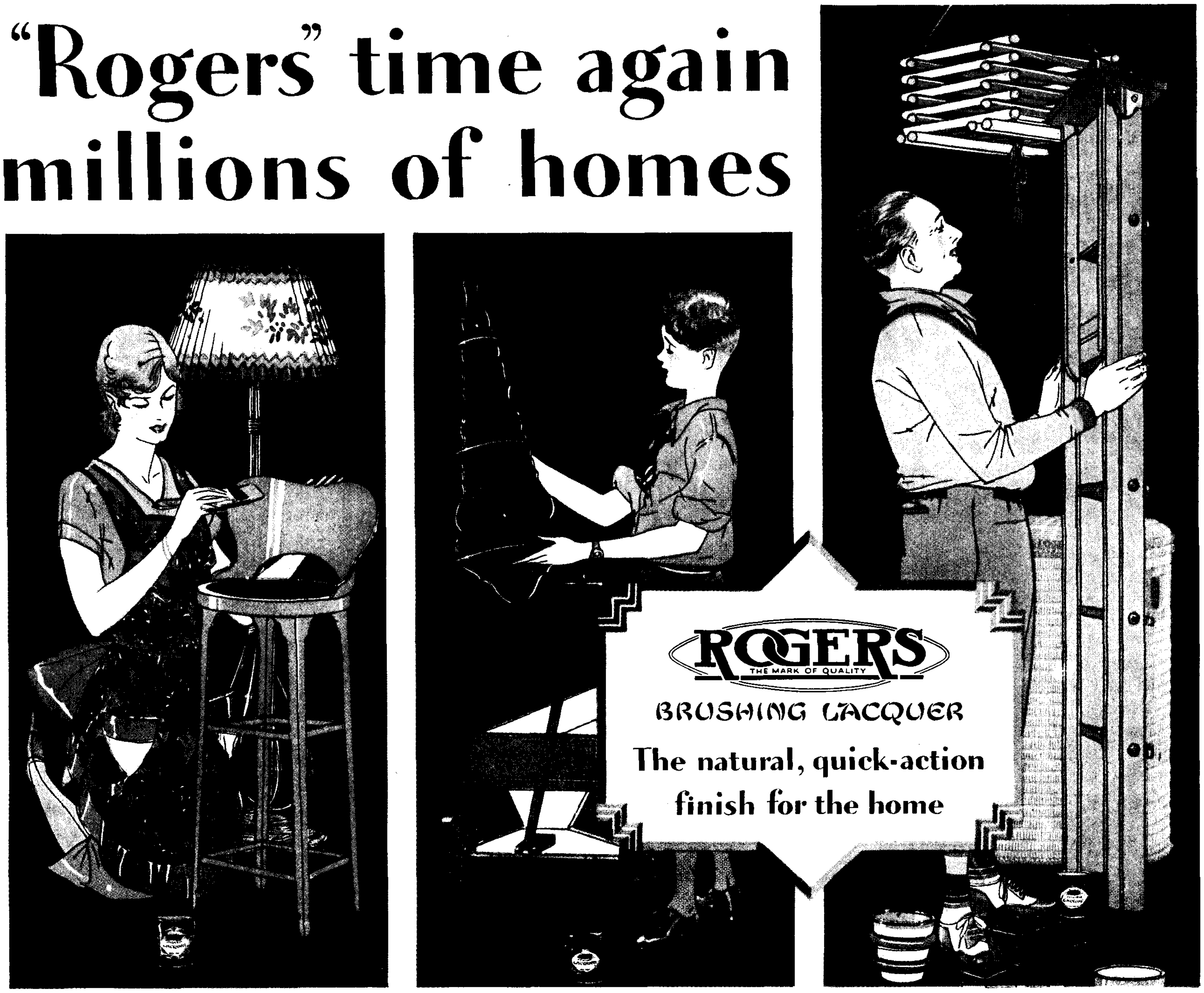

YOU MERELY *FLOW* THE COLOR ON



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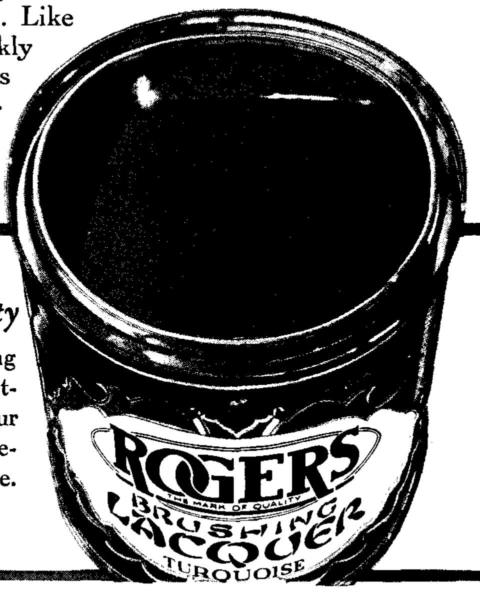

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